THE

BRITISH REVIEW,

AND

LONDON CRITICAL JOURNAL.

"—FIAT JUSTITIA.—"

VOL. X.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,

47, PATERNOSTER-ROW;

AND

HATCHARD, PICCADILLY.

1817.

C. Baldwin Printer,
New Bridge-street, London.

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ERRATA.

In the review of Gifford's Ben Jonson, p. 154,

for stoppes, stopp, *read* sloppes, slopp.

hanseltics, —— hanselines.

pattock —— paltock.

THE

BRITISH REVIEW,

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LONDON CRITICAL JOURNAL.

AUGUST, 1817.

ART. I.—*A Series of Discourses on the Christian Revelation, viewed in connection with the Modern Astronomy.* By Thomas Chalmers, D.D. Minister of the Tron Church, Glasgow. 8vo. pp. 276. Smith and Son. Glasgow, 1817.

THAT the stupendous scene which the heavens disclose to us by day and by night should awaken the wonder of mortals; that in an age of religious blindness it should have captivated idolaters, and that it should actuate the thoughts, influence the belief, and modify the reasonings of those who live within the sound and illumination of the Gospel, are consequences very natural to a weak and trembling creature whose condition is so little known to himself, and over whom changes so solemn, and destinies so mysterious, are fearfully suspended. Man alone has an upward look, among the breathing myriads which cover the face of our globe; and if the sky was not adorned for the exercise and delight of the human faculties, it is at least undeniable that the mind is furnished with a capacity to contemplate the beauteous spectacle, to stretch the line of its intelligence over at least some part of the exterior arrangement, and to extract from the glittering and gorgeous scene an exhaustless theme of praise and wonder. The argument appears so irresistible and direct which God has given us of his being and attributes, in the works of his hands, that to the believing mind it is scarcely possible to comprehend the existence of an Atheist. And yet how little has all this display of energy and might and goodness done, towards bringing men to a just sense of the Deity, without a revelation. In a world bursting with proofs of his benevolence, and blazing

with the trophies of his omnipotence, the stupidest and grossest hypotheses have disputed with God the honour of the Creation, and philosophy, falsely so called, has found substitutes for the Creator himself among the emanations of his power. There is one only medium, one only lens, through which these objects can be viewed so as to bring them upon the deep chamber of the mind in their proper focus. We must first see God as Christians, and then we are permitted to see his works with the intelligence of pure philosophy,—with the understanding of the heart,—with the interior intimacy of the privileged and initiated. We can *know* God but in one way, we may *honour* him in a thousand: but it is necessary to know him first in order to honour him rightly, and nothing is better proved by the world's history and experience than that, though God has always had his "witnesses in heaven," and "his hand in the sea, and his right hand in the rivers," yet without a special communication, without being first enabled "to understand the way of his precepts;" we have not even so much as known how "to talk of his wondrous works."

The oscitancy and absurdity of the ancient philosophical Atheists had fallen into contempt among the ancients themselves; and the Pagan mythology had, before the Christian revelation, begun to give way to a sublimer and more rational theism; but nothing in the natural world had thus improved the speculations of mankind: and if the mind by its own efforts was raised above materialism, it was only to people nature with a crowd of invisible agents, characterised for the most part by the vices and passions of men, and clothed with attributes and personifications incongruous, obscene, and ridiculous. The Stoics and the Moralists, who drew their opinions, not from material or physical observations, but from a more spiritual comprehension of Divine things, carried a better intelligence to the subject, and surveyed the phenomena of the natural world, with a point of reference in their minds, which conferred upon it the moral beauty of union, totality, and design. This, indeed, is the true position in which the subject should be placed. The priorities of religion and philosophy should be thus settled, before it can be distinctly perceived how physiology attains its rank in the intellectual and moral scale, and has its bearings upon a future world, and the destinies of an immortal Being. Thus Plato reasoned, thus Socrates before him, and thus Aristotle after him: they maintained that the existence of one wise and perfect Being was too high a truth to be reached by minds unpurified, and weighed down by carnal and gross propensities; and fancifully derived it from a certain Divine sagacity, a ray of Divinity, that imparted the holy secret to the soul. Christianity realized these visions, and substantiated these beautiful adumbrations; at once opened a cor-

respondence with God in the heart of man; lighted up the creation with the blaze of the true altar; and "put a new song in its mouth, even a thanksgiving unto our God." Without those true notions of the Deity, which Christianity has imparted to us, it seems as if the human soul would be little the gainer by extending the bounds of natural knowledge. Every fresh discovery of the Creator's might, was only to place him at a further remove from man; every advance into the realms of infinity was so much loss to humanity, in the scale of comparative importance.

The sequestration of the Divine mind from man and his concerns was more peculiarly the fruit of the Epicurean physics, because the theology of that sect was entirely founded on the observation of material existences. And thus the philosophical poet describes the gloomy barrier of eternal separation:

> Omnia enim per se Divum natura necesse est
> Immortali ævo, summa cum pace fruatur,
> Semota a nostris rebus, sejunctaque longe:
> Nam privata dolore omni, privata periclis,
> Ipsa suis pollens opibus, nihil indiga nostri
> Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira."
>
> *Lucret.* ii. 645.

The natural inquiries of the Stoic led him, it is true, to much nobler conceptions of the Deity; he saw the impresses of a Divine hand legibly traced in every part of the creation. He saw the motions of the heavens so certain, and the orders of the stars so established, and all things so fitted to their ends, that it was impossible to consider them as the effects of fortuitous force, or blind impulse; and from the glorious scene of God's works, he deduced the convincing testimonies of his providence, his wisdom, and his power. The same contemplation, also, tended to exalt him in his own opinion. "We alone, of all the animals," says the Stoic of Cicero, "have known the risings, settings, and courses of the stars: by man it is that the day, the month, and year is determined; that the eclipses of the sun and moon are known, and foretold to all futurity." And then, having shown how piety and justice, and all the other virtues, are connected with these considerations, he raises his good man to a pitch of blessedness equal to the celestials in all but their immortality.*

Thus the tumid philosophy of the Stoics placed man in a competition with the nature of the gods themselves, and strove to contract the distance between human and Divine, by dressing up the human soul in the attributes of Divinity. After all, however, its most gaudy trappings were borrowed from things of

* Cic. de Nat. Deor. lib. ii. 60, 61.

earthly composition and transitory tenure. "The whole dominion of this world's goods," says Cicero's Stoic, "is in man. The fields and the mountains are for our enjoyment. Ours are the rivers, and the lakes. We sow corn, and plant trees, and fertilize the earth by irrigation. We urge, direct, and alter the course of rivers. By the strength and contrivance of our hands we superinduce another nature upon nature itself. And does not the reasoning faculty of man penetrate even unto heaven itself?" * And yet, in another mood of the Stoical vein, how different is the view presented us of all these high pretensions: "Man learns not," says Seneca, in his Natural Questions,† "to despise the stately piazzas, the roofs shining with ivory, the trimmed groves, and the pleasant rivulets conveyed to our houses, until he hath surveyed the whole world, and from his airy speculation looking down upon our little globe, covered in a great manner by the sea, and, where not so covered, squalid in its appearance, and either parched with heat, or frozen with cold, he saith to himself, is this that *point* which, by fire and sword, is divided among so many nations? O how ridiculous are the limits which confine mortal men! The Ister bounds the Dacians; the Strymon, the Thracians; the Euphrates, the Parthians; the Danube divides the Sarmatians and the Romans; the Rhine gives bounds to Germany; the Pyrenees, to France and Spain; and between Egypt and Ethiopia lie tracts immeasurable of sandy desarts: if human understanding were given to ants, would not they too divide their molehill into divers provinces?" And, in this strain, he proceeds comparing the diminutiveness of this little spot of earth, and all its assumed importance and imaginary grandeur, with the immensity of the space around us, where the swiftest planet is thirty years in accomplishing his journey; and room is given for the revolutions of countless stars. But is man degraded from his dignity by these views of the creation? Certainly not, according to the stoical hypothesis; for into the possession of these vast spaces the mind is admitted, if properly defecated from the things of this earth. Si expeditus levisque, ac contentus modico, emicuit. It must be previously prepared for this possession, by the contemplation of it; by having constantly and tranquilly meditated on these wonders of the upper regions, their glittering orbs, and their pure ethereal canopy as ultimately its own. There, when it arrives, it is to receive an instantaneous enlargement, and feel itself in its proper home, in communion with Divinity itself.

This is the compensation which the stoic philosophy, by far the most pure and consistent of ancient creeds, has found for our humiliated condition upon earth: in proportion as it vilifies this

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* Cic. de Nat. Deor. ii. 60, 61. † Sen. Nat. Quæst. lib. i. Pref.

globe and its petty transactions, it exalts the interior man above its polluted surface, and invests the soul with a sort of spiritual property in all the magnificent apparatus of heaven.

> Qua niger astriferis connectitur axibus aër;
> Quodque patet terras inter, lunæque meatus,
> Semidei manes habitant, quos ignea virtus,
> Innocuos vitæ, patientes ætheris imi
> Fecit, et æternas animam conlegit in orbes.
>
> *Luc. Phars.* lib. ix.

Astronomy, however, has not left to man the flattering belief that the heavenly bodies were made only to minister to him while on earth, or to shine for the recreation of his disembodied spirit. The progressive development of the analogies subsisting between our own globe, and those radiant orbs that spread their glory around us, has gradually induced the belief that they also have their inhabitants, who stand in a relation, moral or spiritual, similar or superior to our own, to the great Source of life and intelligence. Under the touch of this talisman, the painted heaven of the Stoics and Platonists vanishes, and in its stead, a countless multitude of real worlds press upon our aching vision; orbs upon orbs, suns upon suns, systems upon systems, succeed and defy calculation. So vast, so exhaustless is the scene, that if comparative magnitude were the measure of importance, and the regards of the Creator were proportioned as ours are, well might this spot of relative nothingness, which we call emphatically the world, be overlooked. Before the urgency of these considerations, the dignity of man expires like a vapour; and no longer any ground can be taken on which a single hope of future felicity, or even life, can be erected, but the infinite condescension of that only Potentate, who sits pavillioned in unapproachable and ineffable supremacy, beyond all these orbs, these suns, and these systems. In proportion as the optics of man are extended, and new worlds, new hosts of worlds, march into the field of view, numbers without number, in jubilant succession and never-ending pomp, the place of our own sojourn, upon which God himself, for the sake of its sinful inhabitants, hath, according to the Christian theology, descended in the flesh, and performed an act of mysterious grace, which angels desire to look into, has shrunk into a point, an atom, a scarcely appreciable and noticeable magnitude, in the vast interminable range of creation. Here then is a struggle, a jar, a collision, between the philosophy of man, and the propositions involved in the Christian scheme of grace and redemption. To reconcile what is great with what is little according to her notions of great and little, is difficult and startling to human wisdom. Measuring things by her own rule, and line, and compass, she cannot easily digest a plan of divinity which

brings infinite and finite into contact; alters the forms and magnitudes of moral objects; and presents to us a Being stooping from an altitude which no thought can scale, to a depth of commiseration which no line can fathom.

But, after all, the difficulty to which we have alluded is a difficulty of habit only. Christianity does no real violence to the laws of reason: she asks only of philosophy to correct her own prejudices, to control her vanity, to distinguish between human and Divine things, between what is spiritual and what is corporeal, what hath bounds and what hath none, between moral and material magnitudes, between an eye that never sleeps, an arm that never tires, thoughts that know no variableness or shadow of turning, and the qualities, powers, and predicaments of a being who can give no account of himself, "whose breath is in his nostrils;" who, under shelter of his covering of clay, feebly holds his perishing tenure of misery and mortality.

To show that philosophy, truly so called, is not at variance with the Christian scheme; that the modern astronomy, which, by the powerful aid of optical glasses, has so prodigiously extended the bounds of the visible creation, and so enlarged our conceptions of the greatness of Creation's Author, that it makes this earth appear, in relation to the shining myriads that surround it, as a single leaf in the shady forest, or as a particle of dust in the sultry plain, opposes no obstacle to the faith of the Scripture, but teaches us rather with the greater fervency to join the apostle in exclaiming, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God!" is the object of the book which we have now undertaken to review. Whether our author may not attach rather too much importance to the argument he so strenuously in this volume opposes, or whether, as we have heard it suggested, his own mind may not, at some period of his course in religious inquiry, have felt its force in a degree that still paints it upon his memory in a more formidable shape than belongs to it, we will not inquire. We are sure that there is no objection so weak as to be unworthy of refutation, if it has at any time crossed the path of the Christian pilgrim, or given birth to an ephemeral doubt in the bosom of the pious, or hid for a moment the heavenly promise from the hope of a repentant sinner. Objections, too, vary in their impressions, according to the state of the recipient, or the complexions of different minds, or the situation of the vulnerable and vital parts of the mental frame; though cased in armour, from the head to the heel, the Christian safety consists in a never-ceasing apprehension of danger from within and from without. To prevent any ill effects upon the soundness of our religious principles, from an exercise of such general benefit, so invigorating to the faculties, so elevating to

the thoughts, and so entirely worthy of a being formed for contemplation, and "of large discourse," as an inquiry into the wonders of the creation, is another view in which the exertions of Dr. Chalmers rise to great importance. But sorrowful indeed would be the case, if an argument for God's forgetfulness of his creatures could be drawn from testimonies of his might;—if, by musing upon the immensity of his power, our confidence in the immensity of his love could be shaken;—if, as the scene of creation expanded, the prospect of redemption were necessarily to become diminished in scope, in beneficence, or in brightness. Can it argue greater power to preserve than to create? Can we derive an inference of exhaustion from the display of infinitude, or is there any plausibility in the supposition that God can have overcharged himself by the magnitude, or minuteness, or multiplicity of his works; or that, for the repose of his Spirit, he requires a partial remission of care,—something of that sabbath of secluded ease, enjoyed by the gods of Epicurus?

We must frankly confess that we do not remember to have ever had to encounter this argument against the Christian doctrine of redemption; or, if we have by chance heard an allusion to it, we have given it no heed on account of its apparent insignificancy. We have stated our reasons, however, for thinking that it ought not to be neglected, and we are the more glad that Dr. Chalmers has deemed it a subject worthy of his exertions, because it has afforded him a field of display, well suited to the character of his genius. In this flowery field that genius has blossomed, like the Rose of Sharon, and spread its fragrance over all the land.

By being suddenly raised to literary eminence,—to that eminence which secures the public attention to whatever he may publish, an author is invested with a power, to which we cannot but attach a very solemn responsibility; and we think it matter of general congratulation, that this sort of moral power has, in the present instance, fallen into hands which are very likely to make it instrumental to human happiness. It happens but rarely, indeed, that fashion lends itself to the interests of religion, and fortunate is he who can borrow the wand of that enchanter, to charm the busy idlers of the world into a few hours of still attention to the plea of Heaven in behalf of their souls. Dr. Chalmers, by one effort of his pen, has leaped forth into fashion; the ear that has long refused to listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely,—the ear which has hitherto heard nothing but the language of blandishment, or of blasphemy,—the ear, through which nothing has found its way but a false and flattering unction to the conscience, has, peradventure, under the spell of Dr. Chalmers' rhetoric, been opened

to that "word which endureth for ever," hath heard of "the sufferings of Christ," of "the glory that shall be revealed," and of the wretched case of him who walks without God in the world, and dies without a part in the Saviour.

We trust it is superfluous to say to this gentleman, "Macte virtute tua:" it is not any sacrifice which he is called to make to the interests of religion; "neither bonds, nor stripes, nor imprisonment, nor tribulation, nor distress, nor persecution, nor nakedness, nor peril, nor the sword," oppose his career; we trust, if they had, they would not have separated him from Christ; but the stars in their courses fight on his side; and the principalities and powers of this world have, for a time at least, withdrawn their open hostility. The success of his pen has prepared the way for his success in the pulpit; numbers who go not, or but seldom go, or go because others go, or go they know not for what, without delight, or awe, or love, to the worship of him who made both the heavens and the earth, of him who telleth the number of the stars, and calleth them all by their names, press in throngs, regardless of inconvenience, or distance, or trouble, old men and maidens, young men and children, to hear how brilliantly the creature can eulogize the Creator, with what new garniture he can array the heavens, to what compass of descriptive magnificence human utterance may be made to expand, or how the "loveliness of the song" may be yet further enforced by new notes of rapture, and new touches of sublime expression.

This is what numbers call edification, and for this sort of edification numbers have run to hear Dr. Chalmers. This has been the primary attraction; by these credentials has this ambassador of Christ been first introduced to his courtly and crowded audience. The captivating manner in which his inferences have been drawn of the power of the Creator, from the great spectacle of his works, laid the foundation of his popularity. Had he written only in the language of awful verity, concerning righteousness, and temperance, and judgment to come, no man of the world would have *trembled*, because no man of the world would have read him. But having fortunately pitched upon a subject, in itself extremely attractive, coinciding with the philosophical tone of the times, demanding no labour of attention, or preparation in the reader, but affording to the peculiar excellence of the writer the fullest opportunity of display, he has produced a volume of sermons, which has suspended for a time every other fashionable topic of the literary kind, and spread as far as any tale of unholy love, mysterious murder, or sentimental crime.

But has Dr. Chalmers contented himself with thus amusing and attracting the public? Does popularity appear to have been

his real aim? To say this of him would, in our opinion, be doing him great injustice. We have been all this while adverting only to the primary impression, and immediate attraction of his work, which, we think, is to be ascribed partly to the popularity of his subject, and partly to the luxuriant graces of his composition. But of these qualities the impression is fugitive. The work before us possesses also those to which a style the most lofty is of very inferior importance, and without the support of which it is but the mimicry of reason and passion. Though we cannot say that Dr. Chalmers has presented us with any thing very new in argument, or even in the matter of his descriptions, nor that we have any anxious fears for Christianity on the side in which he has thrown up an additional rampart, yet, for elevating views of the Majesty on high, for apt illustrations of the providential care of the Creator, for reconciling the extremes of glory and condescension, for combining the perfections of JEHOVAH JESUS in the blessed fruits of righteousness and grace, and especially for the lines and characteristics of correct religious feeling, drawn with such precision, in the last discourse, we cannot testify to Dr. Chalmers, in terms above his merit, the sense we entertain of his labours. These properties of his work are now in operation; the first glance of beauty has been shot; the brilliance, which at first was almost *nimium lubricus aspici*, is improved into a steadier lustre; our pleasure becomes more profound, and our heart more permanently engaged. This is a true test of the merit of the performance, a sure earnest of its lasting celebrity; and on this experience we found our opinion that Dr. Chalmers is no meteor, but a fixed star in that firmament of science, which he has taught to shine with the radiance of the Gospel.

He has begun his argument with imputing to the astronomical objectors an assertion and an inference, both of which he undertakes to deprive of their weight. "The assertion is, that Christianity is a religion which professes to be designed for the single benefit of our world; and the inference is, that God cannot be the author of this religion, for he would not lavish on so insignificant a field, such peculiar and such distinguishing attentions, as are ascribed to him in the Old and New Testament." The assertion, he contends, is without foundation; for Christianity makes no such profession. And after having, in his first discourse, paid the fullest homage to the energy of the Divine attributes, and given the widest expansion to the hypothesis of a plurality of worlds; after having deduced from the astronomical fact, that God has done the same things, for the other planets, as he has done for that which we inhabit, giving them lights in their firmaments, to be for signs and for seasons, and for days and for years, and dividing the light from the darkness,

he deduces the presumption, that the Creator has not left them without beings to profit by these arrangements. After letting the fancy loose to tire itself with wonder and conjecture, amidst the host of luminaries that light up the whole concave of heaven, and to exhaust its powers of conception in multiplying the probabilities of the living works of creation, he meets the astronomical sceptic in all that he has attempted to raise, upon the widest extent to which he can urge the theme. He denies the postulate, that Christianity necessarily bounds itself to this earth and its inhabitants: he challenges the objector on this ground to the proof, that the religion of Jesus is unknown to those planets, and those stars, thus peopled by this splendid hypothesis. "For any thing such objector can tell, sin has found its way into these other worlds. For any thing he can tell, their people have banished themselves from communion with God. For any thing he can tell, many a visit may have been made to each of them, on the subject of our common Christianity, by commissioned messengers from the throne of the Eternal. For any thing he can tell, the redemption promised to us is not one solitary instance, or not the whole of that redemption which is by the Son of God; but only our part in the plan of mercy, equal in magnificence to all that astronomy has brought within the range of human contemplation."

So much for the assertion, which Dr. Chalmers thus shows to be merely gratuitous. But admitting that the hypothesis of the Christian scheme necessarily bounds it to this earth—to this diminutive spot—to this spot, so unappreciably small in comparison of a dimensionless creation, that, were it suddenly swept away into annihilation, it would be only like one leaf lost to the forest; still, in the argument of this instructive writer, a moral magnificence and extent is given to the character and results of the work of salvation, which is quite independent of physical magnitude. Divine love, in his just and reasonable consideration, has no spiritual limit to its supposable efficacy, however small the immediate scene of its operation; for what is the magnitude, and where is the distance, over which the light from a single point, (to speak humanly, for all comparative magnitudes are merged in infinity), in the work of the Divine mind, may not be imagined to extend its effulgence. Great and Little have reference to the associations of a finite mind; the importance of things in this world are according to the impressions which our nature receives from them; we measure things by rules derived from our own infirmity, and throw the colours and characteristics of our own impotence over that small part of the creation which lies within our view; but are God's thoughts as our thoughts? Is it likely that to Him who is *maximus in minimis*, who car-

ries his finishing hand to things of evanescent smallness, and, in proportion as the microscope gives magnitude to things invisible, developes his might in a downward series of infinite gradation,—is it likely, or is it consistent with unprejudiced philosophy, to suppose that to him small and great, as we count small and great, should furnish standards of appreciation, and vary his interest in the objects of his care?

Dr. Chalmers well argues, that an objection, grounded on the extent of astronomical discoveries, "goes to expunge a perfection from the character of God." For, even if we ascribe to the Deity the rules of human estimation, and the same views as our own of comparative magnitudes, yet can we suppose, that, in all the amplitude of his creation, there exists an object so humble as to be utterly beneath his regard. Human thoughts are easily overcome by numbers, and distracted by diversity; but is God liable to be lost in the crowd of his own creatures, or to suffer a world to be forgotten in the throng of existence? Let it be admitted, that what is vast is more precious than what is minute, yet if the vast is safe, and needs no remedy, shall we think that the contemplation of worlds, free from corruption, however great or numerous, can work an estrangement in the mind of the Creator, from one sinful portion of the universe, however little, or throw it out of the pale of his boundless and pervading love; at least, does it not add a kind of consummation to that assemblage of perfections which compose our idea of God, to think of him as of one, who, while from "ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands" of greater orbs, his ear is saluted with perpetual praise, he yet casts an eye of pity towards a little world of rebellious souls, on the eve of absolute and everlasting ruin? He is Alpha and he is Omega, and between these infinite extremes all is surveyed by the eye of his omniscience, all is embraced by the arms of his mercy, and pardon is offered to all through repentance and faith. And so this pious writer would have us think, and so the Christian revelation allows us, nay commands us to hope. But it is time that Dr. Chalmers should be suffered to explain himself in his own words.

"The objection we are discussing, I shall state again in a single sentence. Since astronomy has unfolded to us such a number of worlds, it is not likely that God would pay so much attention to this one world, and set up such wonderful provisions for its benefit, as are announced to us in the Christian Revelation. This objection will have received its answer, if we can meet it by the following position:—that God, in addition to the bare faculty of dwelling on a multiplicity of objects at one and the same time, has this faculty in such wonderful perfection, that he can attend as fully, and provide as richly, and manifest all his attributes as illustriously, on every one of these objects, as

if the rest had no existence, and no place whatever in his government or in his thoughts.

"For the evidence of this position, we appeal, in the first place, to the personal history of each individual among you. Only grant us, that God never loses sight of any one thing he has created, and that no created thing can continue either to be, or to act, independently of him; and then, even upon the face of this world, humble as it is on the great scale of astronomy, how widely diversified, and how multiplied into many thousand distinct exercises, is the attention of God! His eye is upon every hour of my existence. His Spirit is intimately present with every thought of my heart. His inspiration gives birth to every purpose within me. His hand impresses a direction on every footstep of my goings. Every breath I inhale, is drawn by an energy which God deals out to me. This body, which, upon the slightest derangement, would become the prey of death, or of woeful suffering, is now at ease, because he at this moment is warding off from me a thousand dangers, and upholding the thousand movements of its complex and delicate machinery. His presiding influence keeps by me through the whole current of my restless and everchanging history. When I walk by the wayside, he is along with me. When I enter into company, amid all my forgetfulness of him, he never forgets me. In the silent watches of the night, when my eyelids have closed, and my spirit has sunk into unconsciousness, the observant eye of him who never slumbers, is upon me. I cannot fly from his presence. Go where I will, he tends me, and watches me, and cares for me; and the same Being who is now at work in the remotest domains of Nature and of Providence, is also at my right hand to eke out to me every moment of my being, and to uphold me in the exercise of all my feelings, and of all my faculties.

"Now, what God is doing with me, he is doing with every distinct individual of this world's population. The intimacy of his presence, and attention, and care, reaches to one and to all of them. With a mind unburdened by the vastness of all its other concerns, he can prosecute, without distraction, the government and guardianship of every one son and daughter of the species.—And is it for us, in the face of all this experience, ungratefully to draw a limit around the perfections of God—to aver, that the multitude of other worlds has withdrawn any portion of his benevolence from the one we occupy—or that he, whose eye is upon every separate family of the earth, would not lavish all the riches of his unsearchable attributes on some high plan of pardon and immortality, in behalf of its countless generations?

"But, secondly, were the mind of God so fatigued, and so occupied with the care of other worlds, as the objection presumes him to be, should we not see some traces of neglect, or of carelessness, in his management of ours? Should we not behold, in many a field of observation, the evidence of its master being overcrowded with the variety of his other engagements? A man oppressed by a multitude of business, would simplify and reduce the work of any new concern that was devolved upon him. Now, point out a single mark of God being thus oppressed. Astronomy has laid open to us so many realms of

creation, which were before unheard of, that the world we inhabit shrinks into one remote and solitary province of this wide monarchy. Tell me, then, if, in any one field of this province, which man has access to, you witness a single indication of God sparing himself—of God reduced to languor by the weight of his other employments—of God sinking under the burden of that vast superintendence which lies upon him—of God being exhausted, as one of ourselves would be, by any number of concerns, however great, by any variety of them, however manifold; and do you not perceive, in that mighty profusion of wisdom and goodness, which is scattered every where around us, that the thoughts of this unsearchable Being are not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways?

"My time does not suffer me to dwell on this topic, because, before I conclude, I must hasten to another illustration. But, when I look abroad on the wondrous scene that is immediately before me—and see, that in every direction, it is a scene of the most various and unwearied activity—and expatiate on all the beauties of that garniture by which it is adorned, and on all the prints of design and of benevolence which abound in it—and think, that the same God, who holds the universe, with its every system, in the hollow of his hand, pencils every flower, and gives nourishment to every blade of grass, and actuates the movements of every living thing, and is not disabled, by the weight of his other cares, from enriching the humble department of nature I occupy, with charms and accommodations of the most unbounded variety—then, surely, if a message, bearing every mark of authenticity, should profess to come to me from God, and inform me of his mighty doings for the happiness of our species, it is not for me, in the face of all this evidence, to reject it as a tale of imposture, because astronomers have told me that he has so many other worlds and other orders of beings to attend to—and, when I think that it were a deposition of him from his supremacy over the creatures he has formed, should a single sparrow fall to the ground without his appointment, then let science and sophistry try to cheat me of my comfort as they may—I will not let go the anchor of my confidence in God—I will not be afraid, for I am of more value than many sparrows." (P. 106—111.)

In this manner does this vigorous champion of the truth expand his inferences, and adorn his subject. It is thus that he presents to us the Deity travelling in the greatness of his strength, and prosecuting the details of his mercy; the Lord dwelling on high, "yet humbling himself to behold the things," the least things "that are in heaven and earth;" "the high and lofty One, that inhabiteth eternity," at the same time "dwelling with the contrite, and reviving the spirit of the humble;" stretching his wonder-working hand beyond the bounds of sight, however aided, or thought, however raised or depressed in the great and in the little; scattering through immensity the blazing testimonies of his power, yet pervading all with the intimacy of his

presence, and the local regards of his providence; in nothing comprehended, in every thing felt,—over all, above all, and in all.

When once the difficulty is surmounted, if difficulty it be, of supposing the Almighty Mind capable of comprehending all the parts of his creation distributively and collectively at the same time, and of extending his concern to the lowest and the least without exhaustion or confusion, the Christian has nothing to fear from astronomy, but may look, not with unconcern merely, but with holy rapture, though the telescope of Galileo, and discern in the magnificent scene which it opens to him, new reasons for exclaiming in the spirit not of doubt, but of gratitude, "Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him; and the son of man that thou visitest him!" To this view of the subject Dr. Chalmers, after a full developement of what may be called the mechanical proofs of God's protecting care of the minutest of his productions, proceeds with confidence to the mighty work of love and condescension unfolded in the Christian dispensation.

"It is a wonderful thing," says Dr. Chalmers, "that God should be so unencumbered by the concerns of a whole universe, that he can give a constant attention to every moment of every individual in this world's population. But, wonderful as it is, you do not hesitate to admit it as true, on the evidence of your own recollections. It is a wonderful thing that he, whose eye is at every instant on so many worlds, should have peopled the world we inhabit with all the traces of the varied design and benevolence which abound in it. But, great as the wonder is, you do not allow so much as the shadow of improbability to darken it; for its reality is what you actually witness, and you never think of questioning the evidence of observation. It is wonderful, it is passing wonderful, that the same God, whose presence is diffused through immensity, and who spreads the ample canopy of his administration over all its dwelling-places, should, with an energy as fresh and as unexpended as if he had only begun the work of creation, turn him to the neighbourhood around as, and lavish, on its every hand-breath, all the exuberance of his goodness, and crowd it with the many thousand varieties of conscious existence. But, be the wonder incomprehensible as it may, you do not suffer in your mind the burden of a single doubt to lie upon it, because you do not question the report of the microscope. You do not refuse its information, nor turn away from it as an incompetent channel of evidence. But to bring it still nearer to the point at issue, there are many who never look through a microscope, but who rest an implicit faith in all its revelations; and upon what evidence I would ask? Upon the evidence of testimony—upon the credit they give to the authors of the books they have read, and the belief they put in the record of their observations. Now, at this point I make my stand. It is wonderful that God should be so interested in the redemption of a single world, as to send forth his well-beloved Son upon the errand, and he, to accomplish it, should, mighty to save, put forth

all his strength, and travail in the greatness of it. But such wonders as these have already multiplied upon you; and when evidence is given of their truth, you have resigned your every judgment of the unsearchable God, and rested in the faith of them. I demand, in the name of sound and consistent philosophy, that you do the same in the matter before us—and take it up as a question of evidence—and examine that medium of testimony through which the miracles and informations of the Gospel have come to your door—and go not to admit as argument here, what would not be admitted as argument in any of the analogies of nature and observation—and take along with you, in this field of inquiry, a lesson which you should have learned upon other fields—even the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God, that his judgments are unsearchable, and his ways are past finding out." (P. 117—119.)

The reflections to which we have above directed the reader's attention, very naturally conducted Dr. Chalmers to the deductions and reasonings of which his fourth discourse consists, by which our views are directed to the probable existence "of the knowledge of man's moral history in the distant places of the creation." If we know little or nothing of the moral and theological economy of the other planets, we agree with Dr. Chalmers that "we are not thence to infer that the beings who occupy these widely-extended regions, even supposing them not higher than ourselves in the scale of understanding, know little of ours." The Bible intimates that the history of the redemption of our species is known in other parts of the universe, and allows us to conjecture that other worlds may be concerned in the mysterious virtue of the atonement. If we can properly say that any thing collateral can heighten the interest, which, as the heirs of corruption and the inhabitants of a sinful world, we feel in the Divine scheme of charity under which we are redeemed, we may draw a very natural pleasure from considering the rest of the intelligent creation as taking a sympathising part in the reconciliation wrought for our rebellious little world by an act of Divine grace, rendered so much the more stupendous and amazing by comparison with the diminutiveness of the object. If haply there be any unfallen worlds, or if all be pure from sin and sorrow except this little spot of forfeited bliss; if, among all those vast and distant habitations which to our natural or assisted vision show themselves in the dark blue profundity among those receding vistas which give to the senses an impression of eternity, all be love and innocence and holy joy; if God in his fulness be there felt and worshipped; still something might be wanting to attest the moral excellence of the Deity, something of that attractive beauty in the character of the creation into which angels might desire more especially to look, had not this lapsed portion

of the universe, little indeed, but not too little for all-searching Goodness, afforded a platform on which a work might be done more stupendous than all besides in moral magnitude;—an act of crowning grace and mercy, enrapturing the spheres of an harmonious universe, and making the sons of God and the firmament itself to shout in a chorus of thanksgiving.

"When they saw rebellion lifting up its standard against the Majesty of heaven, and the truth and the justice of God embarked on the threatenings he had uttered against all the doers of iniquity, and the honours of that august throne, which has the firm pillars of immutability to rest upon, linked with the fulfilment of the law that had come out from it; and when nothing else was looked for, but that God by putting forth the power of his wrath should accomplish his every denunciation, and vindicate the inflexibility of his government, and by one sweeping deed of vengeance, assert in the sight of all his creatures, the sovereignty which belonged to him—Oh! with what desire must they have pondered on his ways, when amid the urgency of all these demands which looked so high and so indispensable, they saw the unfoldings of the attribute of mercy—and how the Supreme Lawgiver was bending upon his guilty creatures an eye of tenderness—and how in his profound and unsearchable wisdom he was devising for them some plan of restoration—and how the eternal Son had to move from his dwelling-place in heaven, to carry it forward through all the difficulties by which it was encompassed—and how after, by the virtue of his mysterious sacrifice, he had magnified the glory of every other perfection, he made mercy rejoice over them all, and threw open a way by which we sinful and polluted wanderers, might, with the whole lustre of the Divine character untarnished, be re-admitted into fellowship with God, and be again brought back within the circle of his loyal and affectionate family." (P. 141, 142.)

Looking thus to the essential quality of the great act of redemption, and, if we may so express ourselves, to its moral excellence, rather than to the area on which it has been displayed, we are soon taught to feel the absurdity of estimating God's works by geometrical measurement. If we can talk of difficulty in the achievements of an Omnipotent Being, the difficulty in this case lay in reconciling his mercy with his justice, his pardon with his immutable character, and in giving to the unclean an access to the fountain of purity. The salvation of the whole universe could not have demanded a greater sacrifice, and for no spot in that whole universe could a less satisfaction have sufficed. This being the real magnitude of the transaction, we can hear without amazement that the Lamb who was slain for our world, if for our little world alone that precious blood was poured, is surrounded by the acclamations of one wide universal empire; that the might of his wondrous achievement spreads a tide of gratulation over the multitudes who are about his throne; and

that there never ceases to ascend from the worshippers of Him who washed us from our sins in his blood, a voice loud as from numbers without number, sweet as from blessed voices uttering joy, when heaven rings jubilee, and loud hosannahs fill the eternal regions."

The case put by Dr. Chalmers, of an earthly potentate celebrated for his mighty deeds, illustrious in counsel and in arms, yet eclipsing the renown of all his other achievements by an act of a single day, in behalf of a single family; by a soothing visit of tenderness to a poor and solitary cottage; or by a noble effort of self-denial in generously forgetting the fault of a man who had insulted and aggrieved him, by way of parallel,—allowing for an infinite distance in degree,—to that of the King eternal, immortal, and invisible, surrounded by the splendours of an everlasting monarchy, turning himself to our humble habitation, hither bending his mysterious way, and sojourning as a servant under the roof which canopies our obscure and solitary world, is drawn and contrasted with all the peculiar beauties and powers of expression which this writer has at command.

Thus the infidel argument drawn from the narrow boundary of the space on which the great event of our redemption has been accomplished, after reading the work before us, if ever it was formidable, ceases to be so. We think we may say that it has been made to appear contemptible. But we can scarcely suppose an objection to arise in any rational mind from regarding the *time* expended in accomplishing the work of salvation. We really do therefore think that Dr. Chalmers, in dealing seriously with this argument, has clothed it with too much importance. To suppose that the Almighty could not have afforded the time assigned to this object without deducting a disproportionate share of his attention from his other works, his other worlds, and the general charge of the universe, proceeds upon a ground of such gross and heathenish conceptions of the Deity—such grovelling materialism, that the objection scarcely deserved to be refuted with any powers of language or argument. If any thing could invest this argument with danger, it must be the gravity with which such a man as Dr. Chalmers condescends to treat it. We could almost smile at the solemnity with which the preacher states the supposed objection. "It is the *time*," says he, "which the plan of our salvation requires, that startles all those on whom this argument has any impression. It is the *time* taken up about this paltry world, which they feel to be out of proportion to the number of other worlds, and to the immensity of the surrounding creation." Was it necessary, in order to secure us against the attacks of this notable argument from the divine economy of time,—an article truly of prodigious value to an eternal Being! to remind us that

"the whole time which elapsed between the fall of man and the consummation of the scheme of his recovery, was but the twinkling of a moment to the mighty roll of innumerable ages; that the whole of this interval bears as small a proportion to the whole of the Almighty's reign, as this solitary world does to the universe around it." There is, however, no portion of the subject which this writer has touched without adorning it; he has imparted new graces where he has conferred no additional securities; and where truth has profited but little from his reasons, the soul has caught an inspiration from his sounds.

Having thus shown the futility of those false standards borrowed from our own gross and fleshly infirmities, and so apt to be applied in derogation of the Divine infinitude and omnipotence, we are, in the fifth discourse, conducted to another view of the Majesty on high, in which, in the character of Father, a pitying Father, he suffers himself to be brought into some sort of comparison with the tenderer and better parts of human nature. That holy and perfect Being can endure no comparison with any thing of mortal and material substance, but there is a part of our nature, that part to which charity, if not in its scriptural plenitude, yet in certain measures, belongs, will supply some analogies to aid our conceptions of the tender mercies of Him who has descended from His radiant seat of glory, passing by all the hierarchies and thrones of His empire, passing by the great and possibly the guiltless orbs, that roll and shine in countless multitudes about his path, to visit and save this small receptacle of peccant beings from that utter ruin to which they had wilfully consigned themselves.

"It was nature, and the experience of every bosom will affirm it—it was nature in the shepherd to leave the ninety and nine of his flock forgotten and alone in the wilderness, and betaking himself to the mountains, to give all his labour and all his concern to the pursuit of one solitary wanderer. It was nature; and we are told in the passage before us, that it is such a portion of nature as belongs not merely to men, but to angels; when the woman, with her mind in a state of listlessness as to the nine pieces of silver that were in secure custody, turned the whole force of her anxiety to the one piece which she had lost, and for which she had to light a candle, and to sweep the house, and to search diligently until she found it. It was nature in her to rejoice more over that piece, than over all the rest of them, and to tell it abroad among friends and neighbours, that they might rejoice with her—aye, and sadly effaced as humanity is, in all her original lineaments, this is a part of our nature, the very movements of which are experienced in heaven, "where there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance." For any thing I know, the very planet that rolls in the immensity around me, may be a land of righteousness; and be a member

of the household of God; and have her secure dwelling-place within that ample limit, which embraces his great and universal family. But I know at least of one wanderer; and how woefully she has strayed from peace and from purity; and how in dreary alienation from him who made her, she has bewildered herself amongst those many devious tracks, which have carried her afar from the path of immortality; and how sadly tarnished all those beauties and felicities are, which promised, on that morning of her existence when God looked on her, and saw that all was very good—which promised so richly to bless and to adorn her; and how in the eye of the whole unfallen creation, she has renounced all this goodliness, and is fast departing away from them into guilt, and wretchedness, and shame. Oh! if there be any truth in this chapter, and any sweet or touching nature in the principle which runs throughout all its parables, let us cease to wonder, though they who surround the throne of love should be looking so intently towards us—or though, in the way by which they have singled us out, all the other orbs of space should, for one short season, on the scale of eternity, appear to be forgotten—or though, for every step of her recovery, and for every individual who is rendered back again to the fold from which he was separated, another and another message of triumph should be made to circulate amongst the hosts of Paradise—or though, lost as we are, and sunk in depravity as we are, all the sympathies of heaven should now be awake on the enterprise of him who has travelled, in the greatness of his strength, to seek and to save us." (P. 179—182.)

The arguments, parallels, and illustrations in this discourse are extremely fine, and touching; and if the exquisiteness with which they are laboured be allowed, as we think they must be, to border upon excessive refinement, there is in them a stability of thought and compass of expression, which sustains them in their utmost extent; and although repetitions do certainly abound, in substance, they still occur under such various modifications of structure and embellishment as to secure a deeper assent of the heart and understanding. It appears, indeed, to be the habit of this writer to exhaust his subject before he relinquishes it. As long as in the permutations of language a power remains of shifting, expanding, or re-casting his leading idea, his mind remains engaged in its service. With Cicero's power of amplification he has found in the vastness of his theme, and in the play and pliancy of his less perfect, but more copious idiom, advantages from which Cicero and the ancients were shut out; and, perhaps, in sparkling vigour of expression, opulence and control of diction, and a profound feeling of his subject in all its capabilities and aspects, scarcely any writer, ancient or modern, can stand a comparison with the Author of these discourses.

There is still another view of our little planet in which Dr. Chalmers finds an argument for its importance, notwithstanding

its astronomical insignificance. And this is the subject of his sixth discourse. He considers that it may have been "the actual theatre of a keen and fiery contest among the upper orders of the creation."

"You know," says the preacher, "that how for the possession of a very small and insulated territory, the mightiest empires of the world have put forth all their resources; and on some field of mustering competition, have monarchs met, and embarked for victory, all the pride of a country's talent, and all the flower and strength of a country's population. The solitary island around which so many fleets are hovering, and on the shores of which so many armed men are descending, as to an arena of hostility, may well wonder at its own unlooked for estimation. But other principles are animating the battle; and the glory of nations is at stake; and a much higher result is in the contemplation of each party, than the gain of so humble an acquirement as the primary object of the war; and honour, dearer to many a bosom than existence, is now the interest on which so much blood and so much treasure is expended; and the stirring spirit of emulation has now got hold of the combatants: and thus, amid all the insignificancy which attaches to the material origin of the contest, do both the eagerness and the extent of it receive from the constitution of our nature their most full and adequate explanation.

"Now, if this be also the principle of higher natures—if, on the one hand, God be jealous of his honour, and on the other, there be proud and exalted spirits, who scowl defiance at him and at his monarchy—if, on the side of heaven, there be an angelic host rallying around the standard of loyalty, who flee with alacrity at the bidding of the Almighty, who are devoted to his glory, and feel a rejoicing interest in the evolution of his counsels; and if, on the side of hell, there be a sullen front of resistance, a hate and malice inextinguishable, an unquelled daring of revenge to baffle the wisdom of the Eternal, and to arrest the hand, and to defeat the purposes of Omnipotence—then let the material prize of victory be insignificant as it may, it is the victory in itself which upholds the impulse of this keen and stimulated rivalry. If, by the sagacity of one infernal mind, a single planet has been seduced from its allegiance, and been brought under the ascendency of him who is called in Scripture, "the god of this world;" and if the errand on which our Redeemer came, was to destroy the works of the devil—then let this planet have all the littleness which astronomy has assigned to it—call it what it is, one of the smaller islets which float on the ocean of vacancy; it has become the theatre of such a competition, as may have all the desires and all the energies of a divided universe embarked upon it. It involves in it other objects than the single recovery of our species. It decides higher questions. It stands linked with the supremacy of God, and will at length demonstrate the way in which he inflicts chastisement and overthrow upon all his enemies. I know not if our rebellious world be the only strong-hold which Satan is possessed of; or if it be but the single post of an extended warfare, that is now going on between the powers of light and of

darkness. But be it the one or the other, the parties are in array, and the spirit of the contest is in full energy, and the honour of mighty combatants is at stake; and let us therefore cease to wonder that our humble residence has been made the theatre of so busy an operation, or that the ambition of loftier natures has here put forth all its desire and all its strenuousness." (P. 198—201.)

The malignant artifices of Satan, whereby the taint of moral evil was introduced into this devoted mansion of conquered souls, and the errand of the Saviour, by which "the wisdom of the great adversary of our species was overmatched," and acceptance with God for the transgressors effected, with a saving of the Divine justice, and of the stability and consistency of its decrees, are parts of the subject which Dr. Chalmers has managed with a reverence suited to the awful theme, but with the liveliest emotions of Christian sensibility. There is something in this sharp conflict of grace with malignant and rebellious powers, in this angelic warfare for the spiritual dominion of man, in this victory gained by humiliation, in these trophies of triumphant sorrow, in this immortality of blessedness won by voluntary and vicarious agonies, and in the display of God's marvellous and minute condescension and love towards a little world bedded and almost buried in a dense infinitude of greater and more glorious orbs, each teeming, as it would seem, with life and intelligence, which so transcends our powers of comprehension, that every stretch of diction and imagery which helps our endeavours to feel the subject as it deserves, is a succour and relief to the labouring soul.

"I will not affect a wisdom above that which is written, by fancying such details of this warfare as the Bible has not laid before me. But surely it is no more than being wise up to that which is written, to assert, that in achieving the redemption of our world, a warfare had to be accomplished; that upon this subject there was among the higher provinces of creation, the keen and the animated conflict of opposing interests; that the result of it involved something grander and more affecting, than even the fate of this world's population; that it decided a question of rivalship between the righteous and everlasting Monarch of universal being, and the prince of a great and widely extended rebellion, of which I neither know how vast is the magnitude, nor how important and diversified are the bearings: and thus do we gather from this consideration, another distinct argument, helping us to explain, why on the salvation of our solitary species so much attention appears to have been concentred, and so much energy appears to have been expended." (P. 209, 210.)

"To an infidel ear, all this carries the sound of something wild and visionary along with it. But though only known through the medium of revelation; after it is known, who can fail to recognize its harmony with the great lineaments of human experience? Who has not felt the workings of a rivalry within him, between the power of conscience

and the power of temptation? Who does not remember those seasons of retirement, when the calculations of eternity had gotten a momentary command over the heart; and time, with all its interests and all its vexations, had dwindled into insignificancy before them? And who does not remember, how upon his actual engagement with the objects of time, they resumed a controul, as great and as omnipotent, as if all the importance of eternity adhered to them—how they emitted from them such an impression upon his feelings, as to fix and to fascinate the whole man into a subserviency to their influence—how in spite of every lesson of their worthlessness, brought home to him at every turn by the rapidity of the seasons, and the vicissitudes of life, and the ever-moving progress of his own earthly career, and the visible ravages of death among his acquaintances around him, and the desolations of his family, and the constant breaking up of his system of friendships, and the affecting spectacle of all that lives and is in motion withering and hastening to the grave;—oh! how comes it, that in the face of all this experience, the whole elevation of purpose, conceived in the hour of his better understanding, should be dissipated and forgotten? Whence the might, and whence the mystery of that spell, which so binds and so infatuates us to the world? What prompts us so to embark the whole strength of our eagerness and of our desires, in pursuit of interests which we know a few little years will bring to utter annihilation? Who is it that imparts to them all the charm and all the colour of an unfailing durability? Who is it that throws such an air of stability over these earthly tabernacles, as makes them look to the fascinated eye of man, like resting-places for eternity? Who is it that so pictures out the objects of sense, and so magnifies the range of their future enjoyment, and so dazzles the fond and deceiving imagination, that in looking onward through our earthly career, it appears like the vista, or the perspective, of innumerable ages? He who is called the god of this world." (P. 211—213.)

The 7th discourse of Dr. Chalmers, which is "on the slender influence of mere taste in matters of religion," is of peculiar value and excellence; and although at first it seems to have no connection with the series in the consideration of which we have been hitherto employed, yet, on closer inspection, we see in the too natural consequences of an indulgence in the splendid visions of the six preceding sermons, a proper source of the corrective lessons, of which that on which we are entering consists. It consists of a developement of that interior character of the Christian religion, from which we learn how glorious a picture of the Divine attributes may be present to the thoughts; to what a pitch of temporary devotion the feelings may be transported by the power of sacred eloquence or song; to how sincere an admiration of holy things, to how lofty an elevation above earthly objects the soul may be raised by the inspiring influence of such descriptions as these pages contain, without the conscience being seriously touched, without any real movement of repent-

ance, without, as Dr. Chalmers beautifully expresses it, "any positive lodgment of faith within the breast, with her great and constraining realities." It is thus that the preacher expresses himself on those fugitive feelings of devotion and of self-congratulation raised by sacred music.

"Amid all that illusion which such momentary visitations of seriousness and of sentiment throw around the character of man, let us never lose sight of the test, that "by their fruits ye shall know them." It is not coming up to this test, that you hear and are delighted. It is that you hear and do. This is the ground upon which the reality of your religion is discriminated now; and on the day of reckoning, this is the ground upon which your religion will be judged then; and that award is to be passed upon you, which will fix and perpetuate your destiny for ever. You have a taste for music. This no more implies the hold and the ascendency of religion over you, than that you have a taste for beautiful scenery, or a taste for painting, or even a taste for the sensualities of epicurism. But music may be made to express the glow and the movement of devotional feeling; and is it saying nothing, to say that the heart of him who listens with a raptured ear, is through the whole time of the performance in harmony with such a movement? Why, it is saying nothing to the purpose. Music may lift the inspiring note of patriotism; and the inspiration may be felt; and it may thrill over the recesses of the soul, to the mustering up of all its energies; and it may sustain to the last cadence of the song, the firm nerve and purpose of intrepidity; and all this may be realized upon him, who in the day of battle, and upon actual collision with the dangers of it, turns out to be a coward. And music may lull the feelings into unison with piety; and stir up the inner man to lofty determinations; and so engage for a time his affections, that as if weaned from the dust, they promise an immediate entrance on some great and elevated career, which may carry him through his pilgrimage superior to all the sordid and grovelling enticements that abound in it. But he turns him to the world, and all this glow abandons him; and the words which he had heard, he doeth them not; and in the hour of temptation he turns out to be a deserter from the law of allegiance; and the test I have now specified looks hard upon him, and discriminates him amid all the parading insignificance of his fine but fugitive emotions, to be the subject both of present guilt and of future vengeance." (P. 219—221.)

We do not doubt that a mind finely disposed to receive religious impressions, or prepared by some cultivation and exercise for the accelerating effects of exterior accompaniments, may derive assistance and invigoration from the charms of devotional melody; but it is too possible for the imagination to be captivated while the heart is free, for the conscience to rest on a fancied advance in holiness, while the work of practical piety has had no beginning. Neither eloquence nor music nor decoration are more to be relied on as the means of fixing in the heart the religious principle,

than the elaborate ceremonial and imposing spectacles of the Romish church. As soon as the pageant is removed the image vanishes like a morning dream, or a summer cloud. No permanent joy, or comfort, or conviction, settles in the thoughts. The senses are often the only register of these impressions, and with the passing scene they take their trackless departure. Sometimes, indeed, they rather divert the mind from, than determine it towards, the only real object of grandeur. The creature too often stands in the Creator's light; earthly pomps hide from us the pure Majesty of Heaven, and all that is spiritually august. Between God and the soul a carnal veil of splendour is thus interposed which obstructs the communication. To worship God in the beauty of holiness, every thing should be significant of that sacrifice with which he has declared himself best pleased, the sacrifice and dedication of all the heart and all the mind, and all the soul; such as does not escape in vague admiration, or fume away in fleeting rapture.

It is not the business of sound religion to drown the senses in delirious wonder, or to agitate the spirits with indistinct emotions, but to plant in the soul a devotion deep, composed, and meditative, and to teach that even this reverential contemplation of Divine perfection is in itself nothing unless it is accompanied with silent self-examination, produces "the fruit of good living," and speaks peace in accents not to be mistaken to the troubled conscience; unless, in short, it covers the splendid mechanism of human celebrations, and services, and solemnities, and all the instruments of a spurious self-complacence, with the mantle of gospel humility. Dr. Chalmers, in this last discourse, has expressed himself on this subject in terms so forcible, so fine, and so full of wisdom, that, long as this article is becoming, we cannot withhold the following page or two from the reader.

"An exquisite relish for music is no test of the influence of Christianity. Neither are many other of the exquisite sensibilities of our nature. When a kind mother closes the eyes of her expiring babe, she is thrown into a flood of sensibility, and soothing to her heart are the sympathy and the prayers of an attending minister. When a gathering neighbourhood assemble to the funeral of an acquaintance, one pervading sense of regret and tenderness sits on the faces of the company; and the deep silence, broken only by the solemn utterance of the man of God, carries a kind of pleasing religiousness along with it. The sacredness of the hallowed day, and all the decencies of its observation, may engage the affections of him who loves to walk in the footsteps of his father; and every recurring Sabbath may bring to his bosom, the charm of its regularity and its quietness. Religion has its accompaniments; and in these, there may be a something to soothe and to fascinate, even in the absence of the appropriate influences of religion. The deep and tender impression of a family-bereavement is

not religion. The love of established decencies, is not religion. The charm of all that sentimentalism which is associated with many of its solemn and affecting services, is not religion. They may form the distinct folds of its accustomed drapery; but they do not, any, or all of them put together, make up the substance of the thing itself. A mother's tenderness may flow most gracefully over the tomb of her departed little one; and she may talk the while of that heaven whither its spirit has ascended. The man whom death hath widowed of his friend, may abandon himself to the movements of that grief, which for a time will claim an ascendency over him; and, amongst the multitude of his other reveries, may love to hear of the eternity, where sorrow and separation are alike unknown. He who has been trained, from his infant days, to remember the Sabbath, may love the holiness of its aspect; and associate himself with all its observances; and take a delighted share in the mechanism of its forms. But, let not these think, because the tastes and the sensibilities which engross them, may be blended with religion, that they indicate either its strength or its existence within them. I recur to the test. I press its imperious exactions upon you. I call for fruit, and demand the permanency of a religious influence on the habits and the history. Oh! how many who take a flattering unction to their souls, when they think of their amiable feelings, and their becoming observations, with whom this severe touch-stone would, like the head of Medusa, put to flight all their complacency. The afflictive dispensation is forgotten—and he on whom it was laid, is practically as indifferent to God and to eternity as before. The Sabbath services come to a close; and they are followed by the same routine of week-day worldliness as before. In neither the one case nor the other, do we see more of the radical influence of Christianity, than in the sublime and melting influence of sacred music upon the soul; and all this tide of emotion is found to die away from the bosom, like the pathos or like the loveliness of a song." (P. 221—224.)

To these reflections on the delusive fascinations of what is here called a religion of taste, Dr. Chalmers is led by considering how possible, how probable, indeed, it is for the attention to be charmed awhile by the sublime and interesting topics on which he has been expatiating through his six previous discourses, without any real, permanent, practical, or vital profit. He reminds us, and he appeals with too much justice to the experience of most of us, how easy it is to be wafted, for a few hours, by such contemplations, "above the grossness of ordinary life; to be raised to a kind of elevated calm above all its vulgarities, and all its vexations;" how easy it is to look around us with a kind of religious rapture from a commanding height, upon the rivers and fields and waterfalls, and forests and precipices and mountains, and then turn upwards our wondering eyes to the glories of the celestial scenery; to look upon those golden suns, and their accompanying systems; to feel all their magnificence, and

to yield oneself up to their overpowering ascendancy for some hours at least, and yet to possess a conscience unmoved, a soul unawakened, and a heart unreformed. How easy to hear or read descriptions of all this might and magnificence, and to feel a pleasurable warmth kindling our minds into sublime conceptions of Heaven, and to see in thought the goings forth of the Majesty of the great Potentate amidst the wonders of His omnipotence, and yet atheistically to disown God in His true character of Godliness, and practically to deny His sovereignty over that quarter of His empire,—the spiritual life and kingdom within us,—in which it pleases Him best to dwell and to govern.

In all that Dr. Chalmers has said upon this subject, we most cordially and unreservedly agree. And we more particularly desire to express our thanks to him, for his disinterested and righteous reproofs of that spirit of vain curiosity, and vainer admiration, which brings such occasional crowds to the House of God.

" And thus it is, that still on the impulse of the one principle only, people may come in gathering multitudes to the house of God; and share with eagerness in all the glow and bustle of a crowded attendance; and have their every eye directed to the speaker; and feel a corresponding movement in their bosom to his many appeals and his many arguments; and carry a solemn and overpowering impression of all the services away with them; and yet, throughout the whole of this seemly exhibition, not one effectual knock may have been given at the door of conscience. The other principle may be as profoundly asleep, as if hushed into the insensibility of death. There is a spirit of deep slumber, it would appear, which the music of no description, even though attuned to a theme so lofty as the greatness and majesty of the Godhead, can ever charm away. Oh! it may have been a piece of parading insignificance altogether—the minister playing on his favourite instrument, and the people dissipating away their time on the charm and idle luxury of a theatrical emotion." (P. 237, 238.)

We have never thought it a truly religious sign of the times, that the pursuit after preachers has become so prevailing a propensity. It is an addiction, branching out of the religious taste, so well described by Dr. Chalmers. The supreme, single, sole object of regard in God's own house, should surely be God himself; who, if he be a jealous God, has reason to be most jealous there, where his title is most exclusive. A running after preachers is quite consistent with all those fluttering and vagrant feelings, if feelings they can be called, in respect to religion, its ordinances, and its obligations, which end in a mere gossip about the thing, a kind of pious small talk, an unholy mixture of gratuitous profession and incongruous practice, finishing the sacred side of the character of those biform religionists, the fashionable

frequenters of morning church and evening concerts. To these amateurs of preaching, Dr. Chalmers has addressed many observations of vital importance: they may not alter their practice, nor radically subvert their errors, but they may lay a foundation of silent slow-working self-dissatisfaction, which, with the help of a little godly sorrow, may destroy the gourd of a sapless divinity, to make room for the plant which "brings forth its fruit in season," and whose "leaf shall never wither." Except the practical lessons which Mrs. More has given us, there is not, perhaps, in the whole compass of preceptive divinity in the English language, soberer lessons for reforming the heart, than are found in this last of Dr. Chalmers's discourses. We most earnestly recommend the perusal of it to all who are willing to be what they ought to be, or are in danger of resting where they are; who forget that religion is a moving principle, and that when it stands still, it soons begins to vacillate; or, that with much stir and parade of motion, it may lose all real progression, in a perpetual oscillation forwards and backwards, like the planets in their arcs of retrogradation. In these wise, and manly, and searching observations, the pseudo-religionists of the day may read the character of that superficial creed, which consists in a dry acknowledgment of obligations that are never recognized in practice, or exhibited in a living form. To Dr. Chalmers we owe such a specification of the dangers of the soul, as, we trust, may in some cases, such is the force and accuracy of his pencil, excite ease into wholesome exertion, exalt formality into feeling, and alarm security into safety. To Dr. Chalmers we also owe a clear and faithful portrait of that speculative doctrinal divinity, which contents itself with a talking creed, and a professing faith, in which there is often no more vital heat than in the colour of flame; no more fragrancy than in the picture of a rose. He has taught us to see in Christ not a *magister scholæ*, but a *magister vitæ;* that the business of a Christian is not to dispute, but to do; that to know the Saviour is to keep his commandments; that He who, in the language of Holy Writ, says, "Son, give me thy heart! give me thy heart!" will deem all else without it but a vain oblation; that the kingdom of God consists not in words, but in life and in power. To Dr. Chalmers we owe a discerning exposition of that vague enthusiasm of sensibility, which buries, in abstractions and unintelligible notions, the simple severity of Gospel truth. The quackery of German sentimentalism and of Madame de Stael, with its mystical and ecstatic morality; that affectation which has made religion a thing of taste, and placed it among the fine arts; which, from finding Homer full of religion, and the Bible full of poetry, has at length found out for us a poetical religion; all this, at the rebuke of this master teacher,

is drifted like chaff and stubble before the mountain breeze. Would that the ploughshare of his Christian rhetoric could pass through the whole territory of this comfortless region, obliterating every trace of those enchanted castles which have neither their foundation in Christ, nor in any ground of human exigence, nor in reason, nor in feeling, nor in experience. To Dr. Chalmers, finally, we owe the discomfiture of that ethical religion which has no thought in captivity to Christ, or in dependence upon the Bible —which, without any regard to that internal holiness, of which Christ is the standard, is satisfied with the didactics of human prudence, and the egotisms of its own convenient morality; right above the rule of Scripture, secure without its aid, and privileged above its injunctions. To all these various religious errors, originating in an utter ignorance of our creed, of our worse than negative state without the gospel, of our alienation, our expulsion, our perdition, from which there is no way of return or escape but one, and that one vouchsafed only upon terms of total dependence upon it, however necessary it be that this dependence should be active and fruitful: to all this self-worship, this God-less divinity, this moral mysticism, Dr. Chalmers has spoken by that "counsel which standeth for ever," and in the language of that faith which "should not stand in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God."

With these feelings of gratitude as men, towards this able advocate for the cause of the human soul, we take up the mere critic's task with great reluctance. Happily there is little call for the exercise of it. Some few observations, however, we feel ourselves compelled to make. Perhaps, as a general remark, we shall not be far from the truth, if we say that the whole composition is too rhetorical. It is covered over with one crimson flush. A few intermissions of vivacity would have improved, upon the whole, the tone of the colouring; but the mind of the writer, full of sap and living juices, under the glowing influence of the radiant heaven he has described, has kept nothing back, but has burst at once into total efflorescence. We have only the fourth edition on our table, but we are informed that the subsequent editions exhibit no corrections in the style. We will, however, venture to recommend a little of the pruning knife, which we are sure will improve the general vigour of a too luxuriant growth. We could mention certain passages as more especially open to this censure, which, indeed, is scarcely more than moderated praise; but we persuade ourselves, that if Dr. Chalmers should happen to have his eye directed to these pages, he will not let our suggestions be lost, if, by a wise application of them, they can be rendered useful.

To some of his phrases and combinations we have objections,

on the score of grammar and of taste; as, for example, "undone eternity," Pref.: "fractionary rank," p. 46: "To kindle in resentment along with him," p. 57: "Threw a lustre around the radiance," p. 71: "To blink a single question," p. 124: "Ply their prudential expedients," ibid.: "To mince his ambiguous scepticism," ibid.: "All should be above boards," p. 125: "Whether she grapple it with the pride of philosophy," ibid.: "To stand in fronted opposition," ibid.: "surveying glance," p. 127: "How becoming well," p. 128: "To keep him humble of his understanding," p. 129: "Have sent him scarce another message than told," p. 131: "He cannot fetch up himself from," ibid.: "Verges the field of," p. 133: "subordinated," p. 137: "The alone theatre," p. 140: "withdrawment," p. 156: "The alone idol," p. 191: "The attributes of the Divinity stood staked," p. 204: "Panorama of its fleeting pleasures," p. 213: "The drama of this world's history," p. 214: "This severe touchstone would, like the head of Medusa," p. 223: "To frown unmannerly," p. 226: "When he thinks him of the majesty of God," p. 232: "The sublime of Deity," p. 233: "The every" is also a favourite phrase; the exclamations of O and Aye are much too apt to recur; and the word "field," is almost in every page. The anaphora, or the beginning of a long series of sentences with the same words is injudiciously frequent. Nothing is more apt to tire than the too prodigal use of this figure. Among very many instances the reader will find, in pages 79, 85, and 88, those which will soonest convince him of the propriety of this objection. Here and there a passage is refined almost into prettiness and effeminacy; as that wherein the words "delicate test," is applied to the Divine attributes; again, in pages 178 and 182, and we think, too, in some others. The ends of perspicuity would be answered by occasionally breaking the sentences; and here and there to thin a paragraph of its epithets would be to remove an incumbrance, and to improve the harmony of the period.

Having said thus much, we have said nearly all which we think can be thrown into the scale against the eulogy which we have felt to be deserved from us by this amiable and able performance. We will only add, in conclusion, that the discourse in which the character and merits of Sir Isaac Newton is the principal subject, does not seem essentially to forward, or, indeed, to have much connection with the argument, and we cannot help supposing that this part of the present volume was composed before the other sermons were written or thought of. We feel it impossible to dismiss the work we have been thus endeavouring to follow, and to develope to our readers, without declaring that it has the suffrage of our hearts as well as of our understandings; and

when we class it among the finest productions of modern genius, we shall do it but feeble justice, unless, at the same time, we observe that it has an eminent worth and dignity, to which modern genius seldom rises or aspires.

Art. II.—*Lalla Rookh; an Oriental Romance.* By Thomas Moore. 4to. pp. 405. Longman and Co. London, 1817.

With Dr. Chalmers we have been travelling in thought among those wandering and stationary fires which light up the concave of heaven with innumerable splendours; with him our imagination has winged its way towards that scene of awful and mysterious wonders through which the mighty Creator, Father of all things, seems to travel in the greatness of His strength; with him we have pursued the theme until we have seen this stupendous might soften and dissolve into redeeming love; we have seen that even for this little rebellious province of the great creation, a path has been opened to the abode of happy spirits and angelic natures before the throne of Grace and Mercy. Now, all this may be very well for those that like these things; it is endless to dispute about tastes: but we must acknowledge, however it may operate against him, that Dr. Chalmers has not given us a single glimpse of either Houri or Peri in the heaven he has opened to us; no, not in any one of the orbs which he has filled with inhabitants, where the men, for ought that can be collected from him, may be only of the common standard; and the eyes of the women may be less radiant than the least sparkling of those stars themselves seen from our earth. Mr. Moore is a good contrast to Dr. Chalmers. He confines our views very modestly to this earth, and it must be admitted that nothing has been wanting on his part to render us entirely satisfied with it. He has endeavoured in this, as in all his other laudable productions, to convince us that man's heaven is properly in this world, when rightly understood; and though he may sometimes have coloured our enjoyments of sense, as they occur under the latitude of London, a little too highly, he knows of a place or two (with which he has very lately, we believe, become acquainted) where all is

> "Love and light,
> Visions by day, and feasts by night."

Where the very wind is full of wantonness, and the aspen-trees tremble all over with love; where the spirit of fragrance holds his revels among the night-flowers; where the shores answer in

song to the kiss of each wave; and harams, like living parterres, lie basking in blushes and odours.

We have read a good deal, heard a good deal, and seen a good deal of this world, and having withal, as Critics should have, a sober sort of temperament, we cannot help looking with profane scepticism upon this voluptuous detail, and sincerely doubting, whether, as life is constituted, we need not say how right the appointment is, we best consult even the interests of sense and appetite by a total dedication of mind and body to the means of augmenting their gratifications. Mr. Moore, however, appears to think that the art of love is in its infancy, and that many improvements and discoveries remain to be made. Those whose time of life has put them out of the reach of this sort of instruction, may yet live to see his lessons prosper in the rising generation, and the British youth, by constant study in this new Oriental school, acquire as much enervation of mind and fibre as can be maintained with so little direct assistance from the sun. What cannot be effected by direct excitement in a climate so physically unfavourable, may be in some measure supplied by sympathy; and if we can forget the faces and forms of those who migrate hither from various parts of southern Asia, and the impressions made on our minds by the close alliance of dirt and debauchery through all the squalid population of the Mahometan world, we may be made, in a poetical journey with Lord Byron or Mr. Moore, to feel, or to fancy we feel, all that suns and flowers, and singing and sighing, dark eyes with their "holy revealings," and fair forms, with their scanty concealings, are fitted to produce.

We had been taught to expect, by common rumour, an epic poem from the hands of Mr. Moore, and having erroneously imagined he must by this time have been left without any thing more to say about eyes and lips and cheeks, and the sensual apparatus of stimulated desire, the mere dearth of topics on this beaten ground might constrain him to try his pen on some subject of a manly and moral tendency. But it has somehow happened that of late years the circumstances of the times have brought us into such familiarity with the Eastern continent, as to generate a sort of travelled taste for its habits and indulgences. From this new commerce of mind passion has received vast accessions of stimulating ideas, and fancy has lent its faith to all the exaggerations of hyperbole in the description of Oriental voluptuousness. The great mistake of which these poets take advantage is this: where so much is made of corporeal delights, and the various gratifications of sense; where we hear of nothing but of groves and baths and fountains, and fruits and flowers, and sexual blandishments, we are too apt to figure to ourselves a

paradise of sweets; whereas the real truth is, that wherever these objects constitute the only or principal bliss or ambition or business of a people, there dirt and every disgusting impurity is sure to prevail, and there man tramples upon man in a series of cruel oppression down to the drooping wretchedness of the squalid populace, who have neither the reason nor rights of men. These miserable Turks and Greeks and Persians and Albanians make a figure only in the sickly pages of our epicurean poets; there is scarcely an individual among them whom an English gentleman of cleanly habits could endure by his side; and yet, because they live in the free indulgence of animal pleasures, devoting life and human faculties to luxuries enjoyed in common with the brutes, it is to these specimens of humanity that of late years the thoughts of our countrymen are turned by our poets of nature, as involving all that is lovely and caressing in woman, and all that is great and deserving in man.

Mr. Moore's excuse may be the following, and if our readers are not satisfied with it, we can only say it is the best we can make for him. The laziness, luxury, lust, and cruelty, which have overspread the Mahometan world have been found so captivating in Lord Byron's poetry; so many ideas transplanted from the harams of the East have of late begun to grow and ripen in the bosoms of our youths and maidens, so luxuriantly have these exotics expanded, and so vivid are their colours even in this northern climate, that the indigenous products of a mere English fancy have in a great measure lost their odour and their flavour. Even Mr. Moore's poetry may have begun to suffer by this comparison; women cannot, as women are characterized in this and other Christian countries, be held forth, even by the licence of poëtry, as mere instruments of pleasure; they are pretty generally with us supposed to have souls, which occasions their persons to be treated with some little ceremony. Where the scene, therefore, is laid in England, the full riot of licentious ideas, even in song, would be unsuitable at least, if not insupportable; but let the reader be transported to the haram, the kiosk, or the pavilion of the Sultan, or the Pashaw, and behold him in a situation which disposes him well to receive impressions of another order respecting the destination and dignity of women; behold him under the spell of a transforming fascination which binds him in slavery to the genius of the place; behold him in a frame of mind to listen to and imbibe whatever the poet may sing, or the lying traveller may say, in behalf of a gilded corruption and voluptuous abandonment.

The British Muse, in her migration to the scenes of Oriental luxury, has naturally enough, therefore, carried our poet in her train: proceeding onward with an intensity which appears to be-

long to his genius, he has not drawn his pen till his fairy jaunt has placed him in the heart of Bucharia. Here he has taken his stand, and opening his treasures of information, has collected all names of musical or portentous sound, all legends of amatory lore, until he has filled his exhausted magazines with new ammunition; and here the bard has begun his mysterious lay of all pervading passion, till the very groves have seemed to feel the impulse, and to ring with rapture, and nothing has been left unsensualized through all the creation around him, whether men or women, or birds, or bees, or butterflies, or trees, or winds, or waterfalls. Now really, we think that to all this the phrase of "too delicious," which are the terms in which the valley of Cashmere is described, may be properly applied. We are so cloyed before we come to the end of Mr. Moore's quarto volume, with these stimulating sweets, as to be ready almost to wish ourselves in a garden of leeks and onions to relieve our senses, that we may not

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain."

Though beautiful forms and female graces, though delicious scenery, flowers of all hues, and fruits of all flavour, may well deserve to captivate a poet's imagination, and exercise his descriptive powers, yet surely it may be questioned, whether these agreeable topics will bear to be made almost the constant theme of so many pages; and whether a sickliness is not felt to come over the mind, and a weariness almost bordering upon disgust, when beauty itself has constant possession of our fancy, for ever compelling admiration, for ever dancing in vision before us, and intercepting the view of all other objects. Contemplating things through Mr. Moore's poetry is like looking through a prismatic spectrum, which exhibits nature in the colours of the rainbow. Who does not grow tired, after a time, of the deceptious glare, and long to see things as they are, however homely they may be. Besides all which, we must ever think that real poetry, such as a great deal of what is produced by Mr. Moore has a title to be called, has claims to a nobler use and destination than to the endless whimperings of these turbaned lovers and their silly sultanas. We have but little hope, however, of ever bringing Mr. Moore over to our sentiments, because, besides the dominancy of his depraved habits of writing, we doubt whether he does not annex in idea something of sacredness to these images and descriptions on which his pen has so long been employed; for we observe a strange, mystical, we had almost said fanatical, use of the word "holy," in conjunction with what we should have thought to have been composed of very carnal and common materials. The breezes are *holy;* the flowers are *holy;* the lakes are *holy;* the moon

is *holy*, as giving light to lovers; Cashmere with its feast of roses is *holy;* the music of the haram is *holy;* and, as we have observed before, the eyes of the ladies have "*holy* revealings." We are not sorry that, as the poet has chosen to make so cheap a use of this epithet, he has not applied it to any subject of the Bible when it has seemed proper to him to allude to it. To the story of the patriarch Joseph, and his chaste repulse of the wife of Potiphar, he seems to annex nothing very *holy*. He whom he calls the *Hebrew boy*, was nevertheless the peculiar care of Jehovah himself; and if this circumstance had impressed that awe upon the mind of the poet which true "holiness" ought to impart, he would scarcely have imaged him on the walls of a polluted haram as "turning to gaze," and,

"Half undone,
Wishing that heaven and she could both be won."

When we reviewed this gentleman's late publication of "A Series of Sacred Songs," we intimated our fears that his new subject had taken but an imperfect hold of his heart; that he was

"Wishing that heaven and sin could both be won;"

and our fears have been but too well confirmed by his return to what perhaps he may choose to call his *holy* themes—to feasts of roses in the *holy* vale of Cashmere, the *holy* revealings of female eyes, and the *holy* music of the haram. This relapse of his muse we most sincerely regret, and could have wished him to have once more plunged her into the river Jordan, if haply thus these feverish fancies might thereby have been cooled, and the stains of her leprosy have been washed away.

It has occurred to us to make these few observations on a style of poetry which, after the example of two or three men of genius, is usurping the place of all that is useful, natural, simple, and sublime. But we are most afraid of its moral and political effects. The time is arrived in which, such is the freedom with which opinions may be promulgated, doctrines derided, morality ridiculed, and authority defied,—in which the power of the press acts so widely and so efficaciously,—that the quality of our popular literature is become of an importance as great—as life, and property, and home, and protection, are precious. If we look at the world as it is, and has been, we dare not, without giving the lie to all history and observation, deny that a nation demoralized is never free, that lust and cruelty dwell constantly together, that a voluptuous homage paid to woman's charms argues no respect for her character or her comforts; and that, in proportion as man is sensualized, woman is degraded. It is melancholy to observe how foolish misses, and their more foolish mammas, overlook a truth so important to themselves,

and with what avidity they devour these hyperbolical compliments of our amatory poets to the damask roses of their cheeks, the dark blue lustre of their eyes, and their thousand other charms, while they forget that in countries where these things are most celebrated in song, women are merchandize, and men are their proprietors, the reward of beauty is imprisonment for life, and those eyes, and cheeks, and thousand other charms, are the fading property of capricious lust. But it is now time to look into these poems with a little more particularity, though we shall claim to be excused from any thing like detailed criticism on a work which founds itself on the fictions of Oriental extravagance, and proceeds without moral, or purpose, or plan, through two or three wild love-stories, in a tissue of flowery language, amorous description, and rambling vehemence. We may remark also by the way, that the Oriental learning collected in the notes has the rawness of recent acquisition—the bloom of yesterday's gathering. Mr. Moore seems to be as yet only a novice in the *holy* college of Cashmere.

The main story thus begins:

"In the eleventh year of the reign of Aurungzebe, Abdalla, King of the Lesser Bucharia, a lineal descendant from the Great Zingis, having abdicated the throne in favour of his son, set out on a pilgrimage to the Shrine of the Prophet; and, passing into India through the delightful valley of Cashmere, rested for a short time at Delhi on his way. He was entertained by Aurungzebe in a style of magnificent hospitality, worthy alike of the visitor and the host, and was afterwards escorted with the same splendour to Surat, where he embarked for Arabia. During the stay of the Royal Pilgrim at Delhi, a marriage was agreed upon between the Prince, his son, and the youngest daughter of the Emperor, Lalla Rookh;—a Princess described by the poets of her time, as more beautiful than Leila, Shirine, Dewildé, or any of those heroines whose names and loves embellish the songs of Persia and Hindostan. It was intended that the nuptials should be celebrated at Cashmere; where the young King, as soon as the cares of empire would permit, was to meet, for the first time, his lovely bride, and after a few months' repose in that enchanting valley, conduct her over the snowy hill into Bucharia." (P. 1, 2.)

The departure of Lalla Rookh, from Delhi, is next described, in which a very copious account is given us of the splendour of the cavalcade by which she is accompanied, but which we must leave to the reader's imagination; neither need we consume any time in detailing the delights of her journey, which was through a succession of beautiful and romantic scenes, save that it is important to point the reader's attention to Feramorz, a young poet of Cashmere, celebrated for his recital of the stories of the East, whom his Royal Master had permitted to accompany the Princess on her journey, to beguile its tediousness by the exercise of his

agreeable talents. The four stories which compose the volume, viz. the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, Paradise and the Peri, the Fire-worshippers, and the Light of the Haram, are related by the young Feramorz to the Princess of Delhi, in the course of her journey to Cashmere; and in the sequel the poet, who is described to be as beautiful as Crishna, the Indian Apollo, obtains entire possession of the heart of the Princess. As the Princess becomes more sensible of the progress of this dangerous attachment, her natural cheerfulness deserts her, and she sinks under a depression which alters her looks, and injures her health. The journey, however, is accomplished, and with a heavy heart she prepares to meet her future Lord, the young King of Bucharia. Seated on a magnificent throne, the Monarch awaits the coming of his bride. With trembling feet, and revolting affections, she scarcely ascends the marble steps, which conduct to the great saloon; the Prince descends, and who should this Prince be but Feramorz himself, at once the graceful minstrel of Cashmere, and the magnificent Sovereign of Bucharia. The happiness of the Royal Pair was complete, and the Princess, "to the day of her death, in memory of their delightful journey through the vale of Cashmere, never called her King by any other name than Feramorz." We had nearly forgotten to mention that our poet has diversified his narrative, which of itself cannot be said to be very sprightly or interesting, by the introduction of a character, which, it is probable, may not have been uncommon at the Courts of these indolent and voluptuous Monarchs. This was Fadladeen, the Grand Chamberlain, who attended the Princess on her journey, to adjust the ceremonials, and to superintend all the arrangements which were necessary to be attended to on this important occasion. This person is represented as a bigoted Mussulman, whose whole religion consisted in a punctilious observance of the minutest forms and ceremonies, and as a pretender to profound criticism, being the depositary at once of his master's conscience and his taste. By this man, whom the author intends we should perceive to be very shallow, vain, and envious, certain criticisms are pronounced at the conclusion of every story recited by the young poet, which, we cannot help suspecting, are meant in anticipation of the dull, vapid, unfeeling dogmas we Reviewers were likely to pronounce in the examination of this sublime production. Notwithstanding this ingenious anticipatory defence, we are constrained by the truth to confess, that we do adopt many of the strictures of the Great Chamberlain, as having sense and reason on their side.

The first of these stories, told by the graceful poet of Cashmere to the enamoured Princess, is, "the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan," the outline of which is as follows:

Mokanna, the Prophet—King of Khorassan, a region of eastern Persia, had his royal throne and residence at Merou, the capital city of his empire, to which throne he had been raised by the blind belief of his followers, whom, by his arts and impostures, he had persuaded to worship him as one sent from heaven with a divine commission, to bring devout believers to Paradise. A silver veil concealed the Prophet's aspect from the view of mortals, in mercy, as it would seem, to save them from the splendours of that brow which no mortal could support. Determined to give "freedom to the world," the Prophet, on a certain day, received into his awful presence the various chieftains who had come to support his claims to universal conquest, and to hear his assurances of the immortality of blessedness, which he was to procure for them in return. Of this number was young Azim, a new proselyte, and the hero of the tale, who offered himself and his irresistible sword before the throne of the impostor. In the midst of this pageant we have a hint given us of the Prophet's real character, by an allusion to the curtained galleries of the Haram, seen between the lofty pillars of porphyry, which surround the hall of audience. Among the fair prisoners in this impure sojourn was the beauteous Zelica, who had formerly loved the accomplished Azim, when in the groves of Bokhara they passed their first years of innocence together, in mutual love and delight. The youthful lover had left this happy repose to join the standard of Persia, whose troops were marching against Byzantium. The solitary maid, whom one cannot but accuse of a good deal of impatience, during the absence of Azim, which promised only to be temporary, threw herself into the Haram of the Prophet-King, and surrendered her innocence to him, upon terms of his translating her to Heaven, and there making her the everlasting bride of her beloved Azim. If there was any thing a little hard of digestion in all this, the author has with great skill removed the difficulty, by making the heroine a little crazed through grief at losing her lover; yet not so but that her senses might be easily restored, whenever they were wanted to carry on the story, and might come and go in a very poetical sort of alternation. A terrible account is given us of an oath, which this fair nymph is made to take in a charnel-house, never to leave the side of the Prophet; and from this moment her case becomes irreparable and thus the poet represents it:

> " From that dead hour, entirely, wildly given
> To him and—she believ'd, lost maid!—to heaven;
> Her brain, her heart, her passion all inflam'd,
> How proud she stood, when in full Haram nam'd
> The Priestess of the Faith!—how flash'd her eyes
> With light, alas! that was not of the skies,

When round, in trances only less than hers,
She saw the Haram kneel, her prostrate worshippers!
Well might Mokanna think that form alone
Had spells enough to make the world his own:—
Light, lovely limbs, to which the spirit's play
Gave motion, airy as the dancing spray,
When from its stem the small bird wings away!
Lips in whose rosy labyrinth, when she smil'd
The soul was lost; and blushes, swift and wild
As are the momentary meteors sent
Across th' uncalm, but beauteous firmament.
And then her look!—oh! where's the heart so wise,
Could unbewilder'd meet those matchless eyes?
Quick, restless, strange, but exquisite withal,
Like those of angels, just before their fall;
Now shadow'd with the shames of earth—now crost
By glimpses of the heav'n her heart had lost;
In every glance there broke, without controul,
The flashes of a bright but troubled soul,
Where sensibility still wildly play'd,
Like lightning, round the ruins it had made!" (P. 27, 28.)

It happened on a certain evening Mokanna was over-heard by Zelica, while he waited for her in a small kiosk, amusing himself with a most diabolical soliloquy, in which all his fiendish arts to make mankind his dupes, and to bring wretchedness and destruction on the whole human race, were dwelt upon with great complacency. The deluded, lost young lady, is so affected with the discovery of her true situation, that she cannot refrain from bitter exclamations, and thus the monster perceives that he is discovered. A long dialogue ensues, in which Mokanna's real character is fully avowed, and the wretched dupe of his seduction is required to use her charms in aid of a resolution Mokanna had formed to subdue the stern virtue of Azim, by exposing it to the full influence of all his haram's beauty that very night. All this brings the ruined fair to her senses, and the proposition is received with all due horror. At the end of this conversation the deceiver, who now considers that Zelica is bound to him by ties which it is quite impossible for her to dissolve, and by way of completing the distraction of her mind, raises the veil, and exhibits, O portentous sight! that countenance which no mortal had yet been suffered to gaze upon.

"He raised his veil—the maid turned slowly round,
Looked at him—shrieked—and sunk upon the ground."

Now comes the trial of the young hero in the recesses of the haram, which, in this poet's idiom, may be properly termed very "*holy revealings*." Here Mr. Moore seems much at home, and many a youth may rise from the perusal of his description of this

enchanted scene, with his mind much advanced in Mahometan *holiness*. In this place an interview takes place between these unhappy lovers; and after disclosures and protestations, full of tender anguish, they are on the point of leaving this fatal place, when a sepulchral voice is heard, exclaiming, "Thy oath! thy oath!" and immediately the horrid spell upon the mind of the hapless Zelica is renewed;—she declares herself Mokanna's bride, in virtue of that nuptial oath taken in the charnel-house; and, after a short and affecting rhapsody, breaks away from her lover, and rushes back to her execrable doom.

The next scene presented us is the march of the Caliph Mahadi, with his troops, collected from all the countries of the faithful, to dispute the Eastern world with the Veiled Prophet—the great enemy of Islam, and of mankind. The pomp of the armament and array is richly described; and there is much vehemence in the battle scene. The Caliph's troops give way, Mokanna himself seizes the black banner, when young Azim is seen rallying the flying army. By his single arm the battle is restored; and victory, complete and final victory, is the fruit of his irresistible valour. The last strong hold of Mokanna is attacked, who persuades every man on his side to sacrifice his life, in the hope of ultimate reward, and exults to the last in the success of his schemes of destruction. Having prepared a bath of burning liquor for himself, and a poisonous potion for Zelica, he leaps into the receptacle, triumphant in thus disappointing the conquerors of their victim, and leaves his miserable bride the only surviving mortal amidst the carnage within the walls. The miserable Zelica puts on the veil, which the Prophet had left behind him, that thus she might die by the hands of the besiegers, ere the poisonous draught could operate: she is killed, but it is by the hand of Azim himself, who, in the eager hope of encountering the impostor, had rushed foremost into the city, and, by a very natural mistake, plunges his weapon into the fair form concealed behind the silver veil. To be short, Zelica expires in the arms of her lover, happy in her last moments, in the thought of having thus expiated her sin; promises, before the death of her lover, to appear to him, if it may be; and, after a lapse of many years, does actually appear to him, when, an aged man, he still worships at her grave,

"All drest
In angel smiles, and tells him she is blest;
For this the old man breathed his thanks, and died—
And there, upon the banks of that loved tide,
He and his Zelica sleep, side by side."

So much for the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan. A story not ill told for such a story; but one which does not appear to us to

be calculated to produce any agreeable excitement in the reader; and which we scarcely think well suited to the ear of a young maiden Princess, on her bridal journey through the Vale of Cashmere. There are no stories which we can recollect, in which virgin innocence has been thus finally abandoned to gloating deformity: it is so revolting to think of such an union, that some expedient is always contrived for the rescue of the fair one from the clutch of brutal violence; but Mr. Moore has left beauty and innocence to ultimate irretrievable desolation, and not wholly without the consent of the party defiled; thus exhibiting the new and uncomely spectacle of innocence and sin, "in ruin reconciled."

The metre in which this tale is told does not seem suited to Mr. Moore's ear. Many of his lines are very heavy and unharmonious; many very flat and prosaic. This, like the chromatic in music, may, in the more extended compass and variety of blank verse, afford a relief to the ear; but in rhyme, and especially in the couplets of the five feet iambic measure, in which both the sense and cadence is more confined, and each line depends upon its own effect, rather than upon an harmonious arrangement of the verse in general, these liberties are not allowable. We will give a few specimens of these uncouth lines.

> "Fond maid, the sorrow of her soul was such,
> Ev'n reason sunk, blighted, beneath the touch." (P. 22.)
>
> "When mid the proud Divan's dazzling ray." (P. 25.)
>
> "No—had not reason's light totally set." (P. 25.)
>
> "Ye, too, believers of incredible creeds." (P. 35.)
>
> "The maid had stood gazing upon the veil." (P. 40.)
>
> "Hath bound thee—aye—body and soul, all mine." (P. 46.)
>
> "Like the faint exquisite music of a dream." (P. 59.)
>
> "He turns away coldly, as if some gloom." (P. 96.)
>
> "With music and with sweets sparkling alive." (P. 98.)
>
> "Is seen glittering at times like the white sail." (P. 104.)

There are many other lines in this first poem, which are of an equally objectionable structure. It strikes us that there is always a peculiar tameness, and even vulgarity, in lines of this measure, ending in the active participle, or in the adverbial 'ly,' or in the pronoun monosyllable; as, for example,

> "Ne'er tell him how debased, how sunk is she,
> Whom once he loved—once!—still loves dotingly." (P. 43.)
>
> "So on through scenes past all imagining." (P. 56.)

1

"The once-adored divinity, ev'n he
Stood for some moments mute, and doubtingly
Put back the ringlets from her brow." (P. 72.)

"Unconsciously he opes his arms, while she." (Ibid.)

"As if to lie, ev'n for that tranced minute,
So near his heart, had consolation in it." (P. 74.)

"Thou pitiest me—I knew thou wouldst—that sky
Hath nought beneath it half so lorn as I." (P. 77.)

"Go—fly this instant!—or thou'rt ruined too—
My oath! my oath! Oh God! 'tis all too true;
True as the worm in this cold heart it is—
I am Mokanna's bride—his, Azim, his.—" (P. 81.)

"Nor e'er did armament more grand than that
Pour from the kingdoms of the Caliphat." (P. 89.)

We wish also that Mr. Moore would consider, that, in a poem of the length and pretensions of that on which we are now commenting, words and sentences must have definite, clear, and substantial meaning. Poetry has an extensive empire, but not an absolute sway; she must conform, as well as others, to certain rules of eternal authority, founded in the nature of things, and the constitution of the mind. In a word, there must be good sense and decided meaning to sustain the boldest imagery, and most refined phraseology. To play about the margin of meaning, where the colours of thought are blending into confusion, is a dangerous exercise of the poet's talent; and he that can tread securely upon that narrow base is a master of his art; but the poet with whom we are at present concerned has sported so long in amorous ditties, in which all that is found necessary to gain admiration is to tickle the ear with dulcet sounds, and diffuse over the mind a loose and rambling sense of pleasure, that the habit still adheres to him in works of greater enterprise and expansion. We will advert to a few of these gossamer lines.

"Bending beneath the invisible west wind's sighs." (P. 13.)

"Like war's wild planet in a summer's sky." (P. 13.)

"Shall walk transparent, like some holy thing." (P. 18.)

"As they were captive to the King of flowers." (P. 60.)

It is in the same strain that he brings before us his hero Azim, after the victory over the Veiled Prophet obtained by his prowess.

"Who does not envy that young warrior now,
To whom the Lord of Islam bends his brow,
In all the graceful gratitude of power,
For his throne's safety in that perilous hour?

Who doth not wonder, when amidst the' acclaim
Of thousands, heralding to heaven his name—
'Mid all those holier harmonies of fame,
Which sound along the path of virtuous souls,
Like music round a planet as it rolls! (P. 96.)

Some, and not a few, of the lines of which this first poem is composed, are very flat, and quite unworthy of Mr. Moore, who, with all his faults, has in general well supported his fame of a mellifluous poet.

" And music too, dear music! that can touch
Beyond all else the soul that loves it much." (P. 59)

" When round him hung such a perpetual spell,
Whate'er he did, none ever did so well.
Too happy days! when, if he touch'd a flower
Or gem of thine, 'twas sacred from that hour;
When thou did'st study him, till every tone
And gesture and dear look became thy own,—
Thy voice like his, the changes of his face
In thine reflected with still lovelier grace,
Like echo, sending back sweet music, fraught
With twice th' aerial sweetness it had brought!
Yet now he comes—brighter than even he
E'er beam'd before,—but ah! not bright for thee;
No—dread, unlook'd for, like a visitant
From the' other world, he comes as if to haunt
Thy guilty soul with dreams of lost delight,
Long lost to all but memory's aching sight:—
Sad dreams! as when the Spirit of our Youth
Returns in sleep, sparkling with all the truth
And innocence once ours, and leads us back
In mournful mockery, o'er the shining track
Of our young life, and points out every ray
Of hope and peace we've lost upon the way!" (P. 20.)

The second tale related by the young poet of Cashmere to the beautiful Princess, is called " Paradise and the Peri," founded upon the Persian or Indian legend of the banishment of the Peris, those aerial existences, whose food is perfume, from Paradise. The poem begins with representing one of these Peri, standing at the gate of Eden, and lamenting her unhappy exclusion. The angel keeping watch at the gate observes, and in pity reveals to her, what was written in the Book of Fate, that

" The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this eternal gate
The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go seek it; and redeem thy sin;—
'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in!"

Away she goes in search of the gift. And passing over a beautiful portion of India just after the sanguinary and desolating march of Mahmood of Gasna, or Ghisni, who conquered India in the beginning of the eleventh century, she casts her eyes on the plain and perceives a native warrior, with his sword bloody and broken, choosing rather to perish than to receive life at the hands of the invader. The Peri catches the last drop of his heart's blood, and carries it to the Gate of Eden—but the Angel requires something " still holier far."

She next visits the vale of Rosetta in Barbary, where the plague had nearly destroyed all human life. Here she finds a youth who had retired to a lonely spot to die, wishing only that she who was betrothed to him, and to whom his heart was devoted, might be safe in her father's princely halls. But she, despising ease and safety without her lover, repairs to the place where he lay, embraces his morbid and dying body, imbibes the cruel contagion, and both expire. The last farewell sigh of this constant maiden is the gift now carried by the Peri to the heavenly gate to purchase her admission, but it succeeds no better than the first.

Away she goes again; and flies over Syria to the Temple of the Sun, at Balbec, weary and discomfited. Here a child is perceived by her at play among the rosy wild flowers, chasing the " beautiful blue damsel flies," a species of elegant insects which are found in that region. Shortly afterwards a wearied man arrives at that place, and flings himself down to slake his thirst at a fountain, who, we are given to understand, had spent his life in blood and crime. He there lies at ease, watching the innocent infant at play, till the vesper bell calls to evening prayer. The boy falls upon his knees with his face to the south, lisping his orisons to Heaven. This scene so affects the man of crime, that a sudden repentance and conversion is wrought in his mind; he weeps, and the tear of penitence, caught from his eye, turns out to be the exact price of admission into the garden of Eden.

We are not very fond of pretty thoughts about heaven, and prayer, and penitence, and pardon for sin: these are to us very awful sounds, too awful to be presented becomingly in the tinsel of Mr. Moore's decorations. And though a little happy and gentle child, arrayed in the charms of sportive innocence, is indeed a spectacle of edifying loveliness, yet a little Mussulman in the act of prayer to that impostor whose sword has made so many childless, does not, somehow or other, interest us as much as it may perhaps persons of a more oriental taste. Many passages in this little poem are, however, in very pretty dress; and though they smell a little too much of Mahomet, and musk, and Mr. Moore, they are such as indicate also the presence of genius.

But by far the most masculine and vigorous product of Mr. Moore's pen, is the third of the poems in this volume, called "The Fire-worshippers." The story is simple, but interesting, and the poetry is very full of descriptive beauty. The conquest of Persia by the Moslems affords to the poet an opportunity of exhibiting an afflicting detail of the last struggles of patriotism, under the conduct of Hafed, a young warrior, who gathers round him a band of faithful and gallant followers, all prepared and resolved to shed their last blood in the defence of their all-but conquered country. They retire behind some rocks, which are inaccessible to the enemy, from whence they issue from time to time, and destroy vast multitudes of the invading force. Their retreat, and the only way to it, are at length made known to the leader of the Moslems, by the treason of one of this Persian band; and in one fatal night the cruel invaders rush in where this small remnant of faithful warriors are found, and after a most sanguinary defence, they are all slaughtered. Hafed, indeed, had prepared a pile, whereon he determined if possible to be consumed by fire, as a true worshipper of that sacred element, and valorously retreating before the swords of his assailants, he flings himself, covered with wounds, upon the funereal altar, just as the breath is leaving his body. With this scene of bloody contention a softer flame is of course interwoven. The poet does not forget to make his hero in love, and to give to that love a cross and unlucky direction. Hafed had scaled the tower where the hostile Emir, Al Hassan, resided, and having got into one of the apartments, had found the daughter instead of the father. Stranger as he was, thus unaccredited, and thus abrupt in his intrusion, he found a ready way to the heart of the young lady. It is discovered, however, at the second meeting, with which the poem opens, that the parties are of very opposite creeds: the one being as good a Moslem, as the other is a Gheber or Worshipper of Fire. Love, however, does not seem to give way to these difficulties, but it is necessary they should part, as the lover has very rough business to perform. Soon after, the father of the beautiful Hinda, which was the name of the fair Arabian, informs her with great joy, that a way had been discovered to the strong place where Hafed with his chosen band had hitherto eluded his conquering force. The young lady's distress at this event appears to the Emir to arise from her horror of scenes of blood, and he resolves to send her back to her own country. The vessel, however, in which she embarks, is taken by another, carrying Hafed and his party of Persians, who convey her to the secret hold behind the rocks, where a tender interview takes place between the lovers; and here she admonishes the hero of the discovery that had been made of his retreat. After a very affect-

ing scene, the lady is again embarked on board a vessel, that she might be at a distance from the dreadful scene which was expected to ensue. Night comes, and the Moslems with it, and then commences that murderous combat which ends, as we have before said, in the destruction of the last of the true sons of Iran. The desolate maiden sees the sad catastrophe from her vessel, and, plunging into the waves, makes an end of the sad story of the lovely Hinda and the valiant Hafed, long remembered in Persian annals.

After a very vigorous description of the young and dauntless chief, whose prowess and perseverance still retarded the final success of the Arabian conqueror, he gives the following picture of the secluded glen in which Hafed and his little force still breathed the air of liberty, and from which they frequently sallied forth, and took a sudden vengeance on their oppressors:

"But vain was valour—vain the flower
Of Kerman, in that deathful hour,
Against Al Hassan's whelming power.—
In vain they met him, helm to helm,
Upon the threshold of that realm
He came in bigot pomp to sway,
And with their corpses block'd his way—
In vain—for every lance they rais'd
Thousands around the conqueror blaz'd;
For every arm that lin'd their shore,
Myriads of slaves were wafted o'er,—
A bloody, bold, and countless crowd,
Before whose swarm as fast they bow'd
As dates beneath the locust-cloud!

There stood—but one short league away
From old Harmozia's sultry bay—
A rocky mountain, o'er the sea
Of Oman beetling awfully.
A last and solitary link
  Of those stupendous chains that reach
From the broad Caspian's reedy brink
  Down winding to the Green-Sea beach.
Around its base the bare rocks stood,
Like naked giants, in the flood,
  As if to guard the Gulf across;—
While, on its peak that brav'd the sky,
A ruin'd Temple tower'd, so high
  That oft the sleeping albatross
Struck the wild ruins with her wing,
And from her cloud-rock'd slumbering
Started—to find man's dwelling there
In her own silent fields of air!

Beneath, terrific caverns gave
Dark welcome to each stormy wave
That dash'd, like midnight revellers, in;—
And such the strange, mysterious din
At times throughout those caverns roll'd,—
And such the fearful wonders told
Of restless sprites imprison'd there,
That bold were Moslem, who would dare,
At twilight hour, to steer his skiff
Beneath the Gheber's lonely cliff.

On the land side, those towers sublime,
That seem'd above the grasp of Time,
Were sever'd from the haunts of men
By a wide, deep and wizard glen,
So fathomless, so full of gloom,
No eye could pierce the void between;
It seem'd a place where Gholes might come
With their foul banquets from the tomb,
And in its caverns feed unseen.
Like distant thunder, from below,
The sound of many torrents came;
Too deep for eye or ear to know
If 'twere the sea's imprison'd flow,
Or floods of ever-restless flame.
For each ravine, each rocky spire
Of that vast mountain stood on fire;
And, though for ever past the days,
When God was worshipp'd in the blaze
That from its lofty altar shone,—
Though fled the priests, the votaries gone,
Still did the mighty flame burn on
Through chance and change, through good and ill,
Like its own God's eternal will,
Deep, constant, bright, unquenchable!

Thither the vanquish'd Hafed led
His little army's last remains;—
'Welcome, terrific glen!' he said,
'Thy gloom, that Elbis' self might dread,
'Is heav'n to him who flies from chains!'
O'er a dark, narrow bridge-way, known
To him and to his Chiefs alone,
They cross'd the chasm and gain'd the towers;—
'This home,' he cried, 'at least is ours—
'Here we may bleed, unmock'd by hymns
'Of Moslem triumph o'er our head;
'Here we may fall, nor leave our limbs
'To quiver to the Moslem's tread.
'Stretch'd on this rock, while vultures' beaks
'Are whetted on our yet warm cheeks,

'Here,—happy that no tyrant's eye
'Gloats on our torments—we may die!'" (P. 207—211.)

A passage occurs in this poem, the perusal of which gave us real pleasure, as it proves the existence, in Mr. Moore's mind, of very clear ideas of that permanent, natural, and peaceful character which belongs to the legitimate passion of love. We heartily wish he could be persuaded to leave that morbid path, in which he is treading in the *footsteps* of Lord Byron, and in which no new laurels are to be won; that he could be induced to turn from that land of musk,—the Mahometan Paradise,—where the elect, seated on silken carpets, and attended by black-eyed damsels, listen to the rivers that murmur beneath the golden palm-trees, and quaff the crystal wave out of goblets made of stars,—to that proper home of weary man, the paradise of a sound conscience, that "holy hill where alone the flesh has rest in hope; and to which only *he* can ascend who leadeth an uncorrupt life, and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart."

"Ah! not the Love, that should have bless'd
So young, so innocent a breast;
Not the pure, open, prosperous Love,
That, pledg'd on earth and seal'd above,
Grows in the world's approving eyes,
In friendship's smile and home's caress,
Collecting all the heart's sweet ties
Into one knot of happiness!
No, Hinda, no—thy fatal flame
Is nurs'd in silence, sorrow, shame.—
A passion, without hope or pleasure,
In thy soul's darkness buried deep,
It lies, like some ill-gotten treasure,—
Some idol, without shrine or name,
O'er which its pale-ey'd votaries keep
Unholy watch, while others sleep!" (P. 217.)

After the terrible conflict between the crew of her own vessel and that of the Persian galliot, by which it was attacked and captured, the situation of the Arabian Maid, and the surrounding scene, is thus poetically and affectingly described.

"How calm, how beautiful comes on
The stilly hour, when storms are gone;
When warring winds have died away,
And clouds, beneath the glancing ray,
Melt off, and leave the land and sea
Sleeping in bright tranquillity,—
Fresh as if Day again were born,
Again upon the lap of Morn!
When the light blossoms, rudely torn

And scatter'd at the whirlwind's will,
Hang floating in the pure air still,
Filling it all with precious balm,
In gratitude for this sweet calm;—
And every drop the thunder-showers
Have left upon the grass and flowers
Sparkles, as 'twere that lightning-gem
Whose liquid flame is born of them!
  When, 'stead of one unchanging breeze,
There blow a thousand gentle airs,
And each a different perfume bears,—
  As if the loveliest plants and trees
Had vassal breezes of their own
To watch and wait on them alone,
And waft no other breath than theirs!
When the blue waters rise and fall,
In sleepy sunshine mantling all;
And ev'n that swell the tempest leaves
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers' hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly to be quite at rest!

Such was the golden hour, that broke
Upon the world, when Hinda woke
From her long trance, and heard around
No motion but the water's sound
Rippling against the vessel's side,
As slow it mounted o'er the tide.—
But where is she?—her eyes are dark,
Are wilder'd still—is this the bark,
The same, that from Harmozia's bay
Bore her at morn—whose bloody way
The sea-dog tracks?—no—strange and new
Is all that meets her wondering view.
Upon a galliot's deck she lies,
  Beneath no rich pavilion's shade,
No plumes to fan her sleeping eyes,
  Nor jasmin on her pillow laid.
But the rude litter, roughly spread
With war-cloaks, is her homely bed,
And shawl and sash, on javelins hung,
For awning o'er her head are flung.
Shuddering she look'd around—there lay
  A group of warriors in the sun
Resting their limbs, as for that day
  Their ministry of death were done.
Some gazing on the drowsy sea,
Lost in unconscious reverie;
And some, who seem'd but ill to brook
That sluggish calm, with many a look

To the slack sail impatient cast,
As loose it flagg'd around the mast." (P. 233—236.)

The passage of the Persian galliot with Hinda on board, over whose eyes a bandage had been tied after the vessel was captured, through the cave's mouth to the entrance into the secret glen, where Hafed and his followers concealed themselves, is very beautiful, and in our mind, if it stood alone, would establish Mr. Moore's claim to the title of poet.

" Amid the' illumin'd land and flood
Sunless that mighty mountain stood;
Save where, above its awful head,
There shone a flaming cloud, blood-red,
As 'twere the flag of destiny
Hung out to mark where death would be!

Had her bewilder'd mind the power
Of thought in this terrific hour,
She well might marvel where or how
Man's foot could scale that mountain's brow;
Since ne'er had Arab heard or known
Of path but through the glen alone.—
But every thought is lost in fear,
When, as their bounding bark drew near
The craggy base, she felt the waves
Hurry them tow'rd those dismal caves
That from the Deep in windings pass
Beneath that Mount's volcanic mass—
And loud a voice on deck commands
To lower the mast and light the brands!
Instantly o'er the dashing tide
Within a cavern's mouth they glide,
Gloomy as that eternal Porch,
  Through which departed spirits go;—
Not ev'n the flare of brand and torch
  Its flickering light could further throw
  Than the thick flood that boil'd below.
Silent they floated—as if each
Sat breathless, and too aw'd for speech
In that dark chasm, where even sound
Seem'd dark,—so sullenly around
The goblin echoes of the cave
Mutter'd it o'er the long black wave,
As 'twere some secrets of the grave!
But, soft—they pause—the current turns
  Beneath them from its onward track;—
Some mighty, unseen barrier spurns
  The vexed tide, all foaming, back,
And scarce the oar's redoubled force
Can stem the eddy's whirling force;—

When, hark!—some desperate foot has sprung
Among the rocks—the chain is flung—
The oars are up—the grapple clings,
And the toss'd bark in moorings swings.
Just then, a day-beam through the shade
Broke tremulous—but, ere the maid
Can see from whence the brightness steals,
Upon her brow she shuddering feels
A viewless hand, that promptly ties
A bandage round her burning eyes;
While the rude litter where she lies,
Uplifted by the warrior throng,
O'er the steep rocks is borne along.

Blest power of sunshine! genial Day,
What balm, what life are in thy ray!
To feel thee is such real bliss,
That had the world no joy but this,
To sit in sunshine calm and sweet,—
It were a world too exquisite
For man to leave it for the gloom,
The deep, cold shadow of the tomb!
Ev'n Hinda, though she saw not where
  Or whither wound the perilous road,
Yet knew by that awakening air,
  Which suddenly around her glow'd,
That they had ris'n from darkness then,
And breath'd the sunny world again!

But soon this balmy freshness fled—
For now the steepy labyrinth led
Through damp and gloom—'mid crash of boughs,
And fall of loosen'd crags that rouse
The leopard from his hungry sleep,
  Who, starting, thinks each crag a prey,
And long is heard from steep to steep,
  Chasing them down their thundering way!
The jackal's cry—the distant moan
Of the hyæna, fierce and lone;—
And that eternal, saddening sound
  Of torrents in the glen beneath,
As 'twere the ever-dark Profound
  That rolls beneath the Bridge of Death!
All, all is fearful—ev'n to see
  To gaze on those terrific things
She now but blindly hears, would be
  Relief to her imaginings!
Since never yet was shape so dread,
  But Fancy, thus in darkness thrown,
And by such sounds of horror fed,
  Could frame more dreadful of her own." (P. 239—243.)

The funeral pyre of odorous woods, glimmering behind the altar's blaze, on which Hafed and his comrades had prepared to consecrate their deaths when all hope of resistance should be at an end; and the melancholy and fixed devotion with which the heroic youth gazes upon it, is among the many fine parts of this poem; but there is something that sounds so profanely in the comparison of this devotion with that which inspired the holy martyrs who have suffered for the name of Jesus, that we forbear transcribing it. The summoning of the dauntless few who were prepared for the last dreadful conflict with the overpowering enemy, and the parting pangs of the lovers, are told in terms so grand and pathetic, that, numerous as our extracts have been, we cannot resist the temptation to present another to our readers.

"Scarce had she time to ask her heart
If good or ill these words impart,
When the rous'd youth impatient flew
To the tower-wall, where, high in view,
A ponderous sea-horn hung, and blew
A signal, deep and dread as those
The storm-fiend at his rising blows.—
Full well his Chieftains, sworn and true
Through life and death, that signal knew;
For 'twas th' appointed warning-blast,
Th' alarm, to tell when hope was past,
And the tremendous death-die cast!
And there, upon the mouldering tower,
Has hung this sea-horn many an hour,
Ready to sound o'er land and sea
That dirge-note of the brave and free.

They came—his Chieftains at the call
Came slowly round, and with them all—
Alas, how few!—the worn remains
Of those who late o'er Kerman's plains
Went gaily prancing to the clash
  Of Moorish zel and tymbalon,
Catching new hope from every flash
  Of their long lances in the sun—
And, as their coursers charg'd the wind,
And the white ox-tails stream'd behind,
Looking, as if the steeds they rode
Were wing'd, and every Chief a God!
How fall'n, how alter'd now! how wan
Each scarr'd and faded visage shone,
As round the burning shrine they came;—
  How deadly was the glare it cast,
As mute they paus'd before the flame
  To light their torches as they pass'd!

'Twas silence all—the youth had plann'd
The duties of his soldier-band;
And each determin'd brow declares
His faithful Chieftains well know theirs.

But minutes speed—night gems the skies—
And oh how soon, ye blessed eyes,
That look from heav'n, ye may behold
Sights that will turn your star-fires cold!
Breathless with awe, impatience, hope,
The maiden sees the veteran group
Her litter silently prepare,
  And lay it at her trembling feet;—
And now the youth, with gentle care,
  Has plac'd her in the shelter'd seat,
And press'd her hand—that lingering press
  Of hands, that for the last time sever;
Of hearts, whose pulse of happiness,
  When that hold breaks, is dead for ever.
And yet to *her* this sad caress
  Gives hope—so fondly hope can err!
'Twas joy, she thought, joy's mute excess—
  Their happy flight's dear harbinger;
'Twas warmth—assurance—tenderness—
  'Twas any thing but leaving her.

"Haste, haste!" she cried, 'the clouds grow dark,
'But still, ere night, we'll reach the bark;
'And, by to-morrow's dawn—oh bliss!
  'With thee upon the sunbright deep,
'Far off, I'll but remember this,
  'As some dark vanish'd dream of sleep!
'And thou—' but ha!—he answers not—
  Good Heav'n!—and does she go alone?
She now has reach'd that dismal spot,
  Where, some hours since, his voice's tone
Had come to soothe her fears and ills,
Sweet as the Angel Israfil's,
When every leaf on Eden's tree
Is trembling to his minstrelsy—
Yet now—oh now, he is not nigh—
  'Hafed! my Hafed!—if it be
'Thy will, thy doom this night to die,
  'Let me but stay to die with thee,
'And I will bless they lovely name,
''Till the last life-breath leave this frame.
'Oh! let our lips, our cheeks be laid
'But near each other while they fade;
'Let us but mix our parting breaths,
'And I can die ten thousand deaths!

'You too, who hurry me away
'So cruelly, one moment stay—
'Oh! stay—one moment is not much—
'He yet may come—for *him* I pray—
'Hafed! dear Hafed!—' all the way
In wild lamentings, that would touch
A heart of stone, she shriek'd his name
To the dark woods—no Hafed came:—
No—hapless pair! you've looked your last;
Your hearts should both have broken then:
The dream is o'er—your doom is cast—
You'll never meet on earth again!

Alas for him, who hears her cries!
Still half-way down the steep he stands,
Watching with fix'd and feverish eyes
The glimmer of those burning brands,
That down the rocks, with mournful ray,
Light all he loves on earth away!
Hopeless as they who, far at sea,
By the cold moon have just consign'd
The corse of one, lov'd tenderly,
To the bleak flood they leave behind;
And on the deck still lingering stay,
And long look back, with sad delay,
To watch the moonlight on the wave,
That ripples o'er that cheerless grave." (P. 264—269.)

The "Light of the Haram," which is the fourth and last of the poems recited by the minstrel youth to the young princess of Delhi, does not demand much observation. The story has no interest, being simply a relation of a reconcilement between a Sultan and his mistress, effected by a supernatural power of song imparted by a fairy to the fair Nourmahal, who seems to be for some reason or other under a temporary disgrace. The young Sultana is called the Light of the Haram, and is invested with all the charms in which Mr. Moore knows so well how to dress the favourites of his muse. The scene in which the quarrel of these lovers is made up is the vale of Cashmere, at that season of annual festivity,—the feast of roses. This little poem is tame and cloying with its sweetness, after the brilliant tale of the "Fire-worshippers:" but there is a pretty passage in it which may convey some useful instruction to young lovers, and others linked in affection by relationship or friendship, and for their sakes we will finish our extracts with transcribing it,

"Alas—how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love!
Hearts that the world in vain has tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;

That stood the storm, when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fall off,
Like ships, that have gone down at sea,
When heav'n was all tranquillity!
A something, light as air—a look,
  A word unkind or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
  A breath, a touch like this has shaken.
And ruder words will soon rush in
To spread the breach that words begin;
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
Till fast declining, one by one,
The sweetnesses of love are gone,
And hearts, so lately mingled, seem
Like broken clouds,—or like the stream,
That smiling left the mountain's brow,
  As though its waters ne'er could sever,
Yet, ere it reach the plain below,
  Breaks into floods, that part for ever." (P. 304, 305.)

Whether Mr. Moore will see this hasty criticism we do not know; if he should chance to peruse it we are sure he will not *now* approve of it, any more than probably Lord Byron has approved of the many frank admonitions we have from time to time, and especially in the first Article of our Number for February last, ventured to offer him. Hereafter, possibly, they may both alter their views of the proper ends of poetry, and of the duties which accompany God's precious but dangerous gifts of popular and persuasive talents. What other Journals may say about these poems of Mr. Moore, we can in a great measure anticipate. Our part on all subjects, affecting the moral principles of our countrymen, was decisively taken at the commencement of our labours, and have never been departed from. *We* cannot,—we dare not,—be inconsistent; we *must* always raise our voice against all writings, in poetry or prose, in which we perceive a tendency to emasculate the British mind; to melt down its robust virtue, and to dissolve the chaste hardihood of its ancient character, by delusive exaggerations of vicious delights.

Art. III.—*Karamania, or a Brief Description of the South Coast of Asia-Minor, and of the Remains of Antiquity, with Plans, Views, &c. collected during a Survey of that Coast, under the Orders of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, in the Years* 1811 *and* 1812. By Francis Beaufort, F. R. S. 8vo. pp. 299. Hunter. London, 1817.

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, being desirous to fill up a very important chasm in hydrographical knowledge, appointed Capt. Beaufort, who then commanded the Frederikssteen frigate, stationed in the Archipelago, to make a nautical survey of the Southern Coast of Asia Minor. On this service Capt. Beaufort sailed from Smyrna in the month of July, 1811. The operations, which were begun at the Seven Capes, experienced an interruption when they had been carried on as far as Cape Avova; in the following summer they were renewed, and completed as far as the Gulf of Scanderoon and the confines of Syria. A set of charts (as we are informed in the Preface), have been laid down from the results of this survey, and are now engraving for the use of the navy. That they will prove a valuable addition to the collections of the hydrographer and practical seaman cannot be doubted. We have the testimony of an enlightened traveller,* that the delineations of this coast, to be found on the best maps hitherto published, are not to be relied on; and, except some casual notices by accidental visitors, the only accounts extant of this extensive region are to be found in the writings of the ancient geographers.

Capt. Beaufort states in such modest language his claims on public attention, that we have the greater satisfaction in declaring our opinion that his work, as far as it professes to go, possesses great merit. What it undertakes is fairly accomplished, and in a manner highly creditable to the attainments and good taste of the author.

"To settle the hydrography and to ascertain the naval resources, was the main design of the expedition; and the multiplied labours attendant on a survey of such magnitude, added to an excusable impatience for the final accomplishment of the task, in order to resume the more natural pursuits of a cruizing frigate, allowed but little time for indulging in the examination of other objects. Yet the venerable remains of former opulence and grandeur, which every where forced themselves into notice, were too numerous and too interesting not to have found some admission among the more strictly professional remarks; and indeed they were often necessarily combined with the operations of the survey.

* See Clarke's Travels, vol. ii. ch. viii.

" From such materials the following brief tract has been compiled: slight as they must necessarily be, yet as they were acquired in the public service, and as they relate to a country of which there is so little known, it seems to be in some measure a duty to lay them before the public; not indeed with the vain expectation of satisfying curiosity, but rather in the hope of exciting further inquiry. What facts could be collected are faithfully, however unskilfully, reported: if they throw but little light on ancient history, or add still less to modern science, they may perhaps rouse others to visit this, hitherto, neglected country, whose leisure and whose talents are better adapted to those pursuits. The professional duties and habits of a seaman preclude that fulness of detail which the artist and the antiquary alone can supply." (Pref. p. viii.—x.)

We shall proceed to give a brief account of the result of these investigations, as they regard the remains of antiquity, the natural curiosities, and the moral and political condition of the inhabitants. Capt. Beaufort appears to have made the survey with Strabo in his hand; the whole of his observations are, in this respect, highly interesting, so far as they tend to confirm and illustrate the accounts of the ancient geographer. The operations were begun at Yedy Booroon, or the Seven Capes, a knot of high and rugged mountains, which appears to be the ancient Mount Cragus,* of Lycia, the abode of the fabulous Chimæra. Immediately under this mountain is the site of Patara, which presents some extensive and interesting ruins; but for a detailed account of them, we are referred to the report of a mission of the Dilettanti Society, by whom it appears they have been recently explored. The Island of Kastelorizo, with its port and harbour, next engaged their attention. Capt. Beaufort states very sufficient reasons for supposing this island to be " the Megisté " of the ancient geographers,† and suggests a probable etymology for its modern appellation.

" From the Gulf of Makry to Cape Khelidonia, the sea-shore is composed of a white limestone; but in this island an ochry drip, exuding from between the strata, gives a reddish tinge to the cliffs. From this circumstance it probably acquired the Italian name of Castelrosso; and it is not impossible that the present name Kastelorizo, which has no signification in modern Greek, or Turkish, may be derived from thence; for we find that many sea terms, as well as names of places, have been adopted from European sailors. However that may be, it is now called and written as above; and it appeared to me

* It may be observed by the way, that Strabo describes Mount Cragus as having eight summits, or capes (in Lycia, tom. ii. Oxford edition).

† Capt. Beaufort observes, that " it is singular Strabo does not mention Megisté." In the Oxford edition, it is proposed to alter the common reading of the passage in which the Lycian Islands are described, from a conjecture of Salmasius, which would remove this apparent difficulty.

more judicious to retain the vernacular names, wherever they could be distinctly ascertained, than to adopt those applied by other foreigners. The custom of inventing new names is still more pernicious to the true interests of geography. (P. 10—11.)

In the lime-stone cliffs, on this part of the coast, are found, in great numbers, those highly-interesting sepulchral monuments which have excited the attention of every traveller who has visited these regions. Dr. Clarke dwells particularly on the extraordinary and fanciful situations in which they were placed, and points out the radical difference of style in the construction of monuments, standing in the same place, and, as it were, intermixed. Capt. B. confirms these remarks, and, in a subsequent part of the survey, when his attention was again drawn to the subject, he gives an interesting summary of the whole result of his observations.

"The contrast between the slight and perishable materials with which the habitations of the living were constructed, and the care and skill which the antients employed to render durable the abodes of the dead, is more than ordinarily impressed upon the mind at this place; for though all the tombs have been long since opened and ransacked, the walls are still sound; whereas of their dwellings not one continues in existence. These tombs are small buildings, detached from each other, and mostly of the same size, though varying in their proportions; the roofs are arched, and the exterior of the walls is dashed with a composition of plaister and small particles of burnt red brick. Each tomb consists of two chambers; the inner one is subdivided into cells or receptacles for the bodies, and the outer apartment is provided with small recesses and shelves, as if for the purpose of depositing the funeral offerings, or the urns that contained the ashes. These antichambers may have been likewise intended for the ceremonies and lamentations of the mourners: they are stuccoed, and neatly ornamented with that kind of border which is commonly called *à la Grecque*, but which I believe the ancients termed Mæandrus.

"This is the third distinct kind of sepulchre which we observed on these coasts. First, at Makry, Myra, and other places, is the excavated catacomb, with the entrance carefully closed by a slab, which is not inserted, but worked in the external face of the rock, and curiously pannelled in such exact imitation of a wooden door, that even the representation of the nail-heads and hinges is not omitted. They are frequently ornamented with a pediment and columns, which are also chiselled from the solid rock.

"Secondly, as at Patara, Phaselis, &c. the sarcophagus more or less decorated, but always consisting of a single block of stone, hollowed like a chest, and covered with another immense stone in the shape of a low roof or pediment.

"And thirdly, the house-built sepulchre of this place, covered in by an arch, and separated into chambers for the dead and for the mourners. The two former species generally bear inscriptions; whereas

these silent tombs display no record of the names and qualities of their occupiers, or of the regret or ostentation of those by whom they were erected.

"It is not meant that these three classes of tombs were the exclusive forms of sepulture at each of these places, but that they were the most prevalent; and, if the colonists of those provinces adhered to the customs of the parent states, they may afford some assistance in tracing their origin." (P. 189—192).

Near Deliktash, the ancient Olympus, our author met with a very remarkable natural phenomenon, which he thus describes:

"We had seen from the ship the preceding night a small but steady light among the hills; on mentioning the circumstance to the inhabitants, we learned that it was a *yanar*, or volcanic flame, and they offered to supply us with horses and guides to examine it.

"We rode about two miles, through a fertile plain, partly cultivated; and then winding up a rocky and thickly wooded glen, we arrived at the place. In the inner corner of a ruined building the wall is undermined, so as to leave an aperture of about three feet diameter, and shaped like the mouth of an oven:—from thence the flame issues, giving out an intense heat, yet producing no smoke on the wall; and though from the neck of the opening we detached some small lumps of caked soot, the walls were hardly discoloured. Trees, brushwood, and weeds, grow close round this little crater; a small stream trickles down the hill hard by, and the ground does not appear to feel the effect of its heat at more than a few feet distance. The hill is composed of the crumbly serpentine already mentioned, with occasional loose blocks of limestone, and we perceived no volcanic productions whatever in the neighbourhood.

"At a short distance, lower down the side of the hill, there is another hole, which has apparently been at some time the vent of a similar flame; but our guide asserted, that, in the memory of man, there had been but the one, and that it had never changed its present size or appearance. It was never accompanied, he said, by earthquakes or noises; and it ejected no stones, smoke, nor any noxious vapours, nothing but a brilliant and perpetual flame, which no quantity of water could quench. The shepherds, he added, frequently cooked their victuals there; and he affirmed, with equal composure, that it was notorious that the yanar would not roast meat which had been stolen.

"This phenomenon appears to have existed here for many ages, as unquestionably this is the place to which Pliny alludes in the following passage:—'Mount Chimæra, near Phaselis, emits an unceasing flame, that burns day and night.' We did not, however, perceive that the adjacent mountains of Hephæstia were quite so inflammable as he describes them. The late Colonel Rooke, who lived for many years among the islands of the Archipelago, informed me that high up on the western mountain of Samos, he had seen a flame of the same kind, but that it was intermittent." (P. 44—47.)

Dr. Clarke makes mention of this appearance on the cliffs of

Samos;* but the yanar of Deliktash seems to resemble still more closely the appearances described by Hanway,† at Baku, on the western coast of the Caspian, except that Capt. Beaufort ascribes to the flame a greater degree of heat than is consistent with Hanway's account, who says, that a paper tunnel is sufficient to convey the flame, if its edges be guarded with clay. It is singular that Strabo, whose description of this coast is so very minute, makes no mention of this appearance. May we not conclude that its origin should be placed somewhere in the interval between Strabo and Pliny? It is evident from Capt. Beaufort's account, that the diminutive crater which is now in action must be of comparatively late date; certainly subsequent to the erection of the building, amidst the ruins of which it is found.

The operations of the survey appear to have been carried on with diligence and success, as far as Cape Avova, when they were interrupted by an incident, of which we shall lay before our readers Capt. Beaufort's own account: it affords a striking example of one of those strange moral paradoxes, which are so frequently the effect of a brutalizing superstition, at the same time that it gives one more proof, if proofs were yet wanting, of the generous humanity of a British seaman.

The city of Adalia had lately been surprised by a rival Bey; and while the frigate was on the coast, having been recaptured by its former Pasha, the unsuccessful party were of course compelled to fly in all directions.

"A large body of them came down to the beach abreast of the ship, and begged of our watering party to protect them from the fury of their pursuers. This was of course refused: we had no right to interfere in their disputes; and I determined neither to involve his Majesty's flag, nor to expose our operations to interruption or failure, through the resentment of a Pasha, whose government extends along so large a portion of the coast. Exhausted, however, as the fugitives were by fatigue, hunger, and wounds, I could not resist their importunity for a little bread, and for surgical assistance. But the refreshments that we sent were accompanied with advice, to escape while there was yet time, into the woods, where cavalry could not pursue them; and in that case, with an offer of sufficient bread to carry them out of the province. They replied, that to escape would be impossible; there were no roads open to their retreat; a price was set upon their heads; the want of success had now rendered all the inferior aghas hostile; and that their religion taught them to rely upon God for their deliverance, or to submit without repining to their fate.

"Some hours after, a large sailing launch was seen drifting out to sea, without any person on board: our boats towed her along-side, and as the horse-patroles of the victorious party were already descend-

* Clarke's Travels, vol. ii. c. 7.

† Jonas Hanway's Travels, i. 263.

ing into the plain, I proposed to these poor wretches to victual that vessel, to repair the oars and sails, and to embark them in her, ready for the land-breeze at night.

"This also they declined—none of them were seamen; they knew not how or where to steer: and if their hour was come, they preferred dying like men, with arms in their hands on shore, to being murdered by the cannon of the Pasha's cruizers, by whom they must ultimately be overtaken.

"Things remained in this state till the next morning, when one of the Pasha's armed ships was seen rounding the cape; and the party of cavalry, which had, till then, been checked by the appearance of our frigate, now crossed the river, and surrounding at some distance that part of the beach which was occupied by the fugitives, seemed only to wait the approach of the above vessel to close upon their victims. This was the crisis of their fate. That fate depended upon me. Cold and calculating prudence forbade me to interfere; but, I could not stand by, and see them butchered in cold blood!

"My decision once made, there was not a moment to be lost. Our boats were dispatched, and in a few minutes I had the satisfaction of rescuing sixty fellow-creatures from immediate slaughter.

"Since the rejection of their entreaties on the preceding day, they had betrayed no signs of despair or impatience: they had neither reproached our obduracy, nor murmured at their fate; and when our boats landed, they were found sitting under the shade of the neighbouring trees, with an air of resignation that bordered on indifference. They now displayed neither exultation nor joy; they came on the quarter deck with manly composure; they were perhaps grateful, but their gratitude did not seem to be addressed to us; in their eyes, we were still infidels; and though the immediate preservers of their lives, we were but tools in the hands of their protecting prophet." (P. 67—70.)

Capt. Beaufort sailed immediately to Makry with his unwelcome protegés, and from thence to Rhodes; but finding, at both places, that the interest of the Pacha of Adalia was too predominant to allow him to leave them with any chance of security, he proceeded with them to the Island of Kos. They parted with general demonstrations of gratitude; and I believe (Capt. Beaufort adds), they felt as much as Mohammedans could feel towards Ghiaoors.

These occurrences led Capt. Beaufort out of the appointed limits of his survey; they enabled him, however, to give a short account of Kos, and a very interesting sketch of the actual state of Boodroom, occupying, as it seems generally agreed, the place of the ancient Halicarnassus.

Here, however, he was doomed to experience the same disappointment with all travellers since Thevenot, as he could not induce the Bey to allow him to examine the citadel, which is supposed, and upon very good grounds, to contain many valuable

specimens of ancient sculpture. The ardour of Capt. Beaufort's curiosity was in some degree restrained, by an anecdote which the Bey repeated to him with much humour.

" Some years ago, a French frigate, being at Boodroom, the commander expressed a great desire to see the marbles in the fortress; but the then governor absolutely refused to admit him without direct orders from the Porte. The commander had interest; the ambassador was set to work; and in a short time the frigate returned, bearing the necessary ferman. The governor put it to his forehead, in acknowledgement of its authority, and declared his readiness to proceed. Arrived at the outer gate, " Effendy," said the governor, " the orders of my imperial master must be implicitly obeyed." " Let me in then," exclaimed the impatient captain. " Undoubtedly," replied the Turk, " for so I am enjoined to do by the ferman; but as it contains no directions about your coming out again, you will perhaps forgive this momentary pause, before we pass the draw-bridge." The French commandant, not choosing to put such dangerous irony to the test, departed." (P. 98, 99.)

On quitting Boodroom, the Frederikssteen sailed to Malta to refit; but Capt. Beaufort determined to employ a portion of the time which would have been passed under the restriction of quarantine, in exploring the Karabaghla rocks and islands. In the spring of 1812, the survey was resumed at Cape Avova, where its progress had been arrested the preceding year by the troublesome adventure with the fugitive Turks.

" From this bay a chain of mountains extends along the shore to the northward. Their outline is extremely broken and picturesque, peak rising over peak in succession, as they recede from the shore. These mountains undoubtedly formed the ancient Mount Climax, and the analogy is striking between that name and the regular gradation in which they overtop each other.

" The shore at their foot exhibits a remarkable coincidence with the account of Alexander's march from Phaselis. The open beach must have afforded a far more convenient road for his army, than the intricate paths of the adjacent mountains, by which a part of it had been detached. The road along the beach is, however, interrupted in some places by projecting cliffs, which would have been difficult to surmount, but round which the men could readily pass by wading through the water. Though there are no tides in this part of the Mediterranean, at least none that perceptibly depend on the influence of the moon, yet there is a considerable rise and fall of the sea produced by the alternate prevalence of the north and south winds; the former frequently lowers its surface two feet; and Alexander, in taking advantage of such a moment, may have dashed on without impediment." (P. 108—110.)

Strabo's account tallies exactly with this. He says that in calms, the beach was commonly used as a road; but at the time Alexander arrived, the weather was very tempestuous: notwithstanding

he did not wait for the waves to subside, but with his usual impetuously, ordered his troops to wade round the projecting points of land. Arrian affects to see something supernatural in this, and plainly intimates that it was ὀυκ ἀνευ του Θεου; and Josephus, in that compromising spirit with which he always endeavoured to allure the attention, and conciliate the prejudices, of the gentile philosophers, does not hesitate to discover a resemblance between this instance of Alexander's successful temerity, and the passage of the Red Sea by the Israelites.* Modern infidelity has not neglected so favourable an occasion of showing its ingenuity, and this has become one of those passages in history which are considered as its strong holds. By lowering the statements of the inspired writer, and exaggerating the circumstances detailed by the profane historian, a degrading kind of analogy at last appears to be established, which may be wrested to their purpose. But we envy not the heart or understanding of that man, who, in the sublime and simple narrative of Holy Writ, can refuse to acknowledge a direct manifestation of Almighty power, narrated by him who was himself the instrument of that power, and addressed to the very multitudes for whose sakes the miracle had been wrought; while from the tumid declarations of the sophist, or the imperfect testimony of the historian who compiles his account five centuries after the transaction, he is ready to adopt, and to believe, any tale of improbability which seems likely to make for his cause.

The town of Adalia, which had been the scene of conflict between the rival Beys, next engaged their attention. Its population is estimated at about 8,000, of whom one third are Greeks. Capt. Beaufort had reason to suppose that both the town and its environs were very rich in remains of ancient art; but the habitual jealousy of the Turks, heightened as it was by the peculiar feelings of distrust which their recent commotions had engendered, made it impossible to obtain permission to examine them.

Capt. Beaufort concurs with D'Anville in his opinion that Adalia was the ancient Olbia, and not Attalia, as the similarity of the names might, in the first instance, suggest. The situation of the town, with relation to the river Cataractes, decides this question. In tracing the present course of this river, which now appears under the form of several small rivulets, rushing directly over a cliff into the sea, Capt. Beaufort is lead to notice a very remarkable change which appears to have been wrought by the agency of the stream.

" It is remarkable that the water of these streams is so highly im-

* Josephus, Antiq. Jud. lib. ii. ad finem.

pregnated with calcareous particles, that it is reckoned unfit for man or beast; and near some of the mills we observed large masses of stalactites and petrifactions. Now the broad and high plain, which stretches to the eastward of the city, terminates in abrupt cliffs along the shore. These cliffs are above 100 feet high, and considerably overhang the sea; not in consequence of their base having crumbled away, but from their summit projecting in a lip, which consists of parallel lamina, each jutting out beyond its inferior layer; as if water had been continually flowing over them, and continually forming fresh accretions. It is therefore not impossible that this accumulation may have gradually impeded the course of that body of water which had once formed here a magnificent cataract; and may have also forced it to divide into various channels." (P. 128, 129.)

Chandler has given an account of some lime-stone depositions, near Hierapolis, on the Mæander, nearly similar to this, and scarcely inferior in magnitude. After passing the Eurymedon, a few leagues more of sandy and uninteresting coast brought them to

"Esky (Old) Adalia, where report had promised a superb collection of ruins. The size and situation of this town had already pointed out that it was the antient Sidé; and the first thing observed upon the beach when we landed, was an inscription on a broken pedestal, beginning ΣΙΔΗΤΗΣ. Were there now a single inhabitant within its precincts, his right of naming his own abode would be indisputable; but as the place is utterly deserted, it seems more reasonable to restore the antient name under which it long flourished, than to continue the absurd misnomer of Esky Adalia; or even to select a name from the various appellations of Skandalor, Candaloro, Canalahora, and Chirionda, which, according to Meletius and others, it bore at different times during the middle ages." (P. 139, 140.)

And again:

"The theatre is the most striking feature of Sidé: at the distance of a few miles from the shore, we had mistaken it for a lofty Acropolis, rising from the centre of the town. As it is by far the largest and the best preserved of any that came under our observation in Asia Minor, a short account of its form and dimensions may be acceptable to the reader, who will, it is hoped, excuse any want of perspicuity in details which are so foreign to the general pursuits of a seaman.

"Situated on a gentle declivity, the lower half only of this theatre has been excavated in the ground; the upper half is a great structure of masonry. It is shaped like a horse-shoe, being a segment of a circle of about 220 degrees; or, in other words, the circumference appears to be one-ninth greater than a semi-circle. The exterior diameter is 409 feet, that of the area 125, and the perpendicular height from the area to the uppermost seat is 79 feet. It contains forty-nine rows of seats, in two series; twenty-six below, and twenty-three above the *diazomatos* or broad platform, which forms a gallery of communication round the interior. This gallery and its parallel corridor, which

is vaulted and carried round the whole extent of the building, are on a level with the surface of the ground at the back of the theatre, and with which they communicate by twenty-three arched passages or vomitories. Another but smaller corridor surrounds the thirteenth row of the upper division of seats, and opens to it by seven doors. Seven staircases connect these two corridors together, and branches of them continue up to the top of the building.

"The internal communication is formed by narrow flights of steps, each half the height of the seats. They are disposed in equi-distant radii, ten of them descending from the diazomatos to a platform, which intervenes between the lowest row of seats and the area; and twenty-one flights ascending to a platform, which encircles the summit of this magnificent fabric. The seats are of white marble, and admirably wrought; they are 16½ inches high, and 32½ broad; but as they project over each other 8½, the breadth in the clear is only 24 inches. The front of each row, which was occupied by the spectators when seated, is raised an inch, so as to leave a free passage to each person's place, and also to serve as a channel for the rain water. Now supposing that the antients sat as we do, with the legs pendent, and not crossed under them like the modern Greeks and Turks (as Dr. Chandler seems to have thought), and therefore taking eighteen inches as sufficient for each person to occupy, this theatre would contain 13,370 persons, when regularly seated; but, in crowded exhibitions, many could sit on the flights of small steps, or could stand on the upper platform, and at the back of the broad diazomatos, without incommoding those behind them; these may be estimated at 1,870 more, and would together make the enormous aggregate of 15,240 spectators. The area of the theatre is now overgrown with bushes, and choked up with stones and earth; in digging through which, to ascertain the lower level, we discovered some inscriptions and several pieces of sculpture. One of the least injured of these was the statue of a clothed female figure, executed in a good style." (P. 142—146.)

This description is illustrated by some very neatly engraved plans. Dr. Chandler has not given us the reason for the opinion he had formed, as to the mode of sitting used by the ancients; it is certainly quite inconsistent with the shape and structure of the seats in this Theatre of Sidé.

The business of the survey so entirely occupied Cap. Beaufort's attention, that he was unable to make even short excursions into the interior. A party of officers made a visit to Tersoos, (the ancient Tarsus) which is about twelve miles from the coast.

"On their arrival, they waited on the Moossellim, or Governor, but they were desired to produce their Ferman, from the Porte, before they could be admitted. He detained it a long time, and on several pretexts evaded granting them an audience: at length, however, they were admitted to his presence; when, after much haughty and impertinent examination on his part, and expostulation on their's, he offered

them coffee, and permitted them to take a walk through the city, but refused them any protection. He suspected, or pretended to suspect, that they were travelling merchants, who ought to have made him a present; but the true cause of this conduct was, that he did not see the frigate from the town; her appearance would have been a more efficient introduction, than either Ferman, present, or accompanying Janissary: and indeed, we invariably found the civility of these semi-barbarians to be exactly in the inverse ratio of their distance from the ship.

"The permission to walk about the town was of little avail; as they were closely followed by a rabble, who obstructed and insulted them. They were however able to estimate the length of the city to be upwards of a mile; and though very straggling, that it must contain several thousand inhabitants. There are many respectable looking moskes and minarehs; one of which was distinctly seen from on board. All the houses are small and wretched, except that of the Moossellim; but there were Bazaars well stocked, and the inhabitants had a general look of business. At the north-west extremity of the town, they found the remains of an antient gate; and near it a very large, and apparently, artificial mound with a flat top, from whence they had a view of the adjacent plain, and of the river Cydnus, which skirts the eastern edge of the city. The plain presented the appearance of an immense sheet of corn stubble, dotted with small camps of tents, which are made of hair cloth, and in which the peasantry reside at this season, while the harvest is reaping, and the corn treading out. Our party were assured by an Armenian, with whom they conversed, that all the remains of antiquity had been destroyed, or converted into modern buildings, except the theatre which lay near the river, covered with rubbish and bushes. He dissuaded them from searching for it, or from staying much longer in the town; alleging the ferocious disposition of the people as well as of the governor, and appealing to their countenances for the truth of his assertion." (P. 261—264.)

Capt. Beaufort had hoped not only to complete the survey of the south coast of Asia Minor, but to prosecute his researches along the shores of Syria and Cyprus. But the Gulf of Scanderoon was destined to be the limit of his labours.

"Arrived within a few leagues of the confines of Syria, we were now entering on a part of the coast which surpassed in interest all that we had already explored. In the celebrated plains of Issus, Alexander and Severus had each decided the empire of the world; and to have been able to elucidate the various accounts of those victories by an accurate survey of the field of battle, would have been highly gratifying. The altars erected by the conqueror of Darius might probably have eluded our search; but the course of the Pinarus, and the disposition of the country, must have been still obvious. Nor would it have been a less important service to historical geography, could we have determined the position of Myriandrus, and the contested situation of the famous Pylæ Amanicæ, where the Persians and Macedonians had unknowingly passed each other.

"But all these flattering hopes were disappointed.

"On the 20th of June, while embarking the instruments from a little cove to the westward of Ayas, we perceived a number of armed Turks advancing towards the boat; Turks always carry arms; and there was no reason to suppose that this party had any other object than curiosity, for several of the officers were at that time dispersed in the neighbourhood, and accompanied by the villagers; some of whom, about an hour before, had shewn the most good humoured assiduity in pointing out to me the inscriptions on the tower and other places: neither had their conduct to the watering boats, the preceding evening, led to any kind of distrust.

"As they approached, however, an old dervish was observed haranguing them; and his frantic gestures, with their reiterated shouts of 'Begone,' 'Infidel,' and other offensive expressions, left the hostility of their intentions no longer doubtful. The interpreter was absent with the officers, and all my little store of friendly words and signs seemed to irritate rather than to appease them. To quit the place seemed, therefore, the most probable means of preventing a fray; and as the boat was ready, we quietly shoved off. The mob now rushed forward; their voices assumed a shriller tone: and spurred on by the old fanatic, they begun to level their muskets: the boat was not yet clear of the cove; and if they had succeeded in reaching the outer points, our retreat would have been cut off. It was, therefore, full time to check their progress, and the unexpected sight of my fowling-piece had for a moment that effect; but as they again endeavoured to close, I fired over their heads. That expedient saved us. they immediated halted; most of them fell on the ground; the dastardly dervish ran away; and we had gained sufficient time to get the boat's head round, and almost disentangled from the rocks, when one ruffian, more resolute than the rest, sprang forward to a rock on the shore, which covering his person allowed him to take deliberate aim. His ball entered near my groin, and taking an oblique course broke the trochanter of the hip joint. Had his example been followed, all the boat's crew must have been destroyed: but fortunately, they had been so intimidated by my fire, that we were beyond the reach of their's by the time they rose from the ground. The pinnace was luckily within signal distance; she was called down, and before I fainted from the loss of blood, I had the satisfaction of sending her round to rescue the scattered officers, and to protect the small boat, which waited for them to the eastward of the castle. Before the pinnace, however, could reach that place, Mr. Olphert, a remarkably fine young man, who was midshipman of the former boat, had fallen a sacrifice to the same party of assassins.

"The pinnace, which contained nineteen men, was fully armed; and by the cool and steady conduct of Lieutenant E. Lane, the rest of the officers and men were collected without farther mischief. It was with difficulty, indeed, that he could curb the natural fury of the boat's crews, which, if unrestrained, would speedily have taught these miscreants a dreadful lesson of retaliation." (P. 286—290.)

Again:

"The wound I had received was dangerous in the extreme, and the sultry climate of the Levant was highly unfavourable. My constitution had already suffered from many former wounds; and for some time there appeared but little hope of its weathering the present struggle. But assisted by the skill of the surgeon, Dr. Hugh Stewart, of whose unwearied attention I shall always preserve the most grateful remembrance, it ultimately triumphed; and after many months of tedious confinement and painful exfoliation, my recovery was at length effected.

"While at Malta, however, it was still uncertain. At all events there was no probability of my being able to resume the thread of the survey, which had been so untowardly broken; and the ship being also in a bad state, we were ordered to proceed with a convoy to England, where we arrived before the close of the year." (P. 293, 294).

Nothing can serve more strongly than this occurrence to prove the state of moral and political degradation to which the inhabitants of this highly-favoured region are reduced. It adds much to this painful consideration to reflect that man is thus brutalized where nature has lavished all her gifts for his enjoyment: where she has spread her kindest skies, and poured forth her most valued productions: where the climate, tempered by alternate breezes from the mountains and the sea, seems in the highest degree delightful; the plain teems with fertility; the shores are indented with safe and capacious harbours.

"Sheltered from all effectual control of the Porte by the great barrier of Mount Taurus, the half-independent and turbulent pashas, amongst whom they are parcelled, are engaged in constant petty hostilities with each other, so that their respective frontiers change with the issue of every skirmish.

"Groaning under that worst kind of despotism, this unfortunate country has been a continued scene of anarchy, rapine, and contention; her former cities are deserted,—her fertile valleys untilled,—and her rivers and harbours idle. Perhaps nothing can present a more striking picture of the pervading sloth and misery, than the hardly credible fact, that, on this extensive line of coast, which stretches along a sea abounding in fish, the inhabitants do not possess a single boat." (Pref. p. iv. v.)

Yet even here the spirit of improvement is not wholly extinct; there is still a capacity for amendment, which occasionally struggles forth from beneath the triple pressure of despotism, superstition, and anarchy.

"The influence of commerce on this coast has been but little felt till lately; but the immense demand for wheat in the British garrisons of the Mediterranean during the war, and the failure of a supply from that once plenteous granary, Sicily (now hardly adequate to its own consumption), had given such a spur to the enterprizing islanders of

Psara and Hydra, that in search of it they ransacked the whole surrounding coast of that sea. With dollars in their hands, every creek was explored; and a few quarters gleaned from each valley soon completed a cargo. The exportation of corn is prohibited throughout the Turkish dominions, under penalty of confiscation and slavery; but this extreme severity only serves to give fresh activity to the traffic: for, the aghas, being exorbitantly paid for their connivance, have a direct interest in promoting it; and no agha in the empire is proof against self-interest. In populous countries, and in poor soils, it may be a slow and difficult process, to push the sudden culture of corn beyond its accustomed limits, or to divert the necessary capital from other pursuits; but in the rich and thinly inhabited valleys of these countries, a single year is sufficient to produce exertions, which the stimulus of a free trade is alone wanting to perpetuate. The great plain of Adalia had begun to feel the effects of this impulse; and even from distant parts of the interior, camels, horses, and asses, were daily bringing in their separate ventures, to load the Greek vessels which lay in the port." (P. 124—126).

We cannot take our leave of Capt. Beaufort, without again calling the reader's attention to the tone of unpretending good sense which marks every page of his narrative. He is compelled to enter on a variety of subjects wholly foreign to his professional pursuits; but he has managed his discussions with the best possible taste; he is alike free from the pedantic displays of scholarship, and the crudities of wondering ignorance.

Art. IV.—*Christian Essays.* By the Rev. Samuel Charles Wilks, A. M. of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 589. Baldwin and Co. London, 1817.

These Essays are upon the following subjects: Sources of Error in Opinion; Full Assurance of Understanding; Full Assurance of Faith; Full Assurance of Hope; Christian Obedience; The Form and the Power of Religion; True and False Repose in Death; False Modesty in Religion; The Duty of Christian Affection between Ministers and their Flock; Comparative View of Natural and Revealed Religion. They are dedicated to Mrs. Hannah More; and it may be said of them, without saying more than they deserve, that they are a very proper Sequel to the "Practical Piety," and "Christian Morals" of that truly Christian lady; and to those who are the possessors and admirers of her delightful Lessons, we can boldly recommend these volumes of Essays.

Christ has said that "his yoke is easy, and his burthen is light." But this passage of blessed import is only rightly understood, when it is understood to imply that "the yoke" and

"the burthen" are easy and light, not in the first putting on, but in the wearing; for experience and Scripture declare that breaking with the world and renouncing its vanities is a sufficiently hard task, and demands more than unassisted courage can perform, more even than the unprompted will can undertake. Not to lower the magnitude of this undertaking, but to help to demonstrate the signs of success in it, and more especially to show "how easy" and "how light" the true Christian profession is to those who have been brought within the operative influence of its injunctions and promises, is the object of Mr. Wilks.

That the first studies in Christian knowledge should be attended with difficulty; that the renunciation of wrong habits and false impressions, the submission to a new and countervailing discipline, the substitution of constraining realities in the place of loose imaginations and visionary trusts, should demand sacrifices difficult and austere in the commencement and outset, is quite in analogy with all the rest of that dispensation under which we are placed; and so far are these primary obstacles from being any hardship, or a subject of repining in other studies and attainments, that it is in this "amicable conflict with difficulty," as a great man has expressed it,* that our strength is effectively called forth, and final success promoted and secured. In the same manner, it is the incipient difficulties of the Christian's career which provokes and invigorates exertion, ennobles the object, and ascertains the reality of the accomplishment. To avoid these difficulties, there is no case in which man resorts to so many evasive shifts and devices. There is no acquirement in which what is spurious is so apt to be received for what is genuine; there is no task or undertaking in which so many "tricking short cuts and little fallacious facilities," to use again the phrase of the same great man, are practised with more certain disappointment and loss.

It is to expose the fallacy of all subterfuges, and the true nature and extent of the surrender which the Gospel requires, as well as its vast overbalancing compensations when once the altitude is gained;—to show how trying is the storm, and yet how easy and how safe the vessel rides when it has found and entered the proper harbour, and the only stationary anchorage, that Mr. Wilks has given to the public this valuable result of his sound and pious meditations.

The heart of man is so fertile in practices of self-imposition, that he who pursues its windings, and traces its multiplied expedients of error—he who lays open the diversified system of human sophistry by which holiness and worldliness are sought to be re-

* Burke's Reflections.

conciled, enters upon a theme which affords exhaustless opportunities of novelty, as well in the detection of artifice, as in the specification of danger. The actual condition of society is in perpetual flux, and the tastes and habits of mankind are for ever varying the forms of depravity, and putting the soul into new perils. To pursue these ephemeral and fugitive shapes of practical error, which have all a uniform and constant tendency to disparage the Gospel, by straining it into conformity with human maxims, is a service of never-ceasing exigency. Mr. Wilks has performed this service with great fidelity and power. He well understands his business, and his work has eminently that character of artless vehemence, of energetic simplicity, and natural strength, which mark the procedure of a man conversant with truth, and honest in its defence.

But if this writer has successfully defined the difficulties to be overcome, which arise from errors of education, and the practical mis-understanding of the Gospel, he has in a no less correct manner developed the characteristics of religious improvement, as it proceeds through its several stages of faith, hope, and Christian obedience. Perhaps the best mode of doing justice to the work will be to let it speak for itself. The view which it takes of the nature and efficacy of faith may be in some measure collected from the following specimen.

"Both Saint Peter and Saint Paul, in speaking of the all-sufficiency of faith, guard their doctrine from abuse by alluding to one or more of its essential properties, in order that their converts might not boast of an inefficient creed, while their hearts and conduct were unrenewed. Faith that purifieth the heart and worketh by love, could not easily be supposed to mean a mere barren assent to the truth of Christianity.

"Among the characteristic properties of faith, there is no one more remarkable than that mentioned by Saint John, and to which allusion has been already made, namely, that it 'overcometh the world.' It is evident from universal experience, that no other principle can produce this effect. Faith, however, performs it by a mode of operation peculiar to itself; by presenting to the view things that are invisible, and showing their great superiority to the vanities of time and sense. The reason why men prefer this world to that which is to come, is not that their judgment is convinced, but that their passions are allured. Heaven is allowedly the greater object, but it is distant and invisible; whereas the world is ever at hand with its fascinations. It assumes every shape, addresses itself to every passion, obtrudes into every recess. We are never free from its influence. Whatever we see around us is the world, and if we look into our own hearts, the world and worldliness are triumphant there. The voluptuous man worships it in the shape of pleasure; the covetous, of gold; the ambitious, of honour; the retired, of ease. It dwells in cities; but, not confined to these, it seeks the lonely retreat, it enters the temple of the Al-

mighty, it intrudes into the closet of the most heavenly-minded Christian. Persons the most unlike in every other respect are here equally enslaved. The profligate and the moralist, the infidel and the ostentatious devotee, are under its influence. Business and pleasure, pride and pretended humility, sensual and intellectual enjoyments, all partake more or less of the world.

"An object thus prepossessing, and thus obtrusive, must of necessity influence our minds, unless something more important be introduced. 'Now, faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.' It brings heaven nigh. It antedates eternity. It prevents the unhallowed intrusion of the world by pre-occupying its place, and presenting to the mind objects infinitely more important, and which are overlooked only because they are remote and spiritual. Upon every earthly scene it inscribes, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity;' while it invests every thing relating to a future world with inconceivable importance. Men in general view heaven as a dream and earth as a reality, and their conduct corresponds to their perceptions; but faith reverses the scene, and thus 'it overcometh the world.' It presents motives to duty more forcible than the highest temporal considerations, whilst it assures us of that divine encouragement and support which alone can enable us to surmount every impediment. This is a double influence, and is not easily counteracted." (Vol. i. p. 99—101.)

The genuine marks of Christian obedience are accurately delineated in the chapter on that subject. The following may serve as a specimen.

"It is to the *motive* that we must chiefly look for the immense difference between the moralist and the Christian, the Pharisee and the genuine disciple. The good works of the one spring from a principle of gratitude and affection; those of the other from habit, or expediency, or fear, or at best from an arrogant expectation of purchasing Heaven by the performance. The one is an obedient child, the other an unwilling slave.

"If, however, an earthly parent would not be satisfied with an obedience wholly unprompted by affection, why should we offer the same insult to our Father which is in Heaven? No person who loves any object better than his Creator can be said to be truly obedient. God requires our supreme and unrivalled affections; which being once engaged, our conduct will necessarily become holy and acceptable in his eyes.

"To render obedience complete, it must be constant and unremitted. There are no excepted moments in which a rival is allowed. Amidst the fatigues and the anxieties of life, our spirit must be uniformly Christian. Religion, though not always in our thoughts, must be so interwoven with the first springs of action, as to be always conspicuous in our conduct. Surrounded with the worshippers of the world, we must never bow our knee to their enchanting idol. The apostle exhorts us in the very same verse both to be diligent in business, and 'fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;' so that the importance of our callings in life is by no means an excuse for our neglect of eter-

nal concerns. God is far from accepting that aguish piety which works itself up into a warm fit of devotion every seventh day, and then contentedly shivers and freezes the other six. Our devotion should be the regular glow of a soul in spiritual health, and not the alternate frost and fever of mere sentimental Christianity. A few tears shed in passion-week will not evince our love for the Redeemer, if we are deliberately 'crucifying him afresh, and putting him to an open shame' during the remainder of the year. Unusually solemn occasions, it is true, call for unusually solemn acts; but the general impression should remain long after the individual act has ceased. The Gospel being intended for all ages, and climates, and conditions in life, was made of such a nature that its energy might be unintermitted in every possible variety of circumstance. Had it simply consisted of a stated routine of ceremonies, its operation must frequently have been suspended, or even rendered wholly impracticable; but what season or circumstance is there which can prevent the obedience of *the heart?* In business and at leisure, at home and abroad, in prosperity and adversity, in sickness and in health, the habitual desire to obey God will find means to operate in acts appropriate to the occasion. There is no moment in which there is not some temptation to be avoided, none in which there is not some duty to be performed." (Vol. i. p. 169—172.)

In the chapter on the form and the power of religion, among many striking observations, striking by their cogent verity and correctness of delineation rather than by any studied modes of expression, we meet with the following forcible recommendation of the exercise of silent self-scrutiny.

"To the attainment of this end, among many other means, self-examination will be constantly practised; a duty which cannot possibly be omitted where the power of religion really exists. There will be an abiding wish to know our real state and character; we shall not shrink from the light, but, on the contrary, shall dread nothing so much as false security and self-deception. Every wish and feeling of the soul, every word which proceeds from the lip, every action of the life, will furnish a person thus rightly disposed with abundant matter for self-examination. Even when we are least conscious of it, we shall find, upon reflection, that if our hearts are really in a right state, we habitually and almost insensibly refer our thoughts, and words, and actions, to the standard of truth, and that we learn to view every thing immediately in its connexion with God and with eternity. It is not in our more sober moments only that we shall practise these duties, for we shall acquire a habit of constantly, and as it were naturally, investigating the nature of our conduct, and ascertaining what conclusion it suggests respecting our religious state. When sin presents itself before us we shall feel a struggle to overcome its fascinations, and the heart will be elevated towards the throne of grace for power to effect that holy purpose. The conquest thus divinely bestowed will be followed by a peaceful satisfaction; or, if we fall in the contest, there will ensue a salutary remorse, a godly contrition, very far above the merely natural remonstrances of conscience, teaching us that we have

acted unwisely and ungratefully; that we have crucified our Redeemer afresh, and brought darkness, if not despair, into our own minds.

"This uneasiness under conscious guilt will not abate till we are again enabled with true contrition to repent, to pray, to plead the merits of our Redeemer, and to obtain strength from above against the recurrence of temptation. Yet still there will remain a wound; the remembrance of the past will be grievous; and though the peaceful consciousness of a latent hope in God's mercy will distinguish this genuine penitence from that 'sorrow of the world' which worketh death, yet abundant cause will be left for renewed humility and watchfulness. Indeed, without these the power of religion cannot survive; for when we are unguarded in our religious frame we are inevitably exposed to the attacks of our spiritual enemies. The man who enjoys any thing of the power of his holy profession will aspire after a more humble and dependent frame of mind; he will long to be 'clothed with humility,' knowing from experience that pride, especially spiritual pride, is not only hostile to the whole tenor of the Gospel which he professes, but invariably lays a snare before him, and causes him to fall. So far, therefore, from his superior privileges rendering him proud, they will serve to promote humility, by reminding him every moment of that free and unmerited grace which alone made him to differ from the mere formalist and Pharisee. Thus his very graces and conquests over sin increase his circumspection, and self-abasement, and prayer. The less power the world has over him the more he is afraid of its allurements; the less susceptible he is of temptation the more he avoids its influence; for it is not a mark of strong faith, but of very weak faith, or rather of none whatever, to sport on the brink of temptation, and to dally with those spiritual enemies whom we are commanded most anxiously to avoid." (Vol. i. p. 192—195.)

"The true and false repose in death" forms one of the most interesting parts of this work, and of this part some very useful pages are taken up with comments on the declarations, and spiritual state of our great English moralist at the conclusion of his important life. After reading and hearing about this very eminent person almost to satiety, we have to thank Mr. Wilks for giving to this part of his history a new and peculiar interest. His facts and observations are so truly discriminative and edifying, and are withal so entertaining, that we are tempted to extract the whole very able detail, long as it is.

"A few practical remarks upon the subject of the last hours of this illustrious man will not only be a forcible comment upon the foregoing propositions, but will tend to shew that what Dr. Johnson's best friends and biographers have been almost ashamed to confess, and have industriously exerted themselves to palliate, constituted, in truth, the most auspicious circumstance of his life, and was the best proof of his increase in religious knowledge and holiness of mind.

"Whoever considers with a Christian eye the death of Dr. Johnson will readily perceive that, according to the usual order of Providence,

it could not have been free from agitation and anxiety. Johnson was a man of tender conscience, and one who from his very infancy had been instructed in Christian principles. But he was also, in the strict judgment of revealed religion, an inconsistent man. Neither his habits nor his companions had been such as his own conscience approved; and even a short time before his end we find one of his biographers lamenting that "the visits of idle and some worthless persons were never welcome to him" on the express ground that "these things drove on time." His ideas of morality being of the highest order, many things which are considered by men at large as but venial offences appeared to him as positive crimes. Even his constitutional indolence and irritability of mind were sufficient of themselves to keep him constantly humbled and self-abased; and though among his gay or literary companions he usually appears upon the comparatively high ground of a Christian moralist, and the strenuous defender of revealed religion, yet compared with the Divine standard and test of truth, he felt himself both defective and disobedient.

"Together with this conscientious feeling he had adopted certain incorrect, not to say superstitious, ideas respecting the method of placating the Deity. He seems, for example, to have believed that *penance*, in its confined and popish sense as distinguished from simple penitence, is of great avail in procuring the Divine favour and forgiveness. Thus when his conscience distressed him on account of an act of disobedience to his parent, we find him many years afterwards remaining a considerable time bare-headed in the rain, exposed in the public streets to the ridicule and the conjectures of every spectator. As far as filial affection and true amiableness of mind are concerned, the actor in such a scene deserves and ensures universal veneration and esteem. Even while we smile at the somewhat ludicrous nature of the action, we instinctively feel a sympathy and respect which perhaps a wiser but less remarkable mode of exhibiting his feelings might not have procured. But Johnson seems to have performed this humiliation from higher considerations than mere sorrow for the past; for he emphatically adds, "in contrition I stood, and I hope the *penance was expiatory.*"

"If these words really mean any thing—and when did Dr. Johnson utter words without meaning?—he must have intended by them to express his hope that the previous fault was really *atoned for*, in a religious sense, by the subsequent act of self-denial; or, in other words, that God accepts human penance as an expiation for human sins; a doctrine to which revealed religion gives no sanction whatever. Johnson's system appears at this time to have been, as it were, a sort of barter between himself and Heaven, and consequently his chief fear was lest the equivalent which he presented should not be sufficient to *entitle* him in the Divine mercy to the pardon of his transgressions.—His trust on the Redeemer, though perfectly sincere, does not appear to have been either exclusive or implicit; for though all his prayers for mercy and acknowledgments of blessings were offered up solely through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, he seems, in point of fact, for many years to have viewed the atonement rather as a

medium through which God is pleased to accept our imperfect services, and to make them adequate, by the conditions of a remedial law, to the purchase of heaven, than as a sacrifice by which *alone* heaven is fully secured and freely given to the believing penitent. Dr. Johnson's line of reading in Divinity was perhaps unfavourable to a full perception of Christian truth. The writings of Mr. Law in particular, which he had studied with some attention, were by no means well adapted to his peculiar case. For a thoughtless, a frivolous, or an impenitent sinner, the "Serious Call" might have been eminently useful in exciting a deep consciousness of guilt, a salutary remorse for the past, and holy resolutions for the future; and as far as these elements of religion extend, the perusal of this celebrated book might doubtless have had some good effect upon the mind of Dr. Johnson. But in the consolatory parts of the Gospel, in the free and undisguised exhibition of a Redeemer, whose sacrifice is perfect and all-sufficient, in the inculcation of the gracious promises of a reconciled Father to the returning prodigal, Law, and other writers of a similar school, are undoubtedly defective, and the same defect seems to have characterized for many years the views of our illustrious moralist. He lived in a perpetual dilemma by trusting to works which his well-informed conscience told him were not good, and yet on the goodness of which, in conjunction at least with the merits of Christ, he placed his dependance for eternity.

"To give therefore comfort to the mind of such a man as Dr. Johnson there were but two modes; either by blinding his conscience, or by increasing his faith; either by extenuating his sins, or by pointing out in all its glories the sufficiency of the Christian ransom. The friends who surrounded this eminent man during the greater part of his life were little qualified to perform the latter, and therefore very naturally resorted to the former. They found their patient, so to speak, in agony; but instead of examining the wound and applying the remedy, they contented themselves with administering anodynes and opiates, and persuading their afflicted friend, that there existed no cause of danger or alarm.

"But Johnson was not thus deceived. The *nostrum* which has lulled its millions to a fatal repose, on him, by the mercy of God, had no effect. His convictions of sin were as lasting as they were deep; it was not therefore until he had discarded his natural and long-cherished views of commutation and human desert, and had learned to trust humbly and exclusively to his Saviour, that his mind became at peace."

Mr. Wilks then pursues his subject through several of the recorded circumstances of Johnson's latter end; in which he very pleasingly evinces the Scriptural correctness of his feelings, and the inadequacy of those palliatives with which his superficial comforters vainly endeavoured to give repose to his conscience.

"Let us view some of the recorded circumstances of the transaction, and in so doing we shall, as Christians, have much more occasion

to applaud the scriptural correctness of Johnson's feelings respecting the value of his soul, the guilt of his nature, and the inadequacy of man's best merits and repentance, than to congratulate him upon the accession of such 'miserable comforters' as those who appear to have surrounded his dying pillow.

"Finding him in great mental distress, 'I told him,' remarks one of his biographers, 'of the many enjoyments of which I thought him in possession, namely, a permanent income, tolerable health, a high degree of reputation for his moral qualities, and literary exertions,' &c. Had Johnson's depression of mind been nothing more than common melancholy or discontent, these topics of consolation would have been highly appropriate; they might also have been fitly urged as arguments for gratitude and thanksgiving to the Almighty on account of such exalted mercies. In either of these points of view, the piety of Dr. Johnson would doubtless have prompted him to acknowledge the value of the blessing, and the duty of contentment and praise. But, as arguments for quieting an alarmed conscience, they were quite inadequate; for what would it have profited this distinguished man to have gained all his well-merited honours, or, even were it possible, the world itself, if, after all, he should become, as he himself afterwards expressed it, 'a cast-away?'

"The feelings of Dr. Johnson on this subject were more fully evidenced on a subsequent occasion. 'One day, in particular,' remarks Sir John Hawkins, 'when I was suggesting to him these and the like reflections, he gave thanks to Almighty God, but added, that notwithstanding all the above benefits, the prospect of death, which was now at no great distance from him, was become terrible, and that he could not think of it but with great pain and trouble of mind.' Nothing assuredly could be more correct than Dr. Johnson's distinction. He acknowledges the value of the mercies which he enjoyed, and he gratefully 'gave thanks to Almighty God' for them; but he felt that they could not soften the terrors of a death-bed, or make the prospect of meeting his Judge less painful and appalling. Hawkins, who could not enter into his illustrious friend's more just and enlarged views of human guilt and frailty, confesses himself to have been 'very much surprised and shocked at such a declaration from such a man,' and proceeded therefore to urge for his comfort the usual arguments of extenuation. He reports 'that he told him that he conceived his life to have been a uniform course of virtue; that he had ever shewn a deep sense of, and zeal for religion; and that, both by his example and his writings, he had recommended the practice of it; that he had not rested, as many do, in the exercise of common honesty, avoiding the grosser enormities, yet rejecting those advantages that result from the belief of Divine Revelation; but that he had, by prayer and other exercises of devotion, cultivated in his mind the seeds of goodness, and was become habitually pious.'

"This was the rock on which numberless professed Christians have fatally split; and to the mercy of the Almighty must it be ascribed that the great and good Dr. Johnson did not add one more to the melancholy catalogue. For what was the doctrine which the narrator at-

tempted to inculcate but this? that his friend, like the Pharisee in the Gospel, ought to place his confidence upon his being more meritorious than other men, and instead of attributing the praise to Him who had 'made him to differ,' was to 'sacrifice to his own net, and burn incense to his own drag.' Can we wonder that with such flattering doctrines constantly sounding in his ears, Dr. Johnson was suffered to undergo much severe mental discipline, in order to reduce him in his own esteem to that lowly place, which as a human, and consequently a fallen being, it was his duty, however high his attainments or his talents, to occupy."

After a variety of very judicious remarks in the same strain, the author proceeds to cite some more passages from one of Johnson's biographers, in which he unconsciously brings out into striking relief the Christian feelings of that extraordinary man.

"'In a visit which I made him in a few days, in consequence of a very pressing request to see me, I found him labouring under very great dejection of mind. He bad me draw near him, and said he wanted to enter into a serious conversation with me; and upon my expressing my willingness to join in it, he, with a look that cut me to the heart, told me that he had the prospect of death before him, and that he dreaded to meet his Saviour. I could not but be astonished at such a declaration, and advised him, as I had done before, to reflect on the course of his life, and the services he had rendered to the cause of religion and virtue, as well by his example as his writings; to which he answered, that he had written as a philosopher, but had not lived like one. In the estimation of his offences he reasoned thus: "Every man knows his own sins, and what grace he has resisted. But to those of others, and the circumstances under which they were committed, he is a stranger. He is therefore to look on himself as the greatest sinner that he knows of." At the conclusion of this argument, which he strongly enforced, he uttered this passionate [impassioned] exclamation: Shall I who have been a teacher of others, be myself a castaway?'

"In this interesting passage—interesting as detailing the religious progress of such a mind as Dr. Johnson's—how many important facts and reflections crowd upon the imagination! We see the highest human intellect unable at the approach of death to find a single argument for hope or comfort, though stimulated by the mention of all the good deeds and auspicious forebodings which an anxious and attentive friend could suggest. Who that beholds this eminent man thus desirous to open his mind, and to 'enter into a serious conversation' upon the most momentous of all subjects which can interest an immortal being, but must regret that he had not found a spiritual adviser who was capable of fully entering into his feelings, and administering scriptural consolation to his afflicted mind?

"The narrator informs us in this passage, that 'he could not but be astonished at such a declaration' as that which Dr. Johnson made. But in reality, where was the real ground for astonishment? Is it astonishing that an inheritor of a fallen and corrupt nature who is about to quit the

world, and to be 'judged according to the deeds done in the body,' should be alarmed at the anticipation of the event, and be anxious to understand fully the only mode of pardon and acceptance? Rather is it not astonishing that *every* other intelligent man does not feel at his last hour the same anxieties which Dr. Johnson experienced?—unless, indeed, they have been previously removed by the hopes revealed in that glorious dispensation which alone undertakes to point out in what way the Almighty sees fit to pardon a rebellious world. No man would or could have been astonished, who knew his own heart; for, as Dr. Johnson truly remarked, every Christian, how fair soever his character in the estimation of others, ought to look upon himself as 'the greatest sinner that he knows of;' a remark, be it observed, which shows how deeply Dr. Johnson had begun to drink into the spirit of that great Apostle, who, amidst all his excellencies, confessed and felt himself, as was just remarked, 'the chief of sinners.'

"What a contrast does the advice of Hawkins, as stated by himself in the preceding passage, form to the scriptural exhortation of our own Church! Instead of advising his friend seriously to examine himself 'whether he repented him truly of his former sins, steadfastly purposing (should he survive) to lead a new life, having a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of his death, and being in charity with all men,' he bids him look back to his past goodness, and is astonished that the survey is not attended with the hope and satisfaction which he had anticipated. But the truth was, that on the subject of religion, as on every other, Dr. Johnson entertained far more correct ideas than the friends around him; and though he had not hitherto found peace with his Creator, through the blood of Jesus Christ, yet he could not be satisfied with the ordinary consolations of an uninformed or Pharisaic mind.

"The sun did not, however, set in this long continued cloud, for Johnson at length obtained comfort, where alone *true* comfort could be obtained, in the sacrifice and mediation of Jesus Christ; a circumstance to which Sir John Hawkins transiently alludes, but the particulars of which must be supplied from the narrative of Boswell, whose words are as follows:

"'Dr. Brocklesby, who will not be suspected of fanaticism, obliged me with the following account: *For some time before his death all his fears were calmed and absorbed by the prevalence of his faith; and his trust in the merits and propitiation of Jesus Christ. He talked often to me about the necessity of faith in the sacrifice of Jesus, as necessary beyond all good works whatever for the salvation of mankind.*

"Even allowing for the brevity of this statement, and for the somewhat chilling circumstance of its coming from the pen of a man who 'will not be suspected of fanaticism,' what a triumph was here for the plain unsophisticated doctrines of the Gospel, especially that of free justification by faith in Jesus Christ! After every other means had been tried, and tried in vain, a simple penitential reliance upon the sacrifice of the Redeemer produced in the heart of this devout man a peace and satisfaction which no reflections upon human merit could bestow. He seems to have acquired a completely new idea of Christian

theology, and could doubtless henceforth practically adopt the animating language of his own church in her eleventh article, 'that we are justified by faith only is a most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort.'

"There are several ways in which the distress of Dr. Johnson during his latter years may be considered, of which the most correct perhaps is that of its having been permitted as a kind and fatherly chastisement from the Almighty for the inconsistencies of his life. Both Johnson himself and his most partial biographer intimate that his character was not perfectly free even from gross sins; but omitting these unpleasant recollections, we are at least certain that his general habits and companions during a considerable part of his life were not such as a strictly consistent Christian would have chosen, because they were not such as could in any way conduce to his spiritual comfort or improvement. Dr. J. was indeed called in the usual course of Providence to 'live in the world,' but it was his duty so to have lived in it 'as not of it;' and with the high sense which he uniformly entertained of religion, and the vast influence which he had justly acquired in society, his conduct and example would have been of the greatest service in persuading men to a *holy* as well as a *virtuous* life, to a cordial and complete self-dedication to God, as well as to a general decorum and purity of conduct.

"It is certain that in reflecting upon his past life he did not view it as having been truly and decidedly Christian. He even prays in his dying hours that God would 'pardon his *late conversion*;' thus evidencing not simply the usual humility and contrition of every genuine Christian, but, in addition to this, a secret consciousness that his heart had never before been entirely 'right with God.'

"Had Johnson survived this period of his decisive 'conversion' we might have expected to have seen throughout his conduct that he had indeed become 'a new creature in Christ Jesus.' His respect for religion, and his general excellence of character, could not perhaps have admitted of much visible change for the better; but in heavenly-mindedness, in love and zeal for the souls of men, in deadness to the world and to fame, in the choice of books and companions, and in the exhibition of all those spiritual graces which belong peculiarly to the Christian nature, we might and must have beheld a marked improvement. Instead of being merely the Seneca of the English nation, he might possibly have become its Saint Paul; and would doubtless in future have embodied his moral injunctions, not in the cold form of ethical philosophy, or even in the generalities of the Christian religion, but in an ardent love to God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; in a union to the Redeemer and a dependance upon that holy Spirit who is the Enlightener and Sanctifier. That such a supposition is not visionary may be proved even from the meagre accounts afforded by a spectator who would of course be inclined rather to soften down than to give prominence to any thing which might be construed into 'fanaticism.' We learn then from this witness that in point of fact there was already a marked alteration in Dr. Johnson's language upon religion, as instead of spending his time upon barren generalities, '*he talked often about*

the necessity of faith in Jesus.' That of which Dr. Johnson spoke thus earnestly and often must doubtless have appeared to him as of the utmost importance; and we have to lament—if indeed any dispensation of Providence may be lawfully lamented—that Johnson had not lived to check the Pelagianism and Pharisaism of his age by proclaiming 'often,' and with all the weight of his authority, that 'faith in the sacrifice of Jesus is necessary, beyond all good works whatever, for the salvation of mankind.'

"It will of course be readily allowed, that the constitutional melancholy of this great man might have had much influence in causing this religious depression; but whatever may have been the *proximate* cause, the affliction itself may still be viewed as performing the office of parental correction to reclaim his relapses, and teach him the hatefulness and folly of sin. But without speculating upon either the final or the efficient cause, the medium through which that cause operated was evidently an indistinctness in his views respecting the nature of the Redeemer's atonement; an indistinctness common to Dr. Johnson with no small class of moralists and learned men. He believed generally in the sacrifice of Christ, but he knew little of its fulness and its freeness, and he was unable to appropriate it to his own case. He was perhaps little in the habit of contemplating the Son of God as 'a great High-Priest, who can be 'touched with the feeling of our infirmities,' and who is graciously interceding on our behalf. The character of the Almighty as a reconciled Father and Friend with whom he was to have daily 'communion and fellowship,' was less prominent in his thoughts than those attributes which render him 'a consuming fire.' He feared and respected religion rather than loved it, and by building his structure for many years on a self-righteous foundation, rendered the whole fabric liable to be overthrown by the first attack of an accusing conscience." (Vol. i. p. 236—263.)

We are persuaded the above very long extract demands from us no apology. Much mischief has been done by the false and painted aspect which has been given to the deaths of some great men by their biographers, either from a blind and childish partiality to their heroes, or from an insidious attachment to principles to which they have made their memoirs subservient. To place in its true light the concluding scene of Johnson's life is to render a tribute to his character most justly due to it, and to extract from his valuable life a benefit beyond any in permanence and lustre which posterity owes to his virtues or his genius. We regret, however, that this copious extract prevents our entering, with particularity, into the merits of the second volume, which consists of three chapters—on false modesty in religion; the duty of Christian affection between ministers and their flock; and a comparative view of natural and revealed religion;—subjects, certainly, neither of them for the first time handled, but scarcely handled any where in a manner better calculated to impress the heart with the inestima-

ble value of the dispensation under which we live. On the reciprocal conduct of pastors and their flocks, there occurs one passage in this volume of so much feeling and such precious admonition, that, hoping it may find its way into all those parishes where its instruction may be wanted, we have determined to give it a place.

"It is not, however, our *own* interest only that is affected by our attachment or hostility towards our spiritual pastor. We cannot estimate the future consequences of rancour or even coolness towards one who is really the servant of God. Our example may influence our friends and dependants, so that many, who, like the Ninevites, might have been brought to repent of their sins, and have thus received the divine mercy through faith in their Redeemer, may have eternal cause to reproach us as the instruments of their destruction. Nothing, on the other hand, more promotes true religion than Christian amity between ministers and their flock; even the persecutors of the primitive church could not but feel admiration while they exclaimed, 'Behold how these Christians love one another.' But where enmity, or even indifference, exists, our spiritual enemy takes advantage of them to obstruct the cause of religion; and to lay an insuperable impediment for the weak and uninformed. Where therefore we find a minister faithful to his heavenly-delegated trust, great mutual advantages will result from our confidence and regard; for few things will more constrain him to constant zeal, watchfulness, prayer, self-denial, humility, and general consistency of conduct, than finding that he is the spiritual adviser of those, who, as well as himself, are really in earnest respecting their salvation.

"Should it be asked, what is the proper line of conduct where a minister is evidently not a man of piety, or personally deserving of religious esteem, it would be difficult to give a precise reply. The circumstances of the case will, however, almost always direct a conscientious mind; and a prudent and religious friend is usually the best casuist. General casuistry, however occasionally useful to persons really sincere, is much oftener consulted to discover plausible evasions of duty, than really to enlighten a scrupulous conscience. It is a grievous task, as in the supposed instance, to provide rules for what ought not to exist. There are, besides, a thousand minute shades of character from him who is only not decidedly religious, to him who is decidedly profligate and abandoned; so that no one rule can possibly apply to every individual case. We may conscientiously respect and regard, and even derive partial profit from many an individual, in whom, however, we cannot implicitly confide respecting all the essentials of salvation.

"But what, it may be asked, are the *effects* of this divine grace of Christian affection where it exists in its due power and extent?

"On the part of *ministers*, it will produce Christian diligence and faithfulness. To 'reprove, rebuke, exhort,' so far from being inconsistent with true affection, are its surest marks; provided they be performed, as the Apostle directs, 'with all long-suffering and doctrine

On the contrary, to speak 'peace, peace, where there is no peace,' is a refinement in cruelty, at which Christian tenderness would shudder. The clerical function was not appointed in order to delude men, and to make them happy with the hopes of heaven, while they persist in the way that leads to destruction. It is the part of ministerial charity to show even professed Christians, even the moral and sincere, that they are inheritors of a corrupted nature; that they are 'very far gone from original righteousness;' that born with innate propensities to evil, they have wilfully and continually indulged those propensities by their actual practice; that they have sinned against light and against knowledge; against the silent remonstrances of God's Spirit in their consciences, and the open prohibitions and mandates of his word. A minister who really desires the spiritual welfare of his hearers, will go on to state the awful consequences of sin. He will delineate it in all its terrific proportions, not only as a moral and political evil, but as directly hostile to the divine nature and the divine law, and meriting the utmost indignation of our offended Creator. Far from extenuating its guilt, or reducing it to an almost pardonable human frailty, he will exhibit the denunciations of Scripture against it, and shew the awfulness of the eternal punishment to which it has rendered us exposed. To point out unseen and unsuspected danger is an indispensable duty of genuine affection. A faithful minister will therefore warn his hearer with fervour and a heart-felt interest for his eternal safety; invariably accompanying his exhortations with earnest prayer to that divine Enlightener of the human understanding, who alone can render them effectual." (Vol. ii. p. 69—73.)

We are truly sorry that the pressure of other matter separates us so soon from this amiable, instructive, and pious writer, towards whom we really feel too grateful for beauty of sentiment, accuracy of observation, and theological precision, to notice the few blemishes which occur in the style, and occasional amplifications and redundancies in the matter.

ART. V.—*Manfred; a Dramatic Poem.* By Lord Byron. 8vo. pp. 80. Murray. London, 1817.

As we have long considered Lord Byron as our patient, every resource of our medical skill has been exerted upon his morbid intellect: every thing has been tried from a soothing syrup, to a blistering plaster; but since this poem of "Manfred" has appeared, we doubt whether any thing less potent than hellebore will prove efficacious. Sometimes, indeed, we are induced to doubt whether a cure might be altogether desirable, since, if the complaint is habitual, and constitutional, the removal of it might give room to some worse disease, or let in a general languor upon the system. Perhaps, after all, Dr. Spurzheim could show that some

incurable tendency resides in the organs, to which the creation of such a monotonous series of whimsical hypochondriacs is scientifically to be ascribed.

It was a circumstance rather agreeable to us in opening this little poem, to find that the scene was in Switzerland. This, at least, gave us a hope that we were safe from our old enemies in turbans; from languishing pirates, gentlemen-thieves, and pensive cut-throats, with all the bloody delights of the divan, the kiosk, and the haram: but, alas! the Noble Poet knows only, understands only, feels only one solitary character, the prototype of which is for ever in his imagination. The constituent parts of this strange composition of a man are easily enumerated: save that he is violently in love, he is altogether a desperate villain, with just so much of palliation as a certain degree of craziness, produced by crime, may be said to afford. Without this demon to inspire him, it seems as if his Lordship were incapable of all effort; for whenever he attempts any thing independently of his assistance, absolute failure seems to be the penalty of his desertion. Now, if this be so, however we may morally regret the necessity, we scarcely know how to blame the poet. His case, indeed, is to be lamented as well as that of his readers, since all those glowing and picturesque descriptions of scenery, in which he so eminently excels, are thus under a law which compels them to pass through the mind of this conscience-smitten hero, who is sure to mix with them, in their passage, a portion of his own malignant ill-humour. From the Giaour, or perhaps from the Childe, with whom Lord Byron first started in his career of sentimental poetry, an unity of character has pervaded all the principal personages of this poet, with only that variety which the deepening shades of villainy has supplied, as his muse has proceeded. The renegade, who figured in the "Siege of Corinth," was certainly in considerable advance beyond his predecessors in crime. He had assumed the costume and religion of a Turk, to participate in the massacre of his own countrymen, the Venetians, in revenge for some imagined wrong received from some of them. Parasina, a tale of woeful debauchery, presents us with an improvement upon the turpitude of Lord Byron's former heroes; we had there the amour of a bastard son with his father's wife. This favourite character of Lord Byron seemed in this last display to have done his worst. It seemed impossible to carry him a stage further in depravity without bringing him very near his infernal home; and accordingly, in the poem now in our hands, we find our old companion in downright fellowship with familiar spirits.

Count Manfred has an insufferable load of crime upon his conscience;—some black and atrocious deed or deeds, the na-

ture of which is scarcely hinted in the course of the poem; and in virtue of his crime or crimes, he appears to have been invested with a magician's art, and to have received, or acquired, the knowledge of some spells too strong for the principalities and powers of darkness to resist, whenever it was his pleasure to summon them. He has also, by what charter it is impossible to say, a controul over very odd beings, of whom but little, if any thing, has been heard in romance,—ministering destinies, and talking elements, and young and florid witches. He is withal an astrologer, and no stranger to the visions of the Apocalypse. Arimanes is also one of the spiritual persons of this unintelligible drama, whose part is as short as it is significant, almost all he has to say being condensed in the solemn monosyllable "yea." The other spirits, however, make up for the taciturnity and reserve of their prince. When first summoned by Manfred, they appear to be officiously disposed to serve him, and to enter into a full communication with him. But it does not seem that the Count, when he has got them about him, knows exactly what to do with them. He has no commands for them. But it occurs to him at length to desire to see these spirits in their accustomed forms. They tell him they have no forms of their own, being mere mind and principle; but that they can assume any form, and they desire him to choose one. He declines making any choice, and one of them appears in the shape of a beautiful female: in this figure is involved the great mystery of the poem; he rushes forward to embrace it, but it vanishes. And now follows the incantation, which was printed some time ago among the poems of which the Prisoner of Chillon is the principal. As it stood in that publication without a bearing upon any events, it had more than its original vacancy of meaning, and served as a curious instance to show what liberties with the public the poet felt he could take upon the strength of his established reputation. The reader will be at once in full possession of Manfred's character, and sufficiently reminded of a personage with whom he has been well acquainted ever since he has known Lord Byron's muse, by the following soliloquy of the hero of this dramatic poem.

"MAN. (*not perceiving the other.*) To be thus—
Grey-hair'd with anguish, like these blasted pines,
Wrecks of a single winter, barkless, branchless,
A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,
Which but supplies a feeling to decay—
And to be thus, eternally but thus,
Having been otherwise! Now furrow'd o'er
With wrinkles, plough'd by moments, not by years;
And hours—all tortured into ages—hours
Which I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of ice!

Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws down
In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and crush me!
I hear ye momently above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And only fall on things which still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the harmless villager." (P. 23.)

Manfred is on the point of throwing himself headlong from the brow of one of the Alpine crags, when a Chamois hunter comes just in time to save him. This Chamois hunter, who talks in the strain of a buskined hero, is the character next in importance to the Count himself; he comes and goes, however, with this one scene, and contributes nothing to the developement. One address, however, of Manfred to this honest villager puts his character in very pleasing contrast with his own, and shows the poet to have very accurate views of those unsophisticated joys, of which we heartily wish he had a more practical relish, and were more frequently employed in describing.

" Man. Myself, and thee—a peasant of the Alps—
Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,
And spirit patient, pious, proud and free;
Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts;
Thy days of health, and nights of sleep; thy toils,
By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes
Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave
With cross and garland over its green turf,
And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph." (P. 29.)

Among the crimes of Manfred, one great and cardinal sin is constantly in his thoughts, frequently alluded to, but never distinctly divulged. It seems, however, to have partly consisted in breaking the heart of a young lady of great perfections by his ill-treatment; and we obscurely collect that the unhappy victim was so nearly related to him as to stamp an unholy character on the sentiment with which he had regarded her. When the Chamois hunter invites him to taste his wine, the following dialogue takes place:

" Man. Away, away! there's blood upon the brim!
Will it then never—never sink in the earth?
C. Hun. What dost thou mean? thy senses wander from thee.
Man. I say 'tis blood—my blood! the pure warm stream
Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in ours
When we were in our youth, and had one heart,
And loved each other as we should not love,
And this was shed: but still it rises up,
Colouring the clouds, that shut me out from heaven,
Where thou art not—and I shall never be." (P. 27.)

In the dialogue with the Witch of the Alps, the Count speaks of the unhappy young lady as having been his own counterpart, and as having had the same lone thoughts and wanderings, and confesses that "he loved and destroyed her;" that his heart had broken hers; that he had shed blood, but not hers; nevertheless, that "her blood was shed"—he "saw it—and could not staunch it."

In a subsequent scene we have the phantom of Astarte, the injured lady, produced to the view of Manfred. The spirit is conjured to speak to him, but nothing can be obtained from her, except that on the morrow the Count is to die. Some attempts are afterwards made by an old Abbot, to soften the obduracy of the Count; but neither the secret of his soul, nor any avowal of penitent feelings, escapes from his lips. The nature of his great crime is, however, somewhat further developed, in a conversation between two of the Count's dependants, on the terrace before the castle.

"Her. Come, be friendly;
Relate me some to while away our watch:
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event
Which happened hereabouts, by this same tower.
Manuel. That was a night indeed; I do remember
'Twas twilight, as it may be now, and such
Another evening;—yon red cloud, which rests
On Eigher's pinnacle, so rested then,—
So like that it might be the same; the wind
Was faint and gusty, and the mountain snows
Began to glitter with the climbing moon;
Count Manfred was, as now, within his tower,—
How occupied, we knew not, but with him
The sole companion of his wanderings
And watchings—her, whom of all earthly things
That lived, the only thing he seem'd to love,—
As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do,
The lady Astarte, his——" (P. 66.)

A spirit now arrives to summon the forfeited soul of Manfred away, his hour being come. The desolate man, with his usual haughtiness, defies the spirit, and denies his authority; but after a short dialogue, in which the old Abbot takes a very friendly, but ineffectual part, the man of blood, impurity, magic, and magnanimity, is seized with a rattling in his throat, and dies in good earnest, quite in the ordinary way, like any other gentleman. And thus ends this new deformed bantling of Lord Byron's muse, scarcely better than an abortion in moral form and structure, but nourished, and cradled, and rocked, as all this progeny have been, by the hand of a fostering genius, and the lullabies of melodious song.

The mischief that lurks in all Lord Byron's productions is

this—they are lying representations of human nature; they bring qualities of a most contradictory kind into close alliance; and so shape them into seeming union as to confound sentiments, which, for the sake of sound morality and social security, should for ever be kept contrasted, and at polar extremities with respect to each other. Manfred is represented to have loved but one, and the heart of that one he cruelly broke; his very love, too, appears to have been of that sort which lies under a natural interdict. He also confesses himself to have been a man of crime and blood; and yet a certain air of native nobleness, a mysterious grandeur of character, an elevation far above ordinary humanity, all these qualities are made to throw a sort of brilliance around him, and to seem, like the sun-bow of the mountain cataract, the still and magnificent product of the conflict beneath it. These representations go beyond mere contradictoriness of character; they involve a confusion of principle, and operate very fatally and very diffusively in strengthening prejudices, which are at the bottom of our falsest estimations of men and things. In Lord Byron's own mind, we perceive this proneness to childishly erroneous impressions of human worth. The agents of a mild and regular government; those by whom the great machine of society is kept in repair, and peaceful limits imposed upon passion and ambition, or what may be called by some the privileges of genius, receive but little quarter from his muse, while the fate of a sanguinary tyrant, whose present restraint is the pledge of security and peace to the world, has been lamented in the third canto of the Child Harolde, with ludicrous sensibility.

It would be an idle parade of criticism to enter into the merits of this performance, as a specimen of dramatic composition. It has none of the properties of this kind of writing, but the division into scenes, and the conduct of the story by the means of dialogue. It affords, indeed, a pretty good ground for inferring the unfitness of the poet for this province of the art.

His peasant converses in the same language and sentiment as his nobleman; and to make up the complement of characters essential to the prosecution of the story, he throws in an old Abbot, whose province it is only to ask questions and offer advice: a couple of domestic servants, who talk together for the sake of the reader, and half a score of spirits and witches, distinguished only by their ordinal descriptions of first spirit and second spirit, first destiny and second destiny. One only character has absorbed the whole of Lord Byron's creative power. "The steady aspect of one clear large star," of demoniac influence, has fascinated his genius, and we perfectly despair of ever seeing the spell broken, and a natural, free, and wholesome exercise of those very superior talents which he unquestionably possesses.

The present poem is certainly not without specimens of those talents, of which few have been greater admirers than ourselves, and none have more feelingly lamented the waste and abuse. The following address of Manfred to the "Witch of the Alps," rising beneath the arch of the sun-beam of the torrent, is full of Lord Byron's descriptive vigour.

"MAN. Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form
The charms of Earth's least-mortal daughters grow
To an unearthly stature, in an essence
Of purer elements; while the hues of youth,—
Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's heart,
Or the rose tints, which summer's twilight leaves
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,
The blush of earth embracing with her heaven,—
Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame
The beauties of the sunbow which bends o'er thee.
Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow,
Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,
Which of itself shows immortality,
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son
Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers permit
At times to commune with them—if that he
Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,
And gaze on thee a moment." (P. 31, 32.)

The account which Manfred gives of himself, and his early addictions, it is impossible not to admire, notwithstanding it has so much of the mannerism of the poet.

"MAN. Well, though it torture me, 'tis but the same;
My pang shall find a voice. From my youth upwards
My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,
Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes;
The thirst of their ambition was not mine,
The aim of their existence was not mine;
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my powers,
Made me a stranger; though I wore the form,
I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded me
Was there but one who—but of her anon.
I said, with men, and with the thoughts of men,
I held but slight communion; but instead,
My joy was in the wilderness, to breathe
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
Where the birds dare not build, nor insect's wing
Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge
Into the torrent, and to roll along
On the swift whirl of the new breaking wave

Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.
In these my early strength exulted; or
To follow through the night the moving moon,
The stars and their developement; or catch
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew dim;
Or to look, list'ning, on the scattered leaves,
While Autumn winds were at their evening song.
These were my pastimes, and to be alone;
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—
Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path,
I felt myself degraded back to them,
And was all clay again. And then I dived,
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of death,
Searching its cause in its effect; and drew
From wither'd bones, and skulls, and heap'd up dust,
Conclusions most forbidden. Then I pass'd
The nights of years in sciences untaught,
Save in the old-time; and with time and toil,
And terrible ordeal, and such penance
As in itself hath power upon the air,
And spirits that do compass air and earth,
Space, and the peopled infinite, I made
Mine eyes familiar with Eternity,
Such as, before me, did the Magi.—" (P. 33—35.)

The effect of the Coloseum and surrounding scene of storied ruins, in a starry night, is the passage most laboured, and perhaps most successfully so, in the poem, and it would be scarcely just towards Lord Byron not to give it a place.

" Scene IV.—*Interior of the Tower.*

Manfred *alone.*

Man. The stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful!
I linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learn'd the language of another world.
I do remember me, that in my youth,
When I was wandering,—upon such a night
I stood within the Coloseum's wall,
'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar
The watchdog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near from out the Cæsars' palace came
The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song

Begun and died upon the gentle wind.
Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach
Appeared to skirt the horizon, yet they stood
Within a bowshot—where the Cæsars dwelt,
And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst
A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,
And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;—
But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection!
While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,
Grovel on earth in indistinct decay.—
And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon
All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which soften'd down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,
As 'twere, anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old!—
The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule
Our spirits from their urns.—" (P. 68, 69.)

We trust we have done justice to this little poem, which, as a drama, or as a whole, we cannot praise; as a repetition of the old story of one of Lord Byron's pleasant fellows, full of crime, and yet full of conscious superiority, we cannot but condemn; but which, for its particular passages of poetical excellence, we consider as worthy of the fame of the author.

Art. VI.—*A Physiological System of Nosology; with a corrected and simplified Nomenclature.* By John Mason Good, F. R. S. &c. 8vo. pp. 566. Cox and Son. London, 1817.

It is not often that we carry our remarks into the regions of the healing art; but the present work has a claim upon our attention, as well from the sanction under which it appears before the world, being dedicated by permission (which permission is, we understand, never granted but upon examination of the work) to the royal college of physicians of London, as, from the extensive range it takes into the wider and more open tracks of physiology and general science.

"The main object of the present attempt is not so much to interfere with any existing system of nosology as to fill up a niche that still seems unoccupied in the great gallery of physiological study. It

is that, if it could be accomplished, of connecting the science of diseases more closely with the sister branches of natural knowledge; of giving it a more assimilated and family character; a more obvious and intelligible classification; an arrangement more simple in its principle, but more comprehensive in its compass; of correcting its nomenclature, where correction is called for, and can be accomplished without coercion; of following its distinctive terms as well upwards to their original sources, as downwards to their synonyms in the chief languages of the present day; and thus, not merely of producing a manual for the student, or a text-book for the lecturer, but a book that may stand on the same shelf with, and form a sort of appendix to, our most popular systems of Natural History; and may at the same time be perused by the classical scholar without disgust at that barbarous jargon, with which the language of medicine is so perpetually tesselated; and which every one has complained of for ages, though no one has hitherto endeavoured to remedy it." (P. i. ii.)

We cannot help regarding it as somewhat extraordinary that, notwithstanding all the zeal, industry, and success with which the different branches of the medical profession have been prosecuted for so many centuries, no writer or reasoner has hitherto been fortunate enough to devise an arrangement sufficiently wide, and at the same time sufficiently scientific, to be entitled to the character of a *general system of diseases.* There is not only no popular or pre-eminent plan at this moment which applies to the whole, but no one that can be called complete on any separate department of the profession; and hence, while the order under which the science of surgery is taught is at all times different from that which regulates the study of pathology, almost every teacher has a distinct order for each; is dissatisfied with all others; and scarcely in entire good humour with his own.

The most common arrangement of diseases among the Greeks was into acute and chronic. Celsus has, to a certain extent, adopted this arrangement; but, sensible of its insufficiency, has endeavoured to render it more definite by dividing diseases still further, into those affecting the entire frame, which he calls universal, and those limited to particular organs, which he calls partial; thus making the *seat of the disease* the foundation of its distinction. Jonston, Sennert, and Morgagni carried this principle still further, and classified, or endeavoured to classify, diseases according to the anatomy of the animal frame; a method which was strongly recommended by Dr. Mead; while Boerhaave, Riverius, and Hoffman laid hold of the supposed *causes* of diseases as determining their peculiar and distinctive character, and upon this basis erected a system which for some time continued popular, and to which they gave the name of *etiological;* till at length the *principle of causes* gave way to the *principle of*

symptoms, as supported and taught by Sauvages, Linnéus, Cullen, and all the most celebrated nosologists of our own times.

This last is, in effect, the only method in any degree worthy of attention; for it is the only one that will in any degree hold true to itself. Of the *seat* of diseases we often know but little; of their *causes* far oftener still less: but there are certain marks or characters in the usual progress of most diseases, which uniformly accompany and distinguish them, and to which, therefore, the epithet pathognomic has been correctly applied. It is not, indeed, to be contended that these distinctive signs are as constant and determinate as many of the distinctive signs that occur in zoology or botany. So complicated is the animal machinery, so perpetually alterable, by habit, climate, idiosyncrasy, and the many accidental circumstances by which life is diversified, that the general rule must admit of a variety of exceptions; and it is here, perhaps, rather than any where else, best established by such exceptions. Yet, after all, every distinct disease, occur where it may, so generally agrees with itself in its progress and developement, and is so generally attended by its own train of symptoms, or *coincidents*,—which is the literal rendering of symptoms,—that he who steadily attends to these will not often be greatly deceived, and if he should be, he can find no other guide to set him right.

But if the true mode of distinguishing and defining diseases has been discovered, we have hitherto been still as far from any mode of classifying them agreably to any clear natural order, or perspicuous artificial arrangement, as ever. And hence Mr. Good, before he enters upon an elucidation of his own system, paves the way for its introduction by a dissertation of considerable length, in which he adverts to the chief nosological systems of the day, the nomenclature in actual use, and the improvements proposed in both respects by the present attempt.

After a rapid survey of the earlier methods, the systems principally discussed are those of Plater, Sauvages, Linnéus, Vogel, Sagar, Cullen, Selle, Plouquet, Pinel, Macbride, Crichton, Darwin, Parr, and Young, independently of those laid down by the monographists, or those who have treated in a classific form of a single set or family of diseases alone, among whom are especially enumerated the names of Plenck, Willan, Abernethy, and Bateman. The last have their use, though it is obvious they never can supply the place of a general system; while several of them are so peculiarly constructed, that they cannot, without great force, and a considerable degree of decomposition, be incorporated into general service. Of the former, notwithstanding all the ingenuity and contrivance they exhibit, there is not, per-

haps, one of them that can be used without an index, or is so constructed as to direct the student at once to the proper place of a genus, or species of disease, by the mere arrangement of the classification; insomuch that few or none of them are attended to in the schools of instruction of the present day; and the lecturer finds it difficult to do better than follow the simple, but unscientific mode of Dr. Heberden, and treat of every disease alphabetically: a mode which, it must be obvious, destroys all family connexion, and throws together affections the most discrepant and unlike, but not more so than many of the systematic nosologies, of which various striking examples are offered in the volume before us, as that of psora and fractura, or *itch* and *broken bones*, which follow in immediate succession in the synopsis of Dr. Cullen.

With all these systems the author shows himself to be well acquainted: he examines them with acuteness and learning, strikingly points out their defects, and candidly allows them their respective merits. The following remarks are particularly worthy of notice, because they apply not only to the writer against whom they are more directly levelled, but to nosologists in general; and we may add, to physiologists, and zoologists, and botanists, and mineralogists, of various ages, pretensions, and characters.

"It is impossible to take a survey, however brief, of Dr. Cullen's system, and not to notice his very extraordinary confusion of genera and species. And the author is the more induced to advert to it, because, extraordinary as such a confusion must appear to all who are acquainted with the difference, Dr. Cullen is by no means the only nosologist of our own day who has run into the same mistake, as will easily be perceived before the close of this dissertation.

"A genus is not a disease, any more than it is an animal, a vegetable, or a mineral; but a group or assemblage of any of these, possessing certain like characters, and associated in consequence of such resemblance. The consenting characters being abstracted and put together constitute the generic definition, and apply to the whole; while the subordinate characters or coincidents, by which one differs from another, constitute the specific definition, and distinguish 1 from 2, and 2 from 3, of the same group or genus. A genus, therefore, is a mere abstract term, a non-entity in nature; highly useful, indeed, in the chain of orders,—but which can no more exist without species than a regiment or a regimental company can exist without soldiers. On this account it is that no man can ever *discover* a genus, though he may combine generic signs, and invent a generic name. The usual order is the following; he first discovers an individual, whether a plant, animal, or disease, possessing very peculiar marks, so as to separate it distinctly from any known individual, or groups of individuals. He may now, therefore, be said to have found a new species; and he proceeds next to arrange it. He first separates from it the most striking marks by

which it is distinguished; and if this should be strictly singular it constitutes alone a sufficient character for a new genus, and will form what is called, from this very circumstance, its *essential* generic character. If it be not strictly singular, he must look for another striking character,—a coincident or co-appearance,—or if necessary, in order to render the distinction complete, a third; and the generic character will consist in the union of these coincidents, in the combination of the marks that are thus first detached from the individual, and then brought into a state of combination. To this combination of detached or abstract signs he gives what name he pleases; and he thus obtains a generic name as well as a generic definition. He then proceeds to select one, two, or more other marks, by which the individual is peculiarly distinguished; and these united form his specific definition, to which in like manner he adds a specific name. He has now discovered and identified a species, and formed and denominated a genus. His genus, indeed, consists at present but of a single species; and many genera never consist of more; but the genus is, nevertheless, formed upon a collective principle; it presupposes that other individuals may hereafter be detected possessing the same generic character, and consequently belonging to the same banner; at the same time differing in several of its subordinate marks from the individuals already arranged under such banner; and which in consequence will produce new species as long as other individuals possessing such discrepancies shall be traced out; unless, indeed, the discrepancies should be found to be casual, to depend upon soil or food, upon climate, atmosphere, position, or some other incidental circumstance; and in such case the individual is regarded as a mere variety of some species described already.

"The writer, therefore, who describes a genus that has no species belonging or subjoined to it; or who gives a generic, without a specific, name, describes a mere abstract form, a thing that has no existence without the addition of other signs or qualities which do not enter into his definition; and which, in relation to the individual, constitute the most important part.

"Now the present charge against Dr. Cullen is, that while in some cases he has given genera with the proper species belonging to them, in others he has given genera without any species whatever; and in others again that he has described species under the name of genera." (P. xix.—xxi.)

But the nomenclature of medicine requires as much attention as its systematic arrangement; and while chemistry, botany, and mineralogy, have submitted to extensive and important improvements, the vocabulary of the nosologist still continues to be a jumble of terms, derived from almost every language, and every system, whether dead or living, founded upon no common principle, and equally destitute of precision and simplicity. It consists of Hebrew and Arabic terms; Greek and Latin; French, Italian, Spanish, German, English, and even Indian, African, and Mexican; often barbarously and illegitimately compounded,

doubtful in derivation, cacophonous to the ear; and, for want of a determinate signification, formed, as one would think, rather for the purpose of strangling ideas than of communicating them. All which has manifestly arisen, in a very considerable degree, from those political and geographical changes which have marked the history of medicine, in its different epochs, in conjunction with that succession of theories, which, very nearly from the time of Hippocrates, has been perpetually unfolding to the world; almost every one of which, if characterised by nothing else, has at least taken care to mark its existence by a new coinage of words.

To simplify and correct this chaos of language, the author before us has endeavoured to guide himself by the following general rules. First, a strict adherence to Greek and Latin terms alone. Secondly, the use of as few technical terms as possible, and consequently a forbearance from all synonyms. Thirdly, a simplification of terms, as far as it can be done without violence or affectation, both in their radical structure and composition. Fourthly, an individuality and precision of sense in their respective use.

"Much of the character of words," says Mr. Good, "in respect to dimensions and euphony, as well as to precision, depends upon the common prefixes and suffixes which it is occasionally found necessary to employ; and which in some branches of science, and especially in that of chemistry, create and regulate considerably more than half their nomenclature.

"This subject opens a wide field, though the consideration of it, for the present, must be confined to a very narrow compass. It is altogether new, not only to medicine, but, as far as the author is acquainted, to Greek philology; at least, after an extensive inquiry, he has not been able to obtain any assistance from books professedly devoted to it. There seems much reason to believe that the auxiliary parts of every compound term, not only in medical technology, but through the whole range of the Greek tongue, had, when first employed, distinct and definite meanings, and limited the radicals, with which they were associated, to peculiar modifications of a common idea. To these meanings we can still trace many of them, though the greater number, like most of the elements in the Chinese characters, have passed through so many changes, that it is difficult, and in some instances perhaps impossible, to follow up the analysis to their original sources." (P. lvii.)

This is a new and curious subject, even in Greek philology; and, as the author observes, "is worthy of being carried much further than he has time or limits to pursue it." He first draws out a table of the suffixes and affixes in general use, amounting to about forty, and then observes as follows.

"These auxiliaries are far too numerous, and, in the course of the

vocabulary, recur far too frequently. Some of them however may be suppressed, as synonyms or duplicates of others; while it should be a rule never to employ any one of the remainder but when absolutely necessary to distinguish the compound into which it enters from the root itself, or from another compound derived from the same root, by the addition of an idea to which it is uniformly restricted.

" *Algia*, *copus*, and *odyne*, are direct synonyms; to which may also be added *agra*, for though of a somewhat different radical meaning, it is commonly superadded, like all the three former, to express the general idea of pain or ache. And hence, very much to the perplexity of the learner and the incumbrance of the technical vocabulary, we have cephal-algia for head-ache, gastr-odyne for belly-ache, chir-agra, and pod-agra for gout-ache in the hand or foot. And, worse than this, we have ostoalgia, ost-dynia, ost-oagra, and osto-copus, to signify one and the same affection of the bones. Now it may be necessary to retain algia, which is perhaps the most popular of the whole, but we should as far as possible banish all the rest; and with the exception of agra in the single instance of pod-agra, which cannot readily be dismissed, none of the others will be met with in the course of the ensuing arrangement. Parodynia will indeed be found, but in this case odynia is the root itself.

" *Esis*, *osis*, *itis*, *oma*, and *iasis*, have been employed perhaps for ages, and several of them very generally throughout the Greek tongue, as mere terminations, without any direct reference to their origins: and probably without a recollection or belief that they have any significant origins, or that those origins can be traced: in which case they would become simple terminating synonyms, and, in the abbreviating aim of a technical nomenclature, ought to follow the fate of the generality of the preceding list. Some of them, indeed, can well be spared; but accident, or a cause not easy to be explained, has given a peculiar and useful meaning to others, though very different from their radical sense, and these may be advantageously retained. The first three are probably derived from ἔω or its different compounds, and together with the Latin term *igo*, which is perhaps a corruption of *ago*, imply the common idea of 'ago, mitto,' 'motion, action, or putting forth,' and consequently, in medical combination, of 'morbid motion or action.' *Esis* (εσις) is a direct derivative from ἕω, as is obvious in paresis, literally 'submissio,' 'remissio,' 'laxatio,' 'restraint or inability' or 'moving or putting forth;' whence by Aretæus, and various other Greek writers, it is used synonymously with paralysis. We meet with the same word and the same radical idea, in proesis synesis, and other compounds of the same root. *Osis* (ὥσις or ὅσις) descends in like manner from εἶμι 'sum,' itself a derivative of ἕω; whence *osia* or *ousia* (ὠσια or ὀυσία) is literally 'ens, essentia, substantia,' the thing put forth 'in being, action, or motion.' *Itis* (ίτης) is as clearly an immediate derivation from ἵεμαι; itself, like the preceding, a ramification from ἕω, and imports, not merely action, but when strictly true to itself, 'impetuous or violent action.' The literal rendering of ἵεμαι is 'feror impetû,' and that of ιτης is, 'temerarius, audax, præceps periculorum.' While the direct origin of

igo betrays itself in all its compounds, for vertigo (deriving igo from ago) is literally 'rotatory motion or dizziness;' serpigo, 'serpentine motion or course,' peculiarly describing a particular modification of herpetic eruption to which the term serpigo is applied.

"*Iasis*, and *oma*, convey different ideas as issuing from different radicals. Iasis (ἴασις) is literally *sanatio*, from ἰάομαι, 'sano, medeor,' and hence necessarily imports, in composition, 'medendus,' or 'ad sanationem spectans.' Oma (ὦμα) is as obviously an inflection of ὠμὸς, 'crudus, ferus, imperfectus,' as is its real meaning in sarc-oma, distinctly 'crude, wild, imperfect flesh:' ather-oma, 'crude, incocted pulp or pap.' But if oma be preceded by the letters pt, as in ptoma (πτωμα) it is then derived from πιπτω, 'procido,' and constantly imports *procidence* or *prolapse*; as in pro-ptoma, 'a prolapse of any part;' archo-ptoma, 'a prolapse of the anus.' 'This is sometimes written ptosis, as in colpo-ptosis, 'a prolapse of the vagina;' hystero-ptosis, 'a prolapse of the uterus:' but for the sake of perspicuity, and especially to the learner, one mode only ought to be adhered to, and perhaps the first is the best.

"Asma (ἄσμα) is strictly 'incantamentum,' *enchantment, incantation*; and, in a looser sense, *possession, seizure. Osma*, asmus, esmus, and ismus, are mere varieties of asma; and that they were at first intended to denote this idea we may judge from the terms phantasma, enthusiasmus, phricasmus, marasmus, phrenismus, priapismus. It became long afterwards a terminal member of tenesmus, rheumatismus, ptyalismus, when the original sense was nearly or altogether lost sight of. And since this period the entire group have been employed not only so generally, but in such a multiplicity of senses, that we can neither banish them nor define them; whence, like *esis* and *osis*, they must remain to be had recourse to as mere final adjuncts whenever necessary, though the less frequently employed the better.

It is clear, then, as well from actual analysis, as from the genius of the Greek tongue itself, that each of these terminations had a distinct signification when first introduced; although it is equally clear that most of them have for some centuries been employed loosely and indiscriminately as mere final syllables. In many instances none of them are wanted; and in all such cases they ought, unquestionably, to be dropped as redundant; and, occasionally, they have been so. Thus the myopiasis of Vogel is advantageously shortened by Plenck to *myopia*, as at first written by Linnéus; and, for the same reason, mydriasis ought to have been written *mydria*. So chlorosis, if it were to be formed in the present day, would be *chloria*, and exoneirosis, *exoneiria*." (P. lix.—lxi.)

To the auxiliary terms that are retained, whether affixes or suffixes, the author next proposes to attach a single and definite meaning, and uniformly to employ them in this sense. The following passage will afford a sufficient example of what he intends.

In various instances, again, we find, as already hinted at, several of the terminations, apparently from some accidental cause, taking a

peculiar bearing which it would be right to encourage, as long as they are retained, so as to give them a direct and definite sense. Such especially is the case with *itis*, which, from the time of Boerhaave, has been progressively employed to express organic inflammation, as in cephalitis, carditis, gastritis, and most similar affections. In this sense, therefore, when employed at all, it ought to be employed exclusively. And here the etymological idea is directly consonant with the practical: for, as observed already, it imports increased and impetuous action. A few terms only stand in our way, upon this point, even at present, as rachitis, hydrorachitis, ascites, and tympanites; all which, however, are of little consequence, as they have good synonyms, or may be easily varied, as the reader will perceive in the ensuing arrangement.

"*Oma* has, in like manner from some cause or other, a general idea attached to its use, not easy to be explained from its primary signification: it is that of external protuberance, and to this, therefore, it should be confined. We meet with this idea in ecchymoma, staphyloma, atheroma, steatoma, sarcoma, and carcinoma. It does not easily apply to glaucoma; but as this was frequently called by the Greeks glaucosis, and by the Romans glaucedo, we need not be troubled even with this slight exception. The therioma of Celsus, though continued by Vogel, is banished from general use, and if it were not, this would also admit of a ready change to theriosis.

"*Iasis* is almost as generally appropriated in the present day to denote diseases of the skin, unconnected with fever; the cause of which, it seems, also, is as difficult to discover as in either of the preceding instances: but this being the fact, the hint should be taken and the necessary limit applied. We have sufficient exemplification of this remark in elephantiasis, leontiasis, psoriasis, pityriasis, phthiriasis, helminthiasis, (applied by Plenck to cutaneous worms and larves of all kinds, except those of the pediculus, but to which malis is preferable) and tyriasis, importing in the same author a peculiar variety of lepra. To these we may add ichthiasis, as in this case it ought to be written, instead of ichthiosis. Many of these terms are unnecessary, and may be well spared, but they serve as examples of the general turn the final iasis has been lately taking, and to which, whenever it is made use of, it would be right to attend. Satyriasis, sardiasis, and one or two other terms, form exceptions to the general tendency; but they are not wanted, as will be readily perceived in the ensuing pages; while all but the first have been long obsolete, and are almost forgotten. Hypochondriasis is not, strictly speaking, a Greek term. It is comparatively of modern origin, and may be conveniently exchanged for hypochondrias." (P. lxii. lxiii.)

The author proposes a similar unity and precision to himself, in the employment of entire terms, whether compound or radical.

"There is a strange confusion," says he, "in the general use of the terms *hemeralopia* and *nyctalopia*. Most modern writers mean by the first, 'vision, irksome, or painful, in the light of noon, but clear and pleasant

in the dusk of the evening;' and by the second, 'vision, dull and confused in the dusk, but clear and powerful at noon-day.' But this is directly to reverse the signification of both terms, as employed by Hippocrates and the Greek schools; and as the Greek sense is still occasionally continued, there is sometimes no small difficulty, and especially to a learner, in understanding what diseases are referred to. In the ensuing system most disorders of the sight, unconnected with inflammatory action, are arranged under a common genus, entitled paropsia, of which hemeralopia and nyctalopia become species; and as they are distinguished by the names of p. *lucifuga*, and p. *noctifuga*, it is hoped that the usual perplexity will be found sufficiently avoided.

"*Æsthesia*, among almost all the nosologists, imports sensation generally; and hence dysæsthesiæ is employed by Sauvages, Vogel, Sagar, and Cullen, as the name of an order, comprising diseases of sight, smell, taste, touch, and hearing; running parallel with the order æsthetica, in the class neurotica of the present system. But Cullen, after having used the term as an ordinal name in this general signification, next employs it as the name of a distinct genus in the very limited signification of touch alone, and in contrast with all the other senses; anæsthesia, the genus referred to, being defined '*tactus* imminutus vel abolitus.' Linnéus, indeed, had already used it with an equal restriction, which he ought not to have done, as the term had been already adopted by Sauvages in its wider and correcter sense. But Linnéus has not fallen into the self-confusion of Cullen; for he has not employed æsthesia or any of its compounds in any other import. To avoid this irregularity the *anæsthesia* of Linnéus and Cullen is, in the present system, exchanged for *parapsis*." (P. lxix.—lxx.)

Mr. Good next proceeds to unfold to us the nature of his own arrangement; and as we cannot give this in clearer or fewer words than those employed by himself, we shall once more allow him to offer his own explanation.

"A knowledge of the animal frame involves a deep and comprehensive acquaintance with three distinct branches of natural science; anatomy, by which we become acquainted with the structure of this frame; physiology, which teaches us its various functions; and nosology or pathology, which unfolds to us the diseases to which it is subject. Unfortunately each of these branches has hitherto been taught by a different, instead of by a common, method; and hence the student, instead of proceeding with each at one and the same time, and with a single expenditure of labour, is compelled to apply himself to every one separately, and by a kind of new and unconnected grammar.

"The great and comprehensive mind of Haller was forcibly struck with the expediency of uniting the whole into one common pursuit. In his 'First Lines' he gave scope to his feelings upon this subject; and since his day various efforts have been made to concentrate the studies of physiology and anatomy. Much, however, still remains to bring even these two branches into that state of close contact and

parallel investigation for which they are so admirably fitted, and which would equally add to the perfection of both: while the view which has just been given of the general history of nosology, affords a sufficient proof that no systematic step whatever has hitherto been taken to incorporate the elementary study of animal diseases either with that of the animal structure or the animal economy.

"To accomplish such an incorporation is the object of the ensuing system; the whole edifice of which will be found to be erected on a physiological basis; and to run parallel with the divisions into which the science of physiology most usually ramifies. The track is new; and difficulties of no ordinary magnitude have been encountered in the prosecution of it. The author does not flatter himself that the whole of these are by any means removed in this first attempt: but he trusts that he will be found to have pointed out a useful though an unexplored course, and that future pioneers may be able to level and complete, what he may thus far have left rugged and unmastered.

"Having conceived the possibility of a nosological system, whose primary divisions should take a physiological range, and follow up the diseases of the animal fabric in the order in which the physiologist usually develops its organization and its functions, the author had next to determine at which end of the series he should begin; whether with Haller, at the first and simplest vestige of the living fibre, and pursue the growing ens through all its rising stages of evolution and elaboration to its maturity of figure and sensation; or, with the physiologists of later times, to take at once the animal frame in its mature and perfect state, and trace it, from some well-defined and prominent, function, through all the rest; which, like links in a circular chain, may be said to issue from it, and to be dependent on its existence and properties.

"The author was soon led to a preference of the second scheme. It is by far the simpler of the two, and directly harmonizes with the fundamental principle, which runs through all the systems of zoology, botany, and mineralogy, of forming the arrangement and selecting the characters from the most perfect individuals as specimens. He decided, therefore, upon taking the more prominent functions of the human frame for his primary or classific division, and the more important of their respective organs for his secondary or ordinal; and without tyeing himself to a particular distribution of the former in any authorized or popular use at the present moment, to follow what appears to be the order of nature in her simplest and most intelligible march.

"To repair the exhaustion which is constantly taking place in every part of the body from the common wear and tear of life, it is necessary that the alimentary canal should be supplied with a due proportion of food, the procuration of which, therefore, constitutes, in savage as well as in civil society, the first concern of mankind. The food thus procured is introduced into a set of organs admirably devised for its reception; and its elaboration into a nutritive form constitutes what physiologists have denominated the digestive function. The diseases then to which this function is subject will be found to create the first class of the ensuing system.

"The food thus far elaborated has yet to be conveyed to the lungs, and be still further operated upon by the atmosphere, before it becomes duly assimilated to the nature of the fabric it has to support. The function of respiration embraces this part of the animal economy; and the diseases to which this function is subject form the second class of the arrangement.

"The blood now matured and consummated is returned to the heart, and sent forth, in a circular course, to every organ of the body, as the common pabulum from which it is to secern what it stands in need of: the waste blood being carried back to the fountain from which it issued. It is this circulatory track that constitutes the sanguineous functions; and the diseases by which it is characterised form the third class of the ensuing pages.

"But the blood does not circulate by its own power. From the brain which it recruits and refreshes, its vessels (perhaps itself) receive a perpetual influx of that sensorial energy which gives motion, as the blood gives food, to the entire machine; converts the organized into an animal and intellectual system, and forms the important sphere of the nervous function. This function, also, affords scope for a large family of diseases; and hence we obtain a ground-work for a fourth class upon the plan before us.

"Such is the progress towards perfection in the life of the individual. But man is not born to be an individual; he is designed to perpetuate his species; and the last finish to his frame consists in giving full development and activity to the organs which are subservient to this purpose. We now arrive at the sexual function; and obtain from the diseases by which it is marked a fifth class for our use upon the present occasion.

"As every part is thus receiving new matter from the blood, it is necessary that that which is superseded should be carried off by proper emunctories; as it is also necessary that the antagonist processes of restoration and detrition should maintain a fair balance. And hence the minute secretory and absorbent vessels hold the same relation to each other as the arteries and veins, and conjointly create an excernent function; whose diseases lay a foundation for the sixth class of the ensuing systematic attempt.

"It will yet remain to create a class for external accidents, and those accidental misformations which occasionally disfigure the fetus in the womb. This will constitute the seventh; and under these seven classes it will possibly be found that all the long list of diseases may be included which man is called to suffer, or the art of medicine to provide for." (P. lxxvii.—lxxx.)

The succession is undoubtedly, under this division, easy and natural; every class, at least with the exception of the last, leads immediately to that which follows; and the student must at once comprehend its scope, and readily retain its arrangement. The order is strictly physiological; but it is not exactly the order which has been laid down by any physiological writer: it is more simple than that of most of the systems, and more catenated than

that of several. In consequence of which, diseases of the same tribe or family are found in the same place, instead of being scattered, as they have hitherto been too generally, over every part of the classification; and every branch of the art of healing is put, or may easily be put, into parallel lines. Passing by, therefore, the remainder of the author's dissertation, in which he particularly points out the advantage which must result, and especially in the present day, from cultivating an acquaintance with the Arabian physicians, and wherever an opportunity offers, in their native tongue; and the numerous examples he offers of medical terms in common use, derived from the Arabic language, we hasten to lay before our readers the series of classes and orders, as actually laid down in consonance with the above description.

Class I. Cœliaca.—Diseases of the Digestive Functions.
- Order I. Enterica.—Affecting the Alimentary Canal.
- II. Splanchnica.—Affecting the Collatitious Viscera.

Class II. Pneumatica.—Diseases of the Respiratory Function.
- Order I. Phonica.—Affecting the Vocal Avenues.
- II. Pneumonica.—Affecting the Lungs, their Membranes, or Motive Power.

Class III. Hæmatica.—Diseases of the Sanguineous Function.
- Order I. Pyrectica.—Fevers.
- II. Phlogotica.—Inflammations.
- III. Exanthematica.—Eruptive Fevers.
- IV. Dysthetica.—Cachexies.

Class IV. Neurotica.—Diseases of the Nervous Function.
- Order I. Phrenica.—Affecting the Intellect.
- II. Æsthetica.—Affecting the Sensation.
- III. Cinetica.—Affecting the Muscles.
- IV. Systatica.—Affecting several or all the Sensorial Powers simultaneously.

Class V. Genetica.—Diseases of the Sexual Functions.
- Order I. Cenotica.—Affecting the Fluids.
- II. Orgastica.—Affecting the Orgasm.
- III. Carpotica.—Affecting the Impregnation.

Class VI. Eccritica.—Diseases of the Excernent Function.
- Order I. Mesotica.—Affecting the Parenchyma.
- II. Catotica.—Affecting Internal Surfaces.
- III. Acrotica.—Affecting the External Surface.

Class VII. Tychica.—Fortuitous Lesions or Deformities.
- Order I. Apalotica.—Affecting the Soft Parts.
- II. Stereotica.—Affecting the Hard Parts.
- III. Morphica.—Monstrosities of Birth.

This classification is simple and comprehensive. It affords an easy and, for the most part, a natural position to all the diseases of the animal frame: it requires no appendix or supplement, as is the case with most of the nosologies we have met with, and may be followed without an index. The genera and species have a due proportion of space allotted to them, their boundaries are perspicuously defined, and they never run into each other. A wider compass is allowed to the genera than has been conceded by most writers; in consequence of which, several genera of former nosologists, or which have been so called, are, in the present system, often consolidated into one, greatly to the simplification of pathology, and to the ease of the student. The same remark applies to the author's species; and it has hence been necessary to give, in every instance, a new definition. This has demanded great labour, but the labour has answered: the definitions are brief, clear, and comprehensive: and we seldom perceive the Linnéan dictum upon this subject transgressed in the length which it allows.

There are also two additional features, and of considerable importance, which are peculiar to the present work; and have not been obtained without extensive research. In order to assimilate it more closely to works of the same kind in the collateral branches of natural knowledge, to the systematic name of every disease is subjoined its chief vernacular, as well as technical synonyms: the former extending to the French, German, and English tongues, the latter to the Arabic as well as the Greek and Latin: the Arabic synonyms being given in Arabic as well as in Roman characters, for the purpose of enabling the reader, who is capable of comparing the two characters, to see the peculiar power which, in the present rendering, is assigned to the latter. Of the introduction of the Arabic characters upon such an occasion we cannot but approve; they seem indeed to be imperatively called for from the very different manner in which the Arabic terms have been spelt in Roman characters by different writers, and especially writers of different countries, none of whom have hitherto given more than the Roman characters alone, as derived from the Latin versions.

We have noticed the first of the two peculiarities we refer to as characterizing the present work. The next is, perhaps, of greater value: and consists of a well-digested, and running commentary, which gives first the etymology and authority of every classic, ordinal, generic, and specific term made use of; and afterwards, with a view of affording relief to the dryness of technical definitions, and verbal criticism, illustrates the disease by a series of interesting cases, valuable remarks, and singular physiological facts, gleaned from an extensive perusal of approved authorities,

ancient and modern; occasionally interspersed with familiar incidents as they have occurred to the writer in his own walk and intercourse of life. Many of these are peculiarly interesting; and will be found not less entertaining to the general reader than instructive to the medical student.

From this mass of scientific matter it is difficult to make a selection: the following genus seems neatly sub-divided, and will be understood by the unprofessional as well as by the initiated. It occurs under Class II. Order I. PNEUMATICA, PHONICA.

"GENUS VI.

PSELLISMUS.

The articulation imperfect or depraved.

Psellismus. *Sauv. Linn. Sag. Cull.*

1. BAMBALIA. The flow of the articulation disturbed by irregular intermissions or snatches.

Timtamet (تمتامة). An onomatopy produced by an iteration of the letters T and M, which are most difficult for the stammerer to articulate.

Stammlen. *G.*

Bégayement. *F.*

Stammering.

α Hæsitans. Involuntary and tremulous retardation in articulating particular syllables.

Psellismus Ischnophonia. *Sauv.*

Ischnophonia. *Vog.*

Anstossen. *G.*

Hesitation. *F.*

Hesitation.

β Títubans. Involuntary and tremulous reduplication of some syllables, alternating with a tremulous hurry in uttering those that follow.

Psellismus. *Linn.*

Battarismus. *Vog.*

Stottern. *G.*

Bredouillement. *F.*

Stuttering.

These two varieties of stammering are thus well described by Shakspeare: 'I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightest pour out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once or none at all.'

2. BLÆSITAS. The enunciation vitious.

Blæsitas. *Auct. Lat.*

Traulotes (τραυλότης.) *Auct. Græc.*

Alken (الكن).

α Ringens. With a vibration or redoubling of the letter R.

Psellismus ringens. *Cull.*

β Lallans. The letter L unduly liquid, or substituted for R. As when delusive is pronounced del*i*usive, as though the *l* possessed the power of the Spanish *ll*, or the Italian *gl*; or as when pa*r*able is pronounced pa*l*able. Alcibiades is supposed to have laboured under this defect. It is also said to be common to the Jews of China, who have dwelt among the Chinese so long as to have lost the sound of R, in consequence of its not existing in the Chinese tongue; and who consequently pronounce in Gen. i. 1, בלאשית בלא for בדאשית ברא.

Lallatio. *Auct. Lat.*

Psellismus lallans. *Cull.*

Psellismus Lambdacismus. *Sauv.*

γ Emólliens. The harsh letters exchanged for soft, as in the substitution of an*z*el for angel; capi*d*ol for capi*t*ol; *d*at for *th*at.

Psellismus traulotes. *Sauv.*

δ Balbútiens. Labials, as B. M. P, too frequently introduced, or used instead of other letters. So *V*eda is pronounced *B*eda, *V*enares, *B*enares, in Bengal, the Bengalee having no V. So im*p*ringe is often used for in*f*ringe; i*b*ory for i*v*ory; though *b* and not *v* is here the radical letter, the Latin term being e*b*ur.

Psellismus balbutiens. *Cull.*

ε Mogilália. Labials omitted or exchanged for other letters. Most commonly P for F and F for V, as *f*ilfer for *p*ilfer; *v*ish for *f*ish, *a*ntle for *m*antle. So the Latin si*b*ilo is transformed by the French into si*ff*ler.

Psellismus mogilalia. *Sauv.*

Psellismus acheilos. *Cull.*

Faifait (فأفأة). An onomatopy or imitation of the sound produced by a vitious reduplication of the letter *f.*

ζ Dentíloquens. Dentals, as C, S, T, Z, too frequently employed; producing the effect of what is called, in common language, speaking through the teeth.

Asthenia vocis, Thetismus. *Young.*

Lispeln. *G.*

Grasseyement. *F.*

Lisping.

η Gutturális. Imperfect utterance of the guttural letters: as G. J. H. X.

Psellismus Jotacismus. *Sauv.*

Psellismus lagostomatum. *Cull.*" (P. 98—101.)

We will conclude our very cursory view of this new contribution to medical science, with thanking the author for having brought the study of medicine within a more practicable compass, and correct boundary, without sacrificing what is necessarily complicate to a popular affectation of simplicity, or multiplying its difficulties by a learned display of needless subdivisions.

Art. VII.—*Modern Greece: a Poem.* 8vo. pp. 67. Murray. London, 1817.

The magic name of Greece is always accompanied with emotions of admiration and regret. Long have we contemplated that country through the medium of her poets and historians, her philosophers and orators, and have thence learned, from our infancy, to glow at a name consecrated by every elegant and classic allusion. We have walked and reasoned with the sages of her academic groves; we have followed her animated crowds to the scenes of forensic or theatrical eloquence; we have paced her marble temples, and felt all the powers of fancy, of thought, and of feeling, entranced by the splendid forms of architecture and sculpture, which have burst every moment upon the imagination. Every great idea, every elevated sensation, even every imperfect reminiscence, has seemed to assume a local habitation, and a name. *There* Pericles harangued the people; *there* Phidias exhibited his forms of ideal grandeur and celestial sublimity; *there* the agonistic champion encircled his brows with imperishable garlands; *there* the undaunted matron animated her sons to deeds of heroic glory; *there* the embryo statesman drank deep at the fountains of Attic wisdom, or learned to embody the exalted conceptions of his free-born mind in the pure and majestic strains of Athenian eloquence. Not a state, or city, or mountain, or river, can occur to the memory, without bringing with it the recollection of deeds and personages of heroic fame. It is a world of enchantments; we forget ourselves and all around us, and seem inspired with new souls and new bodies, the moment we touch in idea this Elysian ground, this land of ever-pleasing delights and fascinating associations. A sedate majesty, a pensive tenderness, a breathless veneration, steal over the mind, when it muses, in silence, upon scenes connected with all the pleasures and pains of our youthful studies, and all the fairy visions of our more matured contemplations. At the name of Greece are awakened the loveliest ideas of beauty, the proudest conceptions of sublimity, the loftiest aspirations of liberty; in a word, all that fires, or exalts, or expands the soul; all that adds elasticity and ardour to mortal energies, and gives to the ordinary passions and pursuits of men an aspect of poetical dignity and mental elevation.

It is true, that when we behold ancient Greece by the light of a holier lamp, much, if not all, of this delusive splendour fades away, and a scene of lust, and ambition, and blood is presented in its place: cruelty and rapine fill every palace, and violate

every temple. Man did not—could not attain the true majesty of his being, because he was ignorant of the real ends of his creation. Love and fame, earthly science, and transitory enjoyments, were the sole objects of his pursuit, and the rewards of his highest ambition. His moral powers were debased; his boasted wisdom was ignorance, and the very sources of his pride were the strongest marks of his degradation. He was at best but the venerable ruin of a once celestial fabric. Unacquainted with himself, or his Omnipotent Maker, he worshipped the impious, though elegant idols of a luxuriant imagination, and decorated his temples with sculptures, which proved at once the powers of human art, and the imbecility of unassisted reason. Man, thus abandoned to proud self-sufficiency, "even when he knew God, worshipped him not as God;" and all the objects which engrossed his life, and elicited the loftiest efforts of his taste and genius, became worse than insignificant when contrasted with the exalted purposes to which human existence ought primarily to be devoted. Poetry and painting, sculpture and architecture, eloquence and philosophy, were but poor and unworthy objects to fill and bound the capacities of an immortal soul, created in the image of the Deity, and intended for the spiritual enjoyments of an unseen world.

In these more exalted, and indeed more rational points of observation, Greece naturally loses much of that charm with which our early associations, unchastized by Christian feelings, are wont to invest it. We shall, it is true, still continue to view it with interest, with wonder, and in many aspects with admiration; but amidst all, there will be a suppressed dissatisfaction, a wholesome disappointment, which will prove that where Christianity has raised the mind to its due tone, nothing that has not in some measure partaken of the same hallowed influence, can be unreservedly admired by the understanding, or be wholly congenial to the heart. This, however, is not the unhappiness, but the privilege of the contemplative Christian, that, what to the mere man of taste appears simply attractive, assumes to him a more compound aspect; and while it expands his mind, elevates his genius, and enriches his fancy, it conveys to him also lessons and reflections of a somewhat modified and even pensive character.

Great as has at all times been the interest felt by the classical and artistical reader on the subject of Greece, at no period has it been so intense in Great Britain as at the present moment. The various poems and books of travels which have lately taken Grecian art, or Grecian scenery, for their subject, are some among various proofs of this position; but the most important and obvious cause is, doubtless, the recent importation into the English me-

tropolis of many, and indeed many of the best, of those illustrious monuments which have conferred on Greece, whether ancient or modern, its greatest charm. A few years ago, and even at the commencement of the present century, our island could scarcely boast of more than a few insulated relics of Grecian sculpture in private collections: the Arundelian marbles at Oxford, disposed in a manner wholly unworthy of their importance, were almost the only *public* collection of any considerable value.

It was in the year 1808, that the celebrated Townleian marbles were first thrown open for public inspection in the British Museum. Mr. Townley, it is well known, had employed half a century in perfecting his extensive collection, both Greek and Roman; and soon after his death, in 1805, they were purchased by Parliament for the sum of 20,000*l.*

The public effect, however, of these numerous, and some of them most exquisite specimens, was not immediately visible; and indeed it was not till within the last two years, and since the purchase of the Phygalian, and still more especially the Elgin collection, that the taste of the nation for sculpture began decidedly to display itself. Artists and amateurs, it is true, had visited and studied the latter, at the residence of their noble proprietor, long before; but the public at large were not only dead to their beauties, but even ignorant of their existence. Indeed, we are not sure, even now, that the ardour excited by the Elgin marbles was not, at first, more owing to the peculiar circumstances which attended their removal, and the controversy to which it gave rise, than to any public relish for ancient sculpture. But at all events, however the taste might originate, there can be no doubt that, with such inimitable models under constant inspection, it will continue to improve; and in examining the poem before us, which our readers will soon perceive has a close relation to the preceding remarks, we shall take occasion to make a few observations upon the effects which such collections may be expected to produce upon the public mind. Greece has become more than ever interesting to us; we not only *imagine*, but actually *see* those efforts of genius, which we were accustomed, even by the bare description, to admire, without ever hoping to behold. In our own metropolis are exhibited those very pieces which were the boast of antiquity, and the school of rival genius; a new Athens has arisen within the walls of the British Museum, open with a becoming liberality to persons of every age, and sex, and nation, where may be constantly seen a considerable number of young men, emulously studying from the purest models the graces and sublimities of Roman or Grecian art, and preparing to transfer to British

canvas, or infuse into modern marble, all that adorned and dignified the proudest cities of the ancient world.

The very elegant and classical poem before us opens with a description of the sensations experienced by a feeling and enthusiastic mind, at the recollections excited by this "land of Phidias, theme of lofty strains." The whole train of pensive ideas is very sweetly and tenderly brought before the mind:

"Where soft the sunbeams play, the zephyrs blow,
'Tis hard to deem that misery can be nigh;
Where the clear heavens in blue transparence glow,
Life should be calm and cloudless as the sky;
—Yet o'er the low, dark dwellings of the dead,
Verdure and flowers in summer-bloom may smile,
And ivy-boughs their graceful drapery spread
In green luxuriance o'er the ruined pile;
And mantling woodbine veils the withered tree,—
And thus it is, fair land, forsaken Greece! with thee.

"For all the loveliness, and light, and bloom,
That yet are thine, surviving many a storm,
Are but as heaven's warm radiance on the tomb,
The rose's blush that masks the canker-worm:—
And thou art desolate—thy morn hath past
So dazzling in the splendour of its way,
That the dark shades the night hath o'er thee cast
Throw tenfold gloom around thy deep decay.
Once proud in freedom, still in ruin fair,
Thy fate hath been unmatch'd—in glory and despair." (P. 5.)

Our author proceeds to exhibit an affecting picture of a Grecian outcast bursting the link that attached him to his own enslaved country, and wandering in search of that liberty which he cannot enjoy at home. In vain would he look to the East, where, though "earth is fruitfulness, and air is balm," man is still wretched and insecure, and tyrant and slave are the only forms of human existence. From Syria's mountains, therefore, and Yeman's groves, and the genii-haunted waves of Tigris, he turns to that new fair world,

"Whose fresh unsullied charms
Welcomed Columbus from the western wave;"

A world where, amidst the wild magnificence of nature, he hopes to rear his lonely bower, in primæval woods, which despots have never trod. Chateaubriand expressly mentions that he found Greek emigrants, who had thus settled themselves in the forests of Florida, a circumstance of which our author has properly taken advantage.

"There, by some lake, whose blue expansive breast
Bright from afar, an inland-ocean, gleams,
Girt with vast solitudes, profusely drest
In tints like those that float o'er poet's dreams;
Or where some flood from pine-clad mountain pours
Its might of waters, glittering in their foam,
Midst the rich verdure of its wooded shores,
The exiled Greek hath fix'd his sylvan home:
So deeply lone, that round the wild retreat
Scarce have the paths been trod by Indian huntsman's feet.

"The forests are around him in their pride,
The green savannas, and the mighty waves;
And isles of flowers, bright-floating o'er the tide,
That images the fairy world it laves,
And stillness, and luxuriance—o'er his head
The ancient cedars wave their peopled bowers,
On high the palms their graceful foliage spread,
Cinctured with roses the magnolia towers,
And from those green arcades a thousand tones
Wake with each breeze, whose voice through Nature's temple
moans.

"And there, no traces left by brighter days,
For glory lost may wake a sigh of grief,
Some grassy mound perchance may meet his gaze,
The lone memorial of an Indian chief.
There man not yet hath marked the boundless plain
With marble records of his fame and power;
The forest is his everlasting fane,
The palm his monument, the rock his tower.
Th' eternal torrent, and the giant tree,
Remind him but that they, like him, are wildly free." (P. 8, 9.)

But who ever relinquished home, and especially such a home as Greece, without a pang; or who, therefore, can be astonished that our wanderer sighs for his native gales, and pines amidst his day-dreams for a land which, although oppressed and blighted, is still endeared to him by every tender association.

"In vain for him the gay liannes entwine,
Or the green fire-fly sparkles through the brakes,
Or summer-winds waft odours from the pine,
As eve's last blush is dying on the lakes.
Through thy fair vales his fancy roves the while,
Or breathes the freshness of Cithæron's height,
Or dreams how softly Athens' towers would smile,
Or Sunium's ruins, in the fading light;
On Corinth's cliff what sunset hues may sleep,
Or, at that placid hour, how calm th' Egean deep!

"What scenes, what sunbeams, are to him like thine?
(The all of thine no tyrant could destroy!)
E'en to the stranger's roving eye they shine,
Soft as a vision of remembered joy.
And he who comes, the pilgrim of a day,
A passing wanderer o'er each Attic hill,
Sighs as his footsteps turn from thy decay,
To laughing climes, where all is splendour still;
And views with fond regret thy lessening shore,
As he would watch a star that sets to rise no more.

"Realm of sad beauty! thou art as a shrine
That Fancy visits with Devotion's zeal,
To catch high thoughts and impulses divine,
And all the glow of soul enthusiasts feel
Amidst the tombs of heroes—for the brave
Whose dust, so many an age, hath been thy soil,
Foremost in honour's phalanx, died to save
The land redeem'd and hallow'd by their toil;
And there is language in thy lightest gale,
That o'er the plains they won seems murmuring yet their tale."
(P. 10, 11.)

Our author continues to wander in imagination through the calmly pensive scenes which Greece presents to the view, till, aroused by "many a sad reality," which the bright illusions of fancy cannot veil, we are summoned to more desolate and painful images.

"Hast thou beheld some sovereign spirit, hurl'd
By Fate's rude tempest from its radiant sphere,
Doomed to resign the homage of a world,
For Pity's deepest sigh, and saddest tear?
Oh! hast thou watch'd the awful wreck of mind,
That weareth still a glory in decay?
Seen all that dazzles and delights mankind—
Thought, science, genius, to the storm a prey,
And o'er the blasted tree, the withered ground,
Despair's wild nightshade spread, and darkly flourish round?

"So may'st thou gaze, in sad and awe-struck thought,
On the deep fall of that yet lovely clime:
Such there the ruin Time and Fate have wrought,
So changed the bright, the splendid, the sublime!
There the proud monuments of Valour's name,
The mighty works Ambition piled on high,
The rich remains by Art bequeath'd to Fame—
Grace, beauty, grandeur, strength, and symmetry,
Blend in decay; while all that yet is fair
Seems only spared to tell how much hath perish'd there!

"There, while around lie mingling in the dust,
The column's graceful shaft, with weeds o'ergrown,
The mouldering torso, the forgotten bust,
The warrior's urn, the altar's mossy stone;
Amidst the loneliness of shattered fanes,
Still matchless monuments of other years,
O'er cypress groves, or solitary plains,
Its eastern form the minaret proudly rears;
As on some captive city's ruin'd wall
The victor's banner waves, exulting o'er its fall." (P. 15, 16.)

The capture of Byzantium by the Turks, which opened the way for the subjugation of the whole country, is described with considerable point; and is followed by an animated apostrophe to the ancient heroes and demi-gods of the classic ages, whose tombs are now mouldered and forgotten, or remain only as a reproach to a degenerate race, unworthy of such ancestors. Yet still the physical features of the country survive, and inspire the homage of liberty:

"There, in rude grandeur, daringly ascends
Stern Pindus, rearing many a pine-clad height;
He with the clouds his bleak dominion blends,
Frowning o'er vales, in woodland verdure bright.
Wild and august in consecrated pride,
There through the deep-blue heaven Olympus towers,
Girdled with mists, light-floating as to hide
The rock-built palace of immortal powers;
Where far on high the sunbeam finds repose,
Amidst th' eternal pomp of forests and of snows.

"Those savage cliffs and solitudes might seem
The chosen haunts where Freedom's foot would roam;
She loves to dwell by glen and torrent-stream,
And make the rocky fastnesses her home.
And in the rushing of the mountain-flood,
In the wild eagle's solitary cry,
In sweeping winds that peal through cave and wood,
There is a voice of stern sublimity,
That swells her spirit to a loftier mood
Of solemn joy severe, of power, of fortitude." (P. 24, 25.)

Thus about to depart for ever from her favourite land, Liberty still lingered for a short time longer, on "Suli's frowning rocks," where a romantic mountain war, accompanied with all those scenes of interest and terror which usually characterize that species of contest, continued to be waged. Even women fought with enthusiasm in defence of their craggy citadels, and Holland relates, as an authentic story, that "a group of them assembled on one of the precipices adjoining the modern seraglio, and threw their infants into the chasm below, that they might not

become the slaves of the enemy." Our author, in describing such scenes, delights to indulge in the feelings excited by contrasting the present with the past, and the past with the present. The whole of the succeeding description of Sparta is in this style; its once proud monuments and temples are contrasted with its remaining ruins; of which, instead of "a giant-wreck," scarcely sufficient survives to add dignity to its fall. Its once stern and haughty sons, who, stamped in one rough and colossal mould, exhibited little of the moral varieties which diversify more polished nations, appear with new advantages beside that "second race," who arose "when glory's noon went by," and who tamely drank that bitter cup of slavery, which their forefathers would have perished rather than have tasted. The heavens shine with their ancient splendour, the various plants and flowers of the classic age survive indigenous to the spot; but man, and almost all his boasted works, have perished; and Lacedemon, once the pride of Greece and of the world, is now no more.

> "Home of Leonidas! thy halls are low,
> From their cold altars have thy Lares fled,
> O'er thee unmark'd the sun-beams fade or glow,
> And wild flowers wave, unbent by human tread;
> And midst thy silence, as the grave's profound,
> A voice, a step would seem as some unearthly sound." (P. 29.)

Alluding to the celebrated reeds of antiquity, which still continue to adorn the banks of the Eurotas, and to the rose-laurels, which still bloom over the grave of Sparta, our author deduces the same affecting inference to which we have just adverted. The idea conveyed in the last line of the stanza is inexpressibly touching.

> "Oh! thus it is with man—a tree, a flower,
> While nations perish, still renews its race,
> And o'er the fallen records of his power
> Spreads in wild pomp, or smiles in fairy grace.
> The laurel shoots when those have past away
> Once rivals for its crown, the brave, the free;
> The rose is flourishing o'er beauty's clay,
> The myrtle blows when love hath ceased to be;
> Green waves the bay when song and bard are fled,
> And all that round us blooms, is blooming o'er the dead." (P. 30.)

We shall give but one or two short extracts more before we conclude. It requires, indeed, but a few lines "to tell the tale of ages:" we have said all, when we say that the mosque and the minaret have usurped the place of antique grandeur and beauty, and that the despotism of an ignorant and rapacious government has chilled every generous feeling into a death-like inaction. We therefore pass by several of the cities and states alluded to by our author:

"But thou, fair Attica! whose rocky bound
All art and nature's richest gifts enshrined,
Thou little sphere, whose soul-illumined round
Concentrated each sunbeam of the mind;
Who, as the summit of some Alpine height
Glows earliest, latest, with the blush of day,
Didst first imbibe the splendours of the light,
And smile the longest in its lingering ray;
Oh! let us gaze on thee, and fondly deem
The past awhile restored, the present but a dream.

"Let Fancy's vivid hues awhile prevail—
Wake at her call—be all thou wert once more!
Hark, hymns of triumph swell on every gale!
Lo, bright processions move along thy shore!
Again thy temples, 'midst the olive-shade,
Lovely in chaste simplicity arise;
And graceful monuments, in grove and glade,
Catch the warm tints of thy resplendent skies;
And sculptured forms, of high and heavenly mien,
In their calm beauty smile, around the sun-bright scene.

"Again renew'd by thought's creative spells,
In all her pomp thy city, Theseus! towers:
Within, around, the light of glory dwells
On art's fair fabrics, wisdom's holy bowers.
There marble fanes in finish'd grace ascend,
The pencil's world of life and beauty glows;
Shrines, pillars, porticoes, in grandeur blend,
Rich with the trophies of barbaric foes;
And groves of platane wave, in verdant pride,
The sage's blest retreats, by calm Ilissus' tide." (P. 36, 37.)

The effect of a Grecian sky upon the fine architecture of the Parthenon is most expressively described; though we must just remark in passing, that to use the term "sanctity," or others of kindred import, as our author does more than once, in reference to a heathen temple, is unbecoming a Christian poet; and indeed, throughout every description of Greek or Roman scenery, a religious care should be observed not to suffer the sublime or picturesque circumstances connected with Pagan worship to convey a feeling derogatory to the honour of "the great and only Potentate." The mode in which the original writers speak of their fabled deities is no guide or apology for those who seriously believe that the whole system, picturesque as it was, and associated as it may be, in the mind of every scholar with images of beauty, was still injurious and degrading to man, and at war with the eternal Majesty of heaven. We could wish that both at school, at college, and in the lecture-room of the artist, the Christian tyro were more emphatically

taught, that though a classical thesis demands classical allusion and imagery, he is by no means to compromise those higher principles which render heathenism, under all its forms, a subject of the deepest commiseration. The man of taste may glow with the utmost ardour of classical emotion, without attaching, either in thought or expression, the remotest idea of toleration to the classical system. The thing, especially in a youthful or ill-balanced mind, is difficult, but it is not impossible; and indeed, were there no mode of enjoying Greek and Roman ideas and allusions, without adopting in some measure the feelings in which they originated, we must, as consistent Christians, banish from our schools and libraries the whole treasury of academic lore, and never venture again to cast our eyes upon the exquisite forms of an antique statue. Our reprehensions, therefore, apply only to those persons who suffer their taste to be so much at variance with their professed system of religion that they are *almost glad* that heathen temples were built, and heathen deities invented, merely because, by means of them, a little gratification has accrued to the lovers of architecture and design. But we are wandering from our poet, whose description of the effect of the pure light which falls on the Parthenon, we were about to extract.

"Fair Parthenon! thy Doric pillars rise
In simple dignity, thy marble's hue
Unsullied shines, relieved by brilliant skies,
That round thee spread their deep ethereal blue;
And art o'er all thy light proportions throws
The harmony of grace, the beauty of repose.

"And lovely o'er thee sleeps the sunny glow,
When morn and eve in tranquil splendour reign,
And on thy sculptures, as they smile, bestow
Hues that the pencil emulates in vain.
Then the fair forms by Phidias wrought, unfold
Each latent grace, developing in light,
Catch from soft clouds of purple and of gold,
Each tint that passes, tremulously bright;
And seem indeed whate'er devotion deems,
While so suffused with heaven, so mingling with its beams."
(P. 38.)

The mention of the Parthenon naturally brings back to the poet's mind the "bright age of Pericles," when, as our readers know, Phidias discarded the stiff, dry formality of the ancient sculpture, and invented a style uniting truth, grandeur, and refinement; a style at once beautiful and sublime, and combining every ideal grace with every natural perfection. The master-pieces of his art having survived the very cities which they

adorned, had fallen, in lapse of time, into the hands of barbarous conquerors, who felt no interest in the monuments of the soil which they invaded, and were totally unaffected by the productions of an art, which a servile nation never yet learned to appreciate. The "sphere of sovereign beauty," to which Phidias "led the way," was far above the conception of a race of gross fanatics, who without remorse mutilated the finest statues, and even pounded them for mortar to patch up some miserable house or garden wall. No reasonable man, therefore, can grieve that the most valuable part of what remained has been removed to the British soil, which, amidst all the disorders of modern Europe, has been to the world a friendly asylum, in which persecution, whether as applied to men or to marbles, ceases to exert its power. The fact of the British Parliament having acceded, after mature deliberation, to the purchase in question, is the best exculpation of Lord Elgin's proceedings; and though we should not think it proper to do a little wrong, even with a view of doing a great right, and much less of merely purchasing a gratification; yet upon a review of all the circumstances attending the transaction, we are sincerely glad to see the Phidian marbles deposited on British ground, and forming, as they now do, an unequalled school of art for the rising talent of our native sculptors. We can, however, at the same time indulge with our author the feelings which a traveller must necessarily experience at seeing the Parthenon thus dismantled of its long-cherished honours.

"Lone are thy pillars now—each passing gale
Sighs o'er them as a spirit's voice, which moan'd
That loneliness, and told the plaintive tale
Of the bright synod once above them throned.
Mourn, graceful ruin! on thy sacred hill,
Thy gods, thy rites, a kindred fate have shared:
Yet art thou honour'd in each fragment still,
That wasting years and barbarous hands had spared;
Each hallow'd stone, from rapine's fury borne,
Shall wake bright dreams of thee in ages yet unborn." (P. 46.)

That such "bright dreams" will indeed be awakened we have no doubt; and, with all the supposed bad taste that attaches to this country, we are fully convinced that a few years will witness a flourishing school of British sculptors. Nor have we faith in the corrupt opinion that taste and genius, of the highest order, may not be fostered as well in Great Britain, as under serener skies and more glowing suns.

The advantages derived to France from its gallery in the Louvre have been too evident not to excite the attention of other nations. Buonaparte, it is well known, found it expedient to

give no less a sum than 12,000,000 of livres (500,000*l.* sterling) for the Borghese collection alone; the value affixed to the celebrated Torso of Michael Angelo, in the Louvre, was 300,000 francs (12,000*l.* sterling); and one single length, measuring six feet, of the frieze of the Parthenon, of which the Elgin collection possesses nearly *two hundred and fifty* feet, was estimated, in the Paris collection, at more than 3,000*l.* of English money.

We fully enter into our author's description of these works of art, which is in general correct and spirited, though with an occasional mixture of *della crusca* lines and thoughts.

We are fully alive to the value of the Elgin marbles, as works designed and directed by the greatest of sculptors, and doubtless executed in part, if not almost every where finished, by his own hand; works which, after being admired and venerated for more than seven hundred years by the ancient world, have survived to us, corroded indeed by time and mutilated by accident, yet still μορφη ἀμιμητα εργα και χαριτι. Their number and extent adds exceedingly to the general effect: we are transported at once into the ruins of a spacious temple, amidst the vast masses brought from the utmost verge of the European continent, and which had for ages adorned a far distant scene. This allusion adds to the whole collection a solemn interest, which cannot be excited by individual specimens, however exquisitely wrought, or connected with whatever local operations. The mind of the spectator invests them with an air of romantic interest, when it is considered that they were sculptured more than two thousand years ago; that they have been exposed not only to the ordinary vicissitudes of nature, but to innumerable casualties of a still more formidable kind; that they constituted a part of the property of men, who, though they knew nothing of their value, yet from feelings of ignorance and jealousy, could not be induced, without a thousand arts and bribes, to suffer their removal; and, if we add to the whole, that even when removed, they were to be carried by manual labour for several miles, from Athens to the Piræus, in a country without roads or machinery, in order to be transported to England; in their way to which one of the vessels was shipwrecked, and for a considerable time its valuable cargo lost, and in the end recovered only by inconceivable labour, and at an overwhelming expense;—with such reflections, it is impossible to view these prodigies of ancient art without deep regard, even independently of that intrinsic merit which rendered their preservation a matter of such anxious importance. Happily, they are now in a situation where they are not likely for ages to meet with the destruction that awaited them under their Turkish possessors; or with that dispersion to which the collections of private individuals are ever liable, and which would have materially

deducted from the value and interest which they possess in conjunction.

But it is not by this general survey, but by minute inspection, that we learn to enter fully into the merits of the Elgin collection. The first effect is indeed imposing, but a patient and elaborate examination can alone convey an adequate conception of the wonderful powers of that σοφος λιθουργος, of whom Cicero was accustomed to say, "*Phidiæ simulacris nihil perfectius.*"

The harmony of the proportions; the exquisite elaboration of the workmanship; the grace and severe dignity of the attitudes; the incomparable rivalship and fine adjustment of the drapery; the concinnity and majesty of the whole design; the spirited seizure of evanescent graces and muscular actions, which perish as soon as they rise, and which, therefore, it is almost impossible to embody in a substantial form,—all these are but parts of those numerous excellencies, which the study of these marbles unfolds.

Art. VIII.—*A Narrative of the Briton's Voyage to Pitcairn's Island; including an interesting Sketch of the present State of the Brazils, and of Spanish South America.* By Lieut. J. Shillibeer, R. M. 8vo. pp. 180. Law and Whittaker. London, 1817.

The curiosity which is excited by the descriptions of newly-discovered and distant countries seems never to wear itself out. Where manners and habits differ widely from our own, we are interested by the novelty and discrepancy of these superficial circumstances; and where we trace in our fellow-men, separated from us by wide intervals, the radical resemblance which belongs to our common lot, we are still interested, and it may be, humbled, by discoveries which denote an universal partnership in sorrow, sensuality, and crime. Every science is best understood upon a wide scale of observation; and it certainly is so in respect to the study of man himself; but in this study it is so, not because by extended and accumulated observation, our knowledge increases in variety and multiplicity of particulars, but because from the variety of particulars we derive accumulated confirmation of the great characteristic sameness which pervades the moral constitution of our fallen species. Now and then, however, we meet with a narrow space in which man is seen with some recovered graces of his primæval character, under circumstances more than ordinarily favourable; and it is to these little spots, so green and refreshing, that, in the perusal of distant travels, we turn with peculiar delight. The author of this book

gives some account of one of these tranquil sojourns; and his account is very pleasing. He is not a man of any pretensions: his preface, as to all literary merit, is written in a humble strain of disavowal; and, to be sure, if there be any kind of book in which a simple, unlearned, uncoloured statement has its peculiar advantages, it is such a one as that which we have now before us. The medium through which we look at man almost in a state of nature, should be as neutral, and as devoid of all complexional tinge, as possible. We want, in such a case, to see man as he is,—not a picturesque, but a real being, in all the actuality of his simple condition. In this view we think we can recommend this short account given us by Mr. Shillibeer to the perusal of our readers; the principal entertainment from which will be found in the details which it gives of the short but recent intercourse of our countrymen with the islanders of the southern Pacific Ocean, especially with the little happy colony of Britons and Otaheitans so singularly established in the island of Pitcairn.

The Briton, under the command of Sir Thomas Staines, set sail in company with the Tagus, commanded by Capt. Pipon, at the latter end of December 1813. After refitting at the port of Funchall, in the island of Madeira, they steered their course to Brazil, and arrived at Rio de Janeiro on the evening of March 20th, of which Mr. Shillibeer gives the following account.

"The city of San Sebastian, the capital of the Portuguese dominions in South America, and residence of the Prince Regent, is situated on the south side of an extensive harbour, whose entrance is so exceedingly narrow and well fortified by nature, that with the smallest assistance of art it could be rendered impregnable against any attack from the sea. The fort of Santa Cruz, and a very remarkable mountain, from its shape bearing the name of the Sugar Loaf, form the entrance at the distance of about a mile. There is a bar which runs across, but the water is at all times sufficiently deep to allow the largest ship to pass. Santa Cruz may be considered the principal fortification, and is, with the exception of two small islands commanding the channel, the only one in a tolerable state of defence. At the foot of the sugar loaf mountain, is a battery of considerable extent, but so neglected, like several others along the shore, that it is almost become useless.

"The city derives but little protection from its immediate fortifications, and the island of Cobrus, notwithstanding its contiguity, is now but little calculated to render it any.

"There are wharfs and stairs for the purpose of landing at, but the most convenient is at the great square, in which the Prince resides. The palace was originally the mansion of a merchant: it is extensive, but has nothing particularly magnificent in its appearance, to indicate its being the royal residence of the illustrious house of Braganza.

"At the bottom of this square, is a very good fountain, which is

supplied with water from the adjacent mountains, and conveyed some distance by the means of an aqueduct.

"The water is not good, and on first using it, causes a swelling accompanied with pain in the abdomen. Ships may be supplied with considerable expedition.

"It is almost impossible for a person possessing the least reflection, to pass this spot without being struck by the contrast which must necessarily present itself to him.—On the one hand, he may contemplate the palace of a voluptuous prince, surrounded by courtiers and wallowing in luxury; on the other, slavery in its most refined and horrible state.

"Leaving the square, you enter a street of considerable length and width, in which the custom house, the residence of the British consul, &c. &c. are situated.

"The houses are generally well built, some of the streets are good, and all exceedingly filthy. The shops are well supplied with British as well as other wares; and whether the vender be English or Portuguese, he is equally unconscionable in his demand. Most of the streets are designated by the trades which occupy them.—As in Shoe-street, you will find shoe makers; in Tin-street, tin-men; in Gold-street, goldsmiths, lapidaries, &c.—Gold-street is the chief attraction, and is generally the resort of strangers, who are anxious to supply themselves with jewellery or precious stones natural to the country: but it is not always they are fortunate enough to succeed in getting them real, for since it has become the royal residence, it has drawn such a host of English, Irish, and Scotch adventurers, and the Portuguese being such apt scholars in knavery, that among them it is ten to one you are offered a piece of paste for a diamond,—among the former it is but seldom otherwise. The Inns, although better than in many places, can boast of no excellence.

"This city possesses a considerable number of churches, but they are by no means splendid, and excepting in the Chapel Royal, which is adjoining the palace, I observed nothing worthy of notice. Here may be seen a few good portraits of the Apostles. The altar piece is modern, and contains the full length figures of the prince and family kneeling before the holy virgin.

"The theatre and opera are attached also to the palace, but possess no particular elegance. The market is well supplied with every article, and is in so eligible a situation, that with a comparatively small portion of trouble, it might be kept in fine order: but the people are idolaters to filthiness, and not less slaves to it than to superstition.

"The laws of this place seem to be very deficient; without money it is impossible to obtain justice, and with it you can prevent its being administered. The murder of a lay-subject is scarcely ever punished; the least insult to the church, most rigorously.

"The trade with this port is very considerable, and from various countries. There is a Chinese warehouse of great extent, and at certain periods, articles from China may be procured at a low rate. This establishment is propagating with the greatest assiduity the Tea-plant, and from the progress they have already made, I am authorised in

drawing a conclusion of its ultimately being of so great importance to Europe, that instead of China, the Brazils will be the grand mart for this dearly-beloved article.

"The country, for a considerable distance round, is peculiarly beautiful; the mountains high and woody; the valleys perfect gardens. Fruits of the most delicious nature are found here in great abundance, and the orange appears to be a never-failing tree; the quantity of this fruit I have seen exhibited for sale, in the orange market is astonishing, and on the same tree is often to be seen, the blossoms, the fruit in its primitive state, some half ripe, and others fit for use. The pine apple is also here, and in great perfection. In the neighbourhood there are several botanical gardens, chiefly belonging to private individuals. Many plants but rarely to be met with in England, were brought from them in the Briton." (P. 9—13.)

The cruel usage of the negro slaves in Rio de Janeiro affords a most debasing picture of the character of this people. As soon as they are judged in an irrecoverable state their bodies are cast into the street in order to evade the funeral expences, and a centinel is placed over them when dead, until the passengers become necessitated to defray the charge of interment. The following is a striking instance of individual barbarity.

"A man possessing a few slaves may be considered of good property, particularly, if he bought them when young and has brought them up to trades. With a man of this kind I am acquainted, who is as barbarous and remorseless a wretch as can be conceived, he has several slaves, and as they have all been taught some trade or other, he sends them forth to earn, according to their occupations, certain sums and their food, which must be completed under a penalty (which is seldom remitted even to the most industrious or lucky) of a severe flogging. One of those (continued he) was a barber, and for a considerable period shaved me every morning: he was a quiet man, and of great industry, and, as far as came under my observation, always on the alert for his master's interest. For several days I observed he bore a gloomy and melancholy appearance. I asked him the reason, and was informed he had been unsuccessful, and could not render to his master the sum required; that he had little hopes of being able to raise it, and as little doubt of being punished. I gave him something towards it. When he came again, he informed me, that out of thirteen or fourteen, he alone had escaped the lash; but, if he did not make up the deficiency, his would be of greater severity than had been inflicted on his companions.

"As the time approached when he must render to his master an account, he became greatly distressed, and despaired of accomplishing his promise. He went with tears in his eyes, tendered what he had gained, and assured him of having used every means to raise the specific sum, and implored a remission of punishment, or a suspension until the following Monday, which at length was granted him, but not without threats of many additional stripes in case of failure. The time fast approached, when he must return. He was still deficient. He reached

the door of his master's house, when, in despair of being forgiven, and dreading the ordeal he had to undergo, he took from his pocket a razor, and with a desperate hand nearly severed his head from his body. I saw him, several days after, lying in this mangled state near the place where he had perpetrated it. This horrid deed had no other effect on the master, than to increase his severity towards the others, on whom he imposed heavier burthens, to recompense him for the loss he had so recently sustained." (P. 16—18.)

After doubling Cape Horn, they coasted along Chili, and soon arrived at Valparisso, where they found that the United States frigate Essex, the object of the voyage, was already the prize of the Phœbe and Cherub two of his Majesty's vessels. They made a short stay at the port of Callao, and from thence proceeded to the town of Paita, which bears a miserable appearance, being composed of mud and bamboo huts, for the most part devoid of roofs, and the best provided only with a coarse matting. From Paita the Briton sailed for those islands known under the name of Gallipagos, in which there is nothing remarkable except some crags called the Kicker rocks, one of which bears a near resemblance to a church spire, standing detached in the water. Thence they steered for the Marquesas, and anchored off the island of Nooaheevah, of which there is the following description.

"This island, as I have already said, is not only more extensive than the others, but also of greater fertility. It is divided into several districts or valleys, each containing from 1500 to 2000 people, with an hereditary King attached to each. These Tribes or Nations are frequently at war with each other, but I believe their battles are neither general nor sanguinary; still the mode they pursue may be productive of greater calamity than the loss of a few slain. They frequently go by night into a neighbouring district, and destroy the bark from every bread-fruit, or cocoa-nut tree they meet with, which being their general food, a ravage of this kind is certain to involve the unfortunate district in want for several subsequent years; insomuch that its inhabitants become dependant on the adjoining villages for subsistence. In the several kingdoms of the Pytees, Haupaws, and Typees, I saw a number of trees which had undergone this barbarous operation, and from whence many of the inhabitants had not only been obliged to remove, but to solicit the aid of their neighbours.

"Port Anna Maria, or the bay of Tuhuouy, forms one of the most considerable districts, of which the natives call themselves Pytees—beyond the mountains are the Haupaws, and those inhabiting the Valley in Comptroller's Bay, are called Typees, who are said to be the most warlike in the Island, as well as being a species of the Anthropophagi, but I am yet to learn, how they gained this unnatural reputation, for when I made an incursion into the interior of their country, I could not perceive the least trace of cannibality among them, or aught, to authorize my drawing so horrible a conclusion. The manners and customs

of those tribes resemble each other in every thing; but, perhaps, those of the valley of Tuhuouy are the most civilized, as it is a port where ships occasionally touch for the purpose of procuring Sandal wood for the market of Canton.

"This place is surrounded by a ridge of mountains of almost inaccessible height, forming the boundary of the kingdom, which is divided and subdivided into villages or districts, each having a chief, tributary to the king, who is at all times ready to lead his warriors to battle at the sound of the conch. Every kingdom has a chief priest, and to each of the divisions a subordinate one, who are much respected, and ever held in the greatest veneration.

"Their religion, as well as their mode of performing it, appears to differ but little from the description given in the Appendix to the Missionary Voyage to the Society Islands, excepting that of offering human sacrifices to their Eatōōa or god. I could not find that this custom had ever been in practice here: if it had, it must have been very ancient, for it did not form any part of their numerous traditionary stories. The Eatōōa appears throughout these Islands, to be the superior deity, but they have many of inferior note, and amongst them I remarked Fati-aitapōō, and two or three others resembling in sound those mentioned in the Missionary Voyage, (page 143) but the one here mentioned, alone corresponded exactly. Every family have also a deity of their own, taken from an illustrious relative, whom they suppose has from his virtue, or great actions, become an Eatōōa. To him they dedicate images cut out of wood, and although the figures are uncouthly represented, they are very ingenious. These are sacred, and principally used for the tops of crutches, or stilts, as they are superstitious enough to suppose, that when they rest on these images they will be secure from injury; and should they by accident stumble, it is seldom they live long afterwards; for if the Priest cannot satisfactorily appease the anger of the Tutelar Eatōōa, they fancy they labour under his displeasure, and with an unequalled resignation and calmness starve themselves to death.

"In the performance of all ceremonies, they exemplify the greatest devotion, nor do they at any time approach a place sacred to the Eatōōa without the most marked respect. The women uncovering their bosoms, the men removing their hats. Of the evil demon, or Vehēēneihēē, they have but little dread, being firmly persuaded that after the soul has taken its departure from the body, it will enjoy a rank among their Eatōōas in another world, according as its life has been good or bad in this. Nothing can exceed their superstition; they are constantly seeing Atōōwās, or Ghosts, and even in their sleep, they fancy the soul leaves the body to repose among its kindred spirits." (P. 37—40.)

"The clothing, or dress of these people is very simple, the men having nothing but the *āme* or girdle of cloth round their waist, which is passed between their legs and neatly secured in front. They have also a hat made from the palm tree, the simplicity of which gives an interesting finish to their manly statures. They are excessively fond of ear ornaments, the men making theirs from sea shells, or a light wood, which by the application of an earth becomes beautifully white.

The women prefer flowers, which at all seasons are to be found. Whales' teeth are held in such estimation that a good one is considered equal to the greatest property; they are generally in the possession of the chiefs, who wear them suspended round their neck. Their other species of dress consists of a kind of coronet, ingeniously made from a light wood, on which is fastened, by means of the rosin from the bread-fruit tree, small red berries; a great quantity of feathers give the finish. The ruff worn round the neck, is made of the same materials. Added to these are large bunches of human hair, tied round the ancles, wrist, or neck, and always worn in battle, though seldom otherwise. Tattooing is evidently considered among them a species of dress, a man without it being held in the greatest contempt. The women are not exposed as much as the men, and their tattooing is very inconsiderable. Their dress consists of a piece of cloth round their waists, answering to a short petticoat, and a mantle, which being tied on the left shoulder, and crossing the bosom, rests on the right hip, and hangs negligently as low as the knee, or calf of the leg, as it may accord with the taste of the lady. Their hair is generally black, but worn in different ways, some long, and turned up—others short. They are all fond of adorning their persons with flowers, and many of the wreaths are formed with such elegant simplicity, that does not contribute a little to their personal appearance, which is at all times particularly interesting; the beauty of their features being only equalled by the symmetry of their figures. They are of a bright copper colour, and in the cheeks of those who were requested to refrain from anointing themselves with oil, and the roots of trees, the crimson die was very conspicuous." (P. 46—48.)

The king or chief of these islands is treated with much respect; he wears a diadem formed of leaves, and is conveyed on the backs of his subjects, to prevent the taboo, or restriction, which would otherwise take place; the ground on which he treads being regarded as holy and interdicted: his dwelling is only to be distinguished from the rest by its larger dimensions. The Nooaheevans possess some skill in surgery, and at their request a number of lancets were distributed among them by the Briton. They are very expert and accurate in slinging and throwing.

Lieut. Shillibeer, with a few companions, undertook a journey to the interior of the island, in quest of a tribe which had been previously described as composed of cannibals; he, however, found them friendly, and rather timorous, being situated in a fertile country, and their place of assembly was capable of containing 1200 persons. Captain Porter, the commander of the Essex, appears to have practised here the greatest barbarities upon the defenceless natives.

They next proceeded to the island of Christiana, another of the Marquesas, which is mountainous, and covered with luxuriant foliage. After leaving Christiana, they reached Pitcairn's Island, where they were quickly surrounded by the canoes of the

natives, who eagerly questioned them in English concerning their original country, and from whom they in their turn obtained some considerable details concerning the present state of the island.

Lest there should be any of our readers who do not distinctly recollect the particulars of the fate of the crew of his Majesty's ship the Bounty, we will succinctly recall it to their minds. This vessel, of 215 tons, carrying four carriage guns, six pounders, and four swivels; and manned with a crew, forty-six in number, was dispatched from England in December 1787, and reached Otaheite on the 26th of October 1788, where she continued until April 4th, 1789, in execution of the object of the voyage, which was, to take on board and convey the bread fruit plants, and many other valuable fruits of that country, to the British islands in the West Indies. Having received on board a large quantity of these plants, and many other productions of great importance, she departed from Otaheite. On the 11th of April, Capt. Bligh discovered an island in latitude 18° 52′ S. longitude, called by the natives Whytootackee, and completed his wood and water at Annamooka, one of the Friendly Islands. The voyage was in every thing prosperous until the 28th, when, at sun-rising, Mr. Christian, one of the master's mates, having the morning watch, with the master at arms, gunner's mate, and a seaman, entered the cabin while the captain was asleep, seized him, tied his hands with a cord behind him, and threatened him with instant death if he made the least noise. In the mean time the officers were secured who were not of the mutinous party, and sentinels placed over them. The captain was hauled, in his shirt, on deck, the fore-hatchway was guarded, and the boatswain and carpenter only were allowed to come on deck. The boatswain was ordered to hoist out the launch, and when it was done, Mr. Haward, and Mr. Mallet, midshipmen, and Mr. Samuel, clerk, were ordered into it. The efforts of the Captain to bring them back to a sense of their duty were in vain; Christian, with many oaths, threatened him with immediate destruction if he did not quietly submit.

The boatswain and seamen, who were ordered into the boat, were allowed to collect twine, canvas, lines, sails, cordage, a twenty-eight gallon cask of water, and the carpenter was permitted to take his tool-chest. Mr. Samuel, the clerk, obtained 150 pounds of bread, and a small quantity of rum and wine, with a quadrant and compass, but was forbidden to touch any map, ephemeris, sextant, time-keeper, or any of the Captain's surveys, or drawings. Captain Bligh having asked for arms, four cutlasses were thrown into the boat, together with a few pieces of pork, and some clothes. The company, with Capt. Bligh, consisted of the master, surgeon, botanist, gunner, boatswain, car-

penter, master's mate, two midshipmen, two quarter-masters, the sail-maker, two cooks, quarter-master's mate, butcher, clerk, and a boy. Twenty-five remained on board the vessel, which, as soon as the boat cast off, steered W. N. W. The reason of this revolt appeared to be the prospect of a life of enjoyment at Otaheite, and connections formed with the females of that place. The secrecy of the transaction was the most surprising part of it, as not one of those who were dismissed in the boat had the smallest suspicion of it, and the captain and the head mutineer, Christian, had lived on the best possible terms.

The sufferings of Capt. Bligh and his companions, in a voyage through a tempestuous sea, of 3618 miles in extent, from the island of Tofoa, or Tofou, to the Dutch settlement on the island of Timor, in which every deprivation which humanity could endure was experienced, is too well known to need any description here. As to the fate of the twenty-five mutineers, it appears that they first proceeded with the ship to Toobouai, where they proposed to settle; but quarrels soon after taking place between Christian and others of the mutineers, sixteen of the number were landed, at their own request, at Matavai, on the 20th of September, 1789, fourteen of whom were afterwards taken by Capt. Edwards, of the Pandora. Christian, with the remainder of his confederates, in number only eight, having first taken on board several of the natives of Otaheite, mostly females, put again to sea, and probably apprehensive of a discovery, resolved upon taking the chance of being cast on some uninhabited island, which did actually present itself in that of Pitcairn, where, finding no anchorage, he ran the ship upon the rocks; and having cleared her of her live stock, and other articles, which he had brought from Otaheite, set fire to her, that no traces might remain which might lead to a discovery of the place of their retreat. It appears that Christian soon after disgusted his companions by his violent conduct, and having carried off the wife of an Otaheitan man, to supply the place of his own, whom he had lost by death, was shot dead by him while he was digging in his own field.

This island is about six miles long, and three broad; it is covered with wood, and the soil is extremely fertile. It lies in 25° south latitude and in 130° longitude west from Greenwich; and being situate in such a vast expanse of waters, its climate is refreshed by perpetual breezes, and remarkably salubrious and agreeable. Sir Thomas Staines and Capt. Pipon, on approaching the shores of this island, which they had supposed to be uninhabited, were agreeably surprised at beholding plantations regularly laid out, and huts and houses more neatly constructed than those on the Marquesas Islands. When they were at the distance of two miles from the shore, some of the inha-

bitants were observed bringing down their canoes on their shoulders, dashing through the surf, and paddling off to the ship; but their surprise was great indeed on being addressed by them in fluent English. The first man whom they received on board was Friday Fletcher October Christian, the first-born of the island, a fine young man, of about twenty-five years of age, and a countenance remarkably open and interesting. This was the son of Christian, the original settler.

"The astonishment which before had been so strongly demonstrated in them, was now become conspicuous in us, even to a much greater degree than when they hailed us in our native language; and I must here confess I blushed when I saw nature in its most simple state, offer that tribute of respect to the Omnipotent Creator, which from education I did not perform, nor from society had been taught its necessity. Before they began to eat; on their knees, and with hands uplifted did they implore permission to partake in peace what was set before them, and when they had eaten heartily, resuming their former attitude, offered a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for the indulgence they had just experienced. Our omission of this ceremony did not escape their notice, for Christian asked me whether it was not customary with us also. Here nature was triumphant, for I should do myself an irreparable injustice, did I not with candour acknowledge, I was both embarrassed and wholly at a loss for a sound reply, and evaded this poor fellow's question by drawing his attention to the cow, which was then looking down the hatchway, and as he had never seen any of the species before, it was a source of mirth and gratification to him.

"The hatred of these people to the blacks is strongly rooted, and which doubtless owes its origin to the early quarrels which Christian and his followers had with the Otaheitans after their arrival at Pitcairn's; to illustrate which I shall here relate an occurrence which took place at breakfast.

"Soon after young Christian had began, a West Indian Black, who was one of the servants, entered the gun-room to attend table as usual. Christian looked at him sternly, rose, asked for his hat, and said, 'I don't like that black fellow, I must go,' and it required some little persuasion, before he would again resume his seat. The innocent Quashe was often reminded of the anecdote by his fellow servants.

"After coming along side the ship, so eager were they to get on board, that several of the canoes had been wholly abandoned, and gone adrift. This was the occasion of an anecdote which will show most conspicuously the good nature of their dispositions, and the mode resorted to in deciding a double claim. The canoes being brought back to the ship, the Captain ordered that one of them should remain in each, when it became a question to which that duty should devolve; however it was soon adjusted, for Mackey observed that he supposed they were all equally anxious to see the ship, and the fairest way would be for them to cast lots, as then there would be no ill will on either side. This was acceded to, and those to whom it fell to go into the boat, departed without a murmur.

" I could wish it had been possible for us to have prolonged our stay for a few days, not only for our own gratification, but for the benefit which these poor people would have derived from it, for I am perfectly satisfied, from the interest every one took, nothing would have been withheld by the lowest of the crew which probability told him would add to their comfort: however this was impossible; for, from some cause on the part of the commissariat department, and which I cannot well explain, we were reduced to so comparatively small a portion of provisions, that it was necessary to use every means to expedite our return to South America, and after ascertaining the longitude to be in 130° 25′ W. and latitude 25° 4′ S. we again set sail and proceeded on our voyage.

" No one but the Captains went ashore, which will be a source of lasting regret to me, for I would rather have seen the simplicity of that little village, than all the splendour and magnificence of a city.

" I now lament it the more, because the conclusion of this chapter will be from the relation of another, and I was willing to lay as little as possible before the reader, but what I had myself been a witness; still, as I can rely on its veracity, I shall hope it will please. 'After landing,' said my friend, 'and we had ascended a little eminence, we were imperceptibly led through groupes of cocoa-nuts and bread-fruit trees, to a beautiful picturesque little village, formed on an oblong square, with trees of various kinds irregularly interspersed. The houses small, but regular, convenient, and of unequalled cleanliness. The daughter of Adams received us on the hill. She came doubtlessly as a spy, and had we taken men, or even been armed ourselves, would certainly have given her father timely notice to escape, but as we had neither, she waited our arrival, and conducted us to where her father was. She was arrayed in nature's simple garb, and wholly unadorned, but she was beauty's self, and needed not the aid of ornament. She betrayed some surprize—timidity was a prominent feature.

" 'John Adams is a fine looking old man, approaching to sixty years of age. We conversed with him a long time, relative to the mutiny of the Bounty, and the ultimate fate of Christian. He denied being accessary to, or having the least knowledge of the conspiracy, but he expressed great horror at the conduct of Captain Bligh, not only towards his men, but officers also. I asked him if he had a desire to return to England, and I must confess his replying in the affirmative caused me great surprize.

" 'He told me he was perfectly aware how deeply he was involved; that by following the fortune of Christian, he had not only sacrificed every claim to his country, but that his life was the necessary forfeiture for such an act, and he supposed would be exacted from him were he ever to return: notwithstanding all these circumstances, nothing would be able to occasion him so much gratification as that of seeing once more, prior to his death, that country which gave him birth, and from which he had been so long estranged.

" 'There was a sincerity in his speech,—I can badly describe it—but it had a very powerful influence in persuading me these were his real sentiments. My interest was excited to so great a degree, that I offered

him a conveyance for himself, with any of his family who chose to accompany him. He appeared pleased at the proposal, and as no one was then present, he sent for his wife and children. The rest of this little community surrounded the door. He communicated his desire, and solicited their acquiescence. Appalled at a request not less sudden than in opposition to their wishes, they were all at a loss for a reply.

" 'His charming daughter, although inundated with tears, first broke the silence.

" 'Oh do not, Sir,' said she, 'take from me my father! do not take away my best—my dearest friend.' Her voice failed her—she was unable to proceed—leaned her head upon her hand, and gave full vent to her grief. His wife too (an Otaheitean) expressed a lively sorrow. The wishes of Adams soon became known among the others, who joined in pathetic solicitation for his stay on the Island. Not an eye was dry—the big tear stood in those of the men—the women shed them in full abundance. I never witnessed a scene so fully affecting, or more replete with interest. To have taken him from a circle of such friends, would have ill become a feeling heart, to have forced him away in opposition to their joint and earnest entreaties, would have been an outrage on humanity.

" 'With assurances that it was neither our wish nor intention to take him from them against his inclination, their fears were at length dissipated. His daughter too had gained her usual serenity, but she was lovely in her tears, for each seemed to add an additional charm. Forgetting the unhappy deed which placed Adams in that spot, and seeing him only in the character he now is, at the head of a little community, adored by all, instructing all, in religion, industry, and friendship, his situation might be truly envied, and one is almost inclined to hope that his unremitting attention to the government and morals of this extraordinary little colony, will ultimately prove an equivalent for the part he formerly took,—entitle him to praise, and should he ever return to England, ensure him the clemency of that Sovereign he has so much injured.

" 'The young women have invariably beautiful teeth, fine eyes, and open expression of countenance, and looks of such simple innocence, and sweet sensibility, that renders their appearance at once interesting and engaging, and it is pleasing to add, their minds and manners were as pure and innocent, as this impression indicated. No lascivious looks, or any loose, forward manners, which so much distinguish the characters of the females of the other Islands.'

" The Island itself has an exceedingly pretty appearance, and I was informed by Christian, every part was fertile and capable of being cultivated. The coast is every way bound with rocks, insomuch that they are at all times obliged to carry their little boats to the village, but the timber is of so light a nature that one man is adequate to the burden of the largest they have.

" Each family has a separate allotment of land, and each strive to rival the other in their agricultural pursuits, which is chiefly confined to the propagation of the yam, and which they have certainly brought to

the finest perfection I ever saw. The bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees, were brought with them in the Bounty, and have been since reared with great success. The pigs also came by the same conveyance, as well as goats and poultry. They had no pigeons, and I am sorry to say no one thought of leaving those few we had on board, with them.

"The pigs have got into the woods, and many are now wild. Fish of various sorts are taken here, and in great abundance; the tackling is all of their own manufacturing, and the hooks, although beat out of old iron hoops, not only answer the purpose, but are fairly made.

"Needles they also make from the same materials. Those men who came on board, were finely formed, and of manly features. Their height about five feet ten inches. Their hair black and long, generally plaited into a tail.

"They wore a straw hat, similar to those worn by sailors, with a few feathers stuck into them by way of ornament. On their shoulders was a mantle resembling the Chilinan Poncho, which hung down to the knee, and round the waist, a girdle corresponding to that of the Indians at the Marquesas, both of which are produced from the bark of trees growing on the Island. They told me they had clothes on shore, but never wore them. I spoke to Christian particularly, of Adams, who assured me he was greatly respected, insomuch that no one acted in opposition to his wishes, and when they should lose him, their regret would be general. The inter-marriages which had taken place among them, have been the occasion of a relationship throughout the colony. There seldom happens to be a quarrel, even of the most trivial nature, and then, (using their own term,) is nothing more than a word of mouth quarrel, which is always referred to Adams for adjustment." (P. 88—96.)

On a question being put to one of these visitors on board the ship, as to what he believed on the subject of religion, he immediately went through the creed in our liturgy, informing them that John Adams had taught him, who had also caused a prayer to be said every day at noon. Q. "And what is that prayer?" A. "I will arise and go to my Father, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son." Q. "Do you continue to say this every day?" A. "Yes, we never neglect it." Upon being asked who was their King, the answer was, "Why, King George, to be sure." It appears that the whole of this little interesting colony, at this time, amounted to forty-eight persons, besides infants. The clothing of the young females consisted, as we learn from Capt. Pipon, of a piece of linen, reaching from the waist to the knees, and generally a sort of mantle, thrown loosely over the shoulders, and hanging as low as the ancles; but this covering appeared to be intended chiefly as a protection against the sun and the weather; as it was frequently laid aside, and then the upper part of the body was entirely exposed, and it is not possible to conceive more beautiful forms than those which

they exhibited. They sometimes wreathe caps or bonnets for the head, in the most tasteful manner, to protect the face from the sun; and, according to Capt. Pipon, "our dress-makers in London might take pattern from the elegant taste of these untaught females." The females of John Adams's family consisted of his old blind wife and three daughters, from fifteen to eighteen years of age, and a boy of eleven; a daughter of his wife, by her former husband, and his son in law. On the opposite side of the little village is the dwelling of young Christian; and in the centre is a smooth verdant lawn; and as we learn from the same sources, these houses contain very good beds, comfortable furniture, and have the recommendations of cleanliness in the highest degree. One is, in addition to all this, much gratified to know that such are the natural fortifications of the island, that it may be deemed impregnable to an invading enemy.

They now departed from these interesting colonists, and Chapter VI. introduces us to the sea-port of Valparaiso, on the coast of Chili, at which place they arrived after a voyage of thirty days. It is situated in Lat. 31° 7′ S.; and in Long. 72° 19′ W. This town is commodious, large, and opulent, regularly built, with houses of only one story high; its trade is confined chiefly to corn, cordage, and copper. The custom-house is erected on the beach, as are also the mercantile houses; there are two churches and many monasteries. The citadel is in the centre of the town, and commands it in every direction; it is secured by a battery of twelve guns, adjoining which is the governor's residence and the prison; the whole fortress, however, is quite untenable, and in a very neglected state. The shore is bold, and the anchorage secure, but water for large vessels is very difficult to be procured. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the government, smuggling is carried on to a considerable extent. The market is well supplied, particularly with poultry, vegetables, and fruit. There is an abundance of cattle in the country around, and the horses are handsome, fleet, and spirited. There is likewise another division of this town distinct from the part called Port Valparaiso, already described; this is named Almendrale, or Almond Grove, and has several small churches and a monastery. It is the great fruit mart, and has large vineyards and gardens. The population is about 25,000. The temperature is moderate and salubrious, and the rainy season continues from June to September.

Quillota, a town in the interior, was the place next visited by the author; it stands in the midst of a fertile valley, which produces fine hemp, and is very abundant in gold and silver ore. The Chilinans in general are active and expert in securing the wild cattle of the country, but are in a low state of military discipline, and ill affected towards the Spanish government. The

voyage was now re-commenced, and they soon arrived at Callao, the port of Lima, which, with the island of San Lorensa, forms a magnificent harbour. This town is mean, and contains only 300 houses, but has a custom-house, which is rendered of great importance by its extensive commerce. The approach to Lima is commodious and agreeable; it is entered by an arch-way, and disposed in rectilinear streets, with proper precautions to preserve cleanliness.

"The extent of this city may be estimated to be nearly eight miles in circumference, including the suburb on the north side of the river, or about two miles three quarters in length, and a mile and half in width. Its fortification consists, merely of a wall built of unburnt bricks, from 15 to 20 feet high, and nearly as many thick, with bastions flanking each other a distance not exceeding two hundred yards.

"The width of the breast work from the inside extremity of the parapet, is by no means adequate to permit the mounting of cannon, and it appears evident to have been intended only to protect the city from the incursions of, or being surprized by the Indians.

"According to Frazier, whose plan, as well as description of the place, I found to be exceedingly correct, it was built in 1685 by John Ramond, a Flemish Priest in the Viceroyship of the Duke de la Plata.

"It is now very neglected, and out of repair, but the disaffected state of the country seems to have created some just alarm among the Spaniards, and the Marquis of Concordia has ordered several gateways to be repaired, and the wall to be put in a proper state of defence; but its great state of disorganization precludes its being accomplished in any reasonable time. It possesses no kind of ditch, or out-works.

"At about 150 yards, or one square from the bridge, is the Placa Real, or Royal Square, in the centre of which are the remains of an elegant brass fountain; several of the lions with which it was embellished, as well as part of the statue of Fame, still remain. The water is thrown to a considerable height, and the basin is sufficiently spacious for it to fall within its margin. On the east side of this square is the cathedral, and palace of the bishop. The Viceroy's establishment occupies the North side; the West is taken up by the court of justice, council house, and prison, with a row of arches, which are continued throughout the South side, and under them are shops of various descriptions. There is a market held in this square, but it cannot boast of any particular excellence.

"The Cathedral does not possess any external beauty; but the splendour, magnificence, and riches of the interior can alone be conceived. The enchanted palaces, as described in the fairy tales, recurred to my memory the instant I entered this elegant sanctuary. The great altar, standing at the east end, is modern; and the columns, numerous as they are, together with every other part, are covered with silver in about the thickness of a dollar, and when lit up for the performance of any

particular ceremony, its brilliant and beautiful appearance cannot be exceeded. Don Mathias Mastro, a Priest, was the architect. He is also a painter of considerable merit. The various altars on either side, are equal in richness if not in beauty, to the one I have mentioned. The church of San Augustin may be considered the next in beauty, by many I dare say superior to the cathedral; all the altars are superbly ornamented, and several are of incalculable value, but particularly the one, erected at the entire expence of the silversmiths, which is covered with solid metal, of more than common thickness,—it only required a few additional ornaments which were in a state of readiness, to make it complete. This church contains some excellent paintings.

" San Domingo also vies with the others in point of elegance, and has a handsome tower, (of great height,) at the top of which the traveller may enjoy a most extensive, picturesque, and interesting prospect; and as it is difficult for a stranger to find his way through the town, I would recommend him to visit this tower the first thing, as, from a single look he will receive more information relative to the place, than from studying the Lima directory a month.

" As the city contains upwards of fifty churches and chapels, the reader will see the impossibility of my bringing all before him, and consider it sufficient, if, in addition to those I have already mentioned, I say that San Francisco with La Conception, and La Mercy, are the most extensive, as well as handsome; although none of the others are in the least deficient in riches and splendor.

" The monasteries here, are both numerous and spacious, and I should suppose of the different orders there cannot be less than eighteen or twenty; and some among them contain three or four squares, or a piece of ground equal at least to six acres.

" The largest of those is, of the Franciscan order, and contains from 1200 to 1500 Friars. The Augustins come next, and I think the monastery itself, although not so large, is much more elegant than the former; the number of monks exceed a thousand. These have two or three smaller ones in different parts of the city. There are also numerous establishments of this nature under the various denominations of Dominicans, Benedictines, Mercerarians, &c. &c. and are generally found in the most desirable and advantageous situations.

" Of convents for nuns, there are also several, and of great extent: but those of St. Clare, the Carmelites, and the Incarnation, are the principal ones of note." (P. 118—122.)

The University is considerable and well-endowed; and the Lunatic Asylum is arranged on a commendable plan. There is a Royal Court, which is under the Viceroy's control, and several of inferior consequence. The inquisition is situated in the east end of the town, and is of considerable size. The mint is a very extensive building, and has a civil power, independent of the Viceroy. The other public buildings are principally the Torus, or Amphitheatre, for bull fights, a powder manufactory, and the Pantheon de los Meurtos, or public cemetery. The whole coast of Peru and Chili enjoys a very mild temperature, and, in de-

fault of rain, is chiefly moistened by heavy dews. The brief account of the mines next given, presents nothing of a novel nature. The Indians of Casco are in stature of a middle height, and muscular, with very little beard; their colour is a bright copper, with wide countenances, and dark eyes and hair.

The celebrated island of Juan Fernandez was next visited by the Briton. It is now the place of exile for the patriots of Chili, who reside in a little village near the beach. This village is commanded by a battery and 100 soldiers, totally devoid of discipline. The island is highly romantic, and abounds in rivulets; its soil is a bright red ochre, and extremely fertile. The mountains, which are difficult of access, abound in the box and myrtle, with many species of wild animals; and the climate, though very variable, is not unhealthy.

Having obtained a passport, Lieutenant Shillibeer proceeded over-land to Santiago, the capital of Chili. This journey was performed over an unequal country, watered by several streams, in the space of about two days. The city stands in an extensive and fertile plain; it is composed of spacious and handsome edifices, though they have only a ground floor, and is totally without fortification. The market is well supplied, and the mint is extolled by the author as the most elegant he had witnessed in South America. The churches here, of which there are many, are only distinguished by a profusion of gilding, and a variety of traditionary miracles. Monastic discipline at Santiago is in a very relaxed state, and the clergy are represented as extremely avaricious and licentious. A wall which has been erected to restrain the over-flowings of the Maypocho, is the fashionable promenade of the town, being sufficiently broad to allow of three persons walking abreast. The inhabitants are represented as illiterate, voluptuous, and indolent, and yet as laying great stress upon external accomplishments; and though they are not insensible to the duties and graces of hospitality, they are still, in their natural dispositions, both proud and vindictive. The population is about 50,000. This city is the residence of the President of Chili, who acts in subordination to the Viceroy of Lima.

The subsequent matter of the volume is of no interest; indeed the few additions made by Lieutenant Shillibeer to the accounts already received of Pitcairn's Island, and its patriarchal society, form the real attractions of his publication; and we cannot but greatly lament the shortness of the visit which the Briton and Tagus were able to make to persons so morally interesting, as the members of this singularly-formed community. On the other hand, when we consider how virtuously composed this little Eden seems to be, under the good man who presides over it, we dread the moral danger to which unhallowed visits from these regions

of the globe may expose it; and if this diminutive Commonwealth is destined to be revisited under the authority of our own Government, let us hope that some feeling and tenderness will be shown in the selection of the persons charged with so delicate an errand.

Art. IX.—*The Works of Ben Jonson, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory, and a Biographical Memoir.* By W. Gifford, Esq. 8vo. 9 vols. Nicol. London, 1816.

There was a time when Shakspeare was fairly laid on the shelf. Certain poets and literati, indeed, knew of such a writer; and even condescended occasionally to handle his rough diamonds, and give them a modern polish and a French setting. Thus Dryden and Davenant patronised the Tempest. The public were informed that this old piece was Shakspeare's; and they were called upon to wonder at the genius, which, by a process of poetic alchemy, could convert lead to gold; and improve the crude plan of the Stratford bard, by a male counterpart to Miranda and a witty confidante. Tate, in like manner, took pity on Lear, and discovered that the filial interest of Cordelia and Edgar was tame, and out of the approved tragic rules; and that Edgar and Cordelia must absolutely make love. We call our stage reformed and enlightened; but these paltry impostures still keep possession of it.

Shakspeare, however, could not long be depressed: Adversis rerûm immersabilis undis. The Indian queens and Indian emperors made room for Constance and Imogen, Macbeth and Othello. Pope and Rowe aspired to the credit of taste by becoming his editors. Commentators arose on commentators, like the crop of armed men from the dragon's teeth, and like them they destroyed each other. To the stupid ignorance or indifference which had prevailed respecting this master of the human mind, succeeded a busy and self-important enthusiasm: to comment upon Shakspeare was to contend for the prize of right English feeling, and perception of true genius:

> Here strip, my children: here at once plunge in:
> Here strive who best can dash through thick and thin.

The admirable "Canons of Criticism" checked for a season the zeal of verbal torture; but notes and remarks continued to sprout with hydra fertility of succession, till common sense was again heard in the "Comments on the Commentators of Shakspeare."

This mania for Shakspeare's plays was accompanied by a bigoted and exclusive feeling of intolerance towards all who might be brought into a parallel, or made to approach, however distantly, the throne of their dramatic sultan. The same injustice which had prevailed respecting Shakspeare himself, now operated respecting his illustrious contemporaries. Shakspeare, from being regarded as the rude poet of a rude age, became the only poet of his æra; an æra fruitful in masculine and original genius, in thought and fancy and dramatic force, beyond all that have succeeded it in our own land, and beyond the most boasted periods of foreign poesy.

It is no wonder, therefore, that foreigners should have formed so poor an estimate of our stage: since we ourselves were absolutely ignorant or indifferent as to the merits of our native drama: it is no wonder that the worthies of our theatre should be to them as much unknown as the poets of China; that they should know little of Fletcher; should never have heard of Massinger, or Shirley, or Ford; and should suppose that Shakspeare and Jonson are surpassed by Addison and Congreve.

The French idolize Racine; but they still talk of "the great" Corneille. We have neither their national gratitude, nor their national policy in this respect. The ancient wreath of Jonson has been violated by the same hands which have encumbered with laurels the statue of Shakspeare. The critics and the readers of England were labouring to make amends for the original tasteless neglect of our greatest poet. Tradition had coupled the name of Jonson with that of Shakspeare, and the manes of Shakspeare were to be appeased by the sacrifice of Jonson. The classic claims of the latter—the recorded proofs of his influence on the age in which he flourished; of his favour and friendship with the learned, and his gracious reception with princes, were looked upon as mortal offences. The praise of Jonson was thought a necessary reflexion on Shakspeare. His learning was sneered at, as if what he wrote was *merely* learned: to his art was triumphantly opposed Shakspeare's nature; as if art were mere mechanic artifice; and the jealousy of *Kitely* had nothing in it of nature; as if Shakspeare, with all his power of tracing a passion and a character through its progressive stages of developement, knew nothing of art. These "two stars could not keep their motion in one sphere;" their characters were contrasted as well as their genius: "The gentle" Shakspeare, an epithet first applied to him by the cordial kindness and admiration of Jonson himself, was placed in antithesis to the "envious and malignant" Jonson: having formed their hypothesis of *Old Ben's* surly envy and malignity, (much point was meant to be conveyed in the nick-name of *Old* Ben), they sat down to ransack his prologues and his plays for the proofs;

and with the perspicacity of men determined to find what they sought, detected a sneer at Shakspeare, at every turn of his pages.

This is not merely ridiculous; it is degrading to our character as a refined and intellectual people; it is inconsistent with that patriotic spirit which does but half its duty in protecting the well-merited fame of statesmen and of warriors, unless it also cherishes with gratitude and reverence the memory of those who have contributed to sustain and extend our country's literary glory. It is miserable policy, also, after sustaining the attacks of the petulant, prejudiced, and superficial critics of France, upon their Shakspeare, to foster so much absurd jealousy as to Jonson; and to persist in looking, with suspicion, upon a writer, whom, for the honour of their nation, they might have opposed to Molière, on his own classic ground. In art and ingenuity of plot, in raciness of humour and richness of fancy, the Fox and the Alchymist might surely enter the lists with the Misantrope and the Tartuffe.

There is room enough for Jonson and Shakspeare in the same hemisphere; and stars of different magnitude may hold their proper distances, and perform their revolutions, without being thrust from their orbits, and forced upon each other. They who have admitted the merits of both, have not instituted their comparison with great felicity of discernment. "Shakspeare," says Cumberland, "with ten thousand spots about him, dazzles us with so bright a lustre that we either cannot or will not see his faults. He gleams and flashes like a meteor, which shoots out of our sight before the eye can measure its proportions, or analyze its properties; but Jonson stands still to be surveyed, and presents so bold a front, and holds it so fully to our view, as seems to challenge the compass and rule of the critic, and defy him to find out an error in the scale and composition of his structure. Putting aside, therefore, any further mention of Shakspeare, who was a poet *out of all rule*, and *beyond all compass of criticism;* one whose excellencies are above comparison, and *his errors beyond number;* I will venture an opinion, that this drama of *the Fox*, is, critically speaking, the nearest to perfection of any one drama, comic or tragic, which the English stage is at this day in possession of."—*Observer*, iii. 170.

It is easy to see that Cumberland knew nothing of Shakspeare. In the lack of analytical criticism he flies to declamation and metaphor. These spots on Shakspeare's sun are, many of them, specks on the visual orb of his critics. We, for our parts, in the name of our country, disclaim for Shakspeare this meteorous glory; these will-o'-the-wisp coruscations: we challenge for him the "optic tube" of the Tuscan artist, and we promise

that his "spotty globe" will be discovered to be variegated with "new lands, rivers, and mountains," which his idolaters and his unbelievers have alike failed to discern. His dramatic histories, or mixed or romantic dramas, can only be called out of all rule, because they deviate from the rule of another species of drama; and they are "out of all compass of criticism," in so far only as they are out of the compass of Greek or of Gallic criticism. He is out of all rule to those only who cannot perceive the philosophical purpose which he invariably has in view throughout his diversified, but well digested, scenes; and have not enough of nature's lore to distinguish the bearings and tendencies of the sentiments and conduct of his characters, and to analyse their mixed qualities and motions. The doubts and disputes which have agitated the critical world respecting certain of his characters, as Hamlet and Falstaff, have been complacently assumed, as proving the eccentric and unequal genius of this rude child of fancy. They prove, however, a reach of penetration, and a depth of art, which the vulgar, the superficial, and the pedantic, have mistaken for defective skill. The mystery and dubiousness, the uncertain light which hovers around some of his personages, assimilates them to the personages of history: they are real beings; often impenetrable; often awakening the intensest curiosity by seeming inconsistency; by words or actions that hang on the verge of improbability, but never pass it. The secrets of human character, too dim and too imperceptibly confused to meet the common vision, are at the familiar call and disposal of this mighty dramatist. It may, then, be affirmed of Shakspeare, that *he* presents himself full to the eye of the critic, the moralist, the metaphysician, the artist, and the poet.

"The profundity of learning" is not, therefore, due to Jonson, as distinguished from the "sublimity of genius," by which Cumberland, in the vague popular phrase, imagines that he is defining Shakspeare. The profundity of learning, in its more valuable sense, of an insight into men and things, is due to Shakspeare, in an equal degree with sublimity of genius; a term invented by pick-tooth indolence, or pompous emptiness, to save the trouble of definition, or cloak the penury of understanding; and if this profound learning be limited by the author of the Observer, to mere technical skill in the unities, or the scenic surprises of an unravelled plot; or the skilful adaptation of the legacy-hunters and parasites of the Greek and Roman stages; and if *the Fox* be pronounced only a perfect drama, "critically speaking," we think that Jonson, no less than Shakspeare, is misrepresented and degraded.

Jonson had not the *universal* power of Shakspeare, to whom it was as easy to sound the depths of tragic passion, as to open

the sluices of comic humour. If learning be the merit of Jonson's comedy, the same learning might have taught him tragedy: but it cannot be said of him, as it could of Massinger,

——Spirat tragicum satis, et feliciter audet.

It is true that the plan of the classic school absolutely precludes in tragedy that play of human thought, and that varied portraiture of character, in its private moments and common-life habitudes, which render the mixed drama of England a mirror of human life. But the scenes of Jonson, transplanted from the Roman historians, although they may stand a comparison, as dramatic poems, with some of the boasted Roman tragedies of France, have not the stamp of Jonson's vigorous mind. His mind is in his comedies.

As Shakspeare had learning, Jonson had genius: and the insight into human nature, which he shared with Shakspeare, has sometimes escaped the discernment of the writer who draws their parallel. "Had the same address," observes Mr. Cumberland, "been exerted throughout, the construction (of the Fox) would have been a matchless piece of art: but here we are to lament the *haste* of which he boasts in his prologue; and that rapidity of composition, which he appeals to as a mark of genius, is to be lamented as the probable cause of incorrectness, or at least the best and most candid plea in excuse of it. For *who can deny* that nature is violated by the absurdity of Volpone's unreasonable insults to the very persons who had witnessed falsely in his defence, and even to the very advocate who had so successfully defended him? Is it in character for a man, of his deep cunning and long search of thought, to provoke those on whom his all depended to retaliate upon him, and this for the poor triumph of a silly jest? Certainly this is a glaring defect, which *every body* must lament, and which can escape *nobody*. The poet himself *knew* the weak part of his plot, and vainly strives to bolster it up by making Volpone exclaim,

"I am caught in mine own noose——."

We give this notable critique on the poet's finest art, in order to show that Ben Jonson, as well as Shakspeare, may sometimes complain of the "backing of his friends;" and in order also to introduce Mr. Gifford to our readers with advantage.

"Mr. Cumberland shall answer his own question. In his review of the *Double Dealer*, he finds Maskwell, like Volpone, losing his caution in the exultation of success: upon which he observes, 'I allow that it is in character for him to grow wanton in success: *there is a moral in a villain's outwitting himself.*' This appears a singular change of opinion in the course of a few pages: but, whatever may be Mr. Cumberland's versatility, Jonson is consistent with himself and with the invariable

experience of mankind. 'See,' says Falstaff, 'how wit may be made a jackanapes when 'tis upon an ill employ!' The same sentiment is to be found in Beaumont and Fletcher:

> 'Hell gives us *art* to reach the depth of sin,
> But leaves us *wretched fools* when we are in.'
>
> *Queen of Corinth.*

"This too is the moral of the *New Way to pay Old Debts*, so strikly pointed out by *Massinger:*

> 'There is a precedent to teach wicked men,
> That, when they quit religion and turn atheists,
> Their own abilities leave them.'"

It might have been observed, that Volpone did not insult his dupes from the mere love of a jest, but from the pleasure which he felt in the triumph of his cunning, and the gratification which he derived from the exercise of his malevolence: a quality which is, at least, as conspicuous in his character, as avarice and craftiness.

Mr. Cumberland again supposes Jonson to be straining after "a sorry jest;" and to have "made a wanton breach of character, when he violates the dignity of his court of judges, by making one of them so abject in his flattery to the parasite, upon the idea of matching him with his daughter, when he hears that Volpone has made him his heir: but this is an objection that is within the compass of two short lines, spoken aside from the bench, and may easily be *remedied* by their omission in representation." We think Mr. Cumberland as mistaken in this instance as in the former; and we are by no means satisfied with the method of apology which Mr. Gifford uses in his comment upon the commentator:

"In justice to this learned personage let it be further remarked, that his determination is founded upon the actual demise of Volpone, in which case, as he justly concludes, the parasite is freed from all suspicions of fraud and imposture. It seems to have escaped Mr. Cumberland's recollection that Mosca is not the servant, but the humble friend of Volpone: and it is quite certain that he has not penetrated into the author's views in this part of the scene."

Quite so: and it has also escaped Mr. Gifford's apprehension, that Jonson meant a stroke at the frailty and inconsistency of human nature, and pointed at the meanness of avarice even under a furred gown, and on the solemn bench of justice. A touch of admirable satire, which to borrow Mr. Cumberland's comfortable dogmatism, we should have thought that *every body* must perceive, and which can escape *nobody*.

Perhaps the underplot of Sir Politick is rather an impertinence, though, as Mr. Gifford properly contends, he is somewhat con-

nected with the main plot by means of his wife: "the most finished and amusing female pedant which the stage has produced." Mr. Cumberland, however, has omitted to notice an actual blemish in the farcical contrivance of the tortoise which Sir Politick assumes for his masquerade; and Mr. Gifford offers but a lame defence in the necessity of gaining time for "Mosca to make the Commandadore drunk;" and in the possibility that some such "fearful tortoise, half-natural and half-artificial," *might* be, at that very instant, abusing the credulous curiosity of the worthy citizens and their wives "in Fleet-street."

We come over to Mr. Cumberland, in his opinion, that the Fox is superior to the Alchymist; though Mr. Gifford imagines that popular favour inclined to the Fox, from its accidental collocation in epigram:

> The Fox, the Alchymist, and Silent Woman,
> Done by Ben Jonson, and outdone by no man.

This is an odd reason. A better may be found in the character of the two Comedies. There may be a more entertaining display of dupes and fools in the Alchymist: there is a deeper knowledge of human nature in the Fox. Humour must yield in value to the science of man.

The station assigned in the epigram to the *Silent Woman*, which was convenient for the rhyme, though a pleasant and well concatenated play, and originally popular, has been supplanted within our own times by "Every Man in his Humour;" a comedy which, we think, has scarcely even yet been ranked sufficiently high. It brings Jonson more immediately in contact with Shakspeare, whom he strongly resembles in the cast of humour, without losing a jot of originality.

There are no similar characters of Shakspeare's comedies, to which Bobadil and Master Stephen and Kitely are inferior: and we marvel that Mr. Gifford should have thought it necessary to surmise, that the admirable scene of half-confidence between the jealous Kitely and Cash was modelled on that of Hubert and John. Jonson had occasion to describe a similar conscious shame, apprehension, and irresolution of mind; and that he touched upon similar points with Shakspeare is rather a proof of his kindred knowledge of human nature than of his ambitious imitation. The rival scenes are, we think, independent of each other; and are striking and incontestable examples, that Shakspeare had art, and that Jonson had genius.

The *scholar* Jonson was a poet of curious fancy. In his time the court of Whitehall was the British Opera: where dance and music, gorgeous and appropriate costumes, splendid and ingenious machines, were supplied by the most eminent artists and

professors; while the regular stage was bare and beggarly in all that regarded scenic decoration. James and his queen set the example; and the nobles and ladies of their court performed in masques as amateur players. Jonson was the poet and Inigo Jones the mechanist. They who are full of the impression of Milton's Comus will be disappointed in the masques of Jonson. But Comus is not properly a masque. It is a drama partaking of the classic and romantic school. Jonson's masques are operatic pageants of allegoric or mythological characters, with dialogue and ode. Some of them are comic entertainments. That of "The World in the Moon" reminds us of the humorous and fanciful quaintness of Aristophanes: and it is matter of regret, that, instead of filling only a scanty scene as subservient to the dances and music, it had not been improved by Jonson's genius into a finished dramatic satire on the Greek model. Bursts of stately poetry occur in these festive sports of Jonson's lighter fancy. We extract a pleasing passage from the "Hymenæi," which Milton may have remembered when he penned his splendid eulogy of connubial love:

The golden tree of marriage began
In Paradise, and bore the fruit of man:
On whose sweet branches angels sate and sung;
And from whose firm root all society sprung.
Love, whose strong virtue wrapt heaven's soul in earth,
And made a woman glory in his birth!
In marriage opens his inflamed breast:
And lest in him nature should stifled rest,
His genial fire about the world he darts,
Which lips with lips combines, and hearts with hearts.
Marriage love's object is; at whose bright eyes
He lights his torches, and makes them his skies:
For her he wings his shoulders; and doth fly
To her white bosom as his sanctuary;
For which no lustful finger can profane him,
Nor any earth with black eclipses wane him.
She makes him smile in sorrows; and doth stand
Twixt him and all wants with her silver hand.
In her soft locks his tender feet are tied,
And in his fetters he takes worthy pride.
Mirrors, though deck'd with diamonds, are nought worth,
If the like forms of things they set not forth:
So men or women are worth nothing neither,
If either's eyes and hearts present not either.

In the incantations of the "Masque of Queens," Jonson has been accused of stealing from Shakspeare, with about as much probability as he is said to have copied *Kitely* from *Ford*, or *Bobadil* from *Parolles*. The style of Jonson's witches has no re-

semblance to that of Shakspeare's. The "charms" and magic practices were common property; and were supplied to both by the books of demonology and witchcraft of their time.

But the versatility of Jonson's genius is no where more conspicuous than in his dramatic pastoral of the "Sad Shepherd;" and no where does there appear a more triumphant refutation of the vulgar traditionary calumnies, respecting his servile art and laborious pedantry. From this character of his pieces, we should be led to expect a mere parody of the Greek Sicilian idyls: but what he has introduced from Theocritus is adapted to his plan with the grace and spirit of a poet who borrows from the fulness of his memory, rather than from the need of his mind. It has been thoughtlessly affirmed by Whalley, that the pastoral is an imitation of Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess:" but the two pieces are quite of a different species. Jonson's is not a mere fantastic pastoral, a vehicle of poetry, and of the common-place sentiment of whining love; but, together with poetry the most exquisitely fanciful and wild, Jonson has infused into his production the nature of common life, the reality of individual character, the truth of passion, and the interest of a probable and surprising tale. The supernatural machinery is contrived with such exact conformity to the popular superstition, as to have all the air of credibility: and Maudlin, with her malice and cunning, her transformations and revenges, is a true country witch, and is supported with singular animation. The language of Œglamour, the sad shepherd, who is crazed at the loss of his mistress, supposed to be drowned, is sustained to the very height of romantic frenzy; and flows in such a strain of pathetic extravagance, and with such a stream of luxuriant images, as to challenge the proudest successes of Shakspeare and Milton.

The drama opens in Sherwood Forest, with this spirited and beautiful monologue:

"*Œgl.* Here she was wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where those daisies, pinks, and violets grow:
The world may find the spring by following her;
For other print her airy steps ne'er left.
Her treading would not bend a blade of grass,
Or shake the downy blow-ball from its stalk!
But like the soft west-wind she shot along;
And where she went the flowers took thickest root,
As she had sowed them with her odorous foot. *(Exit.)*"

The sudden entrances and exits of the melancholy lover, give a wonderful consistency and spirit to the character.

Mr. Gifford supposes the last verse to have been improved from the "quicquid calcaverit rosa fiat" of Persius: we think without necessity. The image of flowers and verdure springing

from under a lady's foot is as old as Hesiod's Venus: and Virgil had said of Camilla,

> Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
> Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas.

These metaphors were common poetical property: but Jonson, in his use of them, displays that ingenious felicity of thought and diction which stamps originality, and claims the honours of invention.

The reader may not be sorry to see more:

> " A spring, now she is dead? of what? of thorns?
> Briars and brambles? thistles, burs, and docks?
> These may grow still: but what can spring beside?
> Did not the whole earth sicken when she died?
> As if there since did fall one drop of dew
> But what was wept for her! or any stalk
> Did bear a flower, or any branch a bloom,
> After her wreath was made! in faith, in faith,
> You do not fair to put these things upon me,
> Which can in no sort be: Earine,
> Who had her very being and her name
> With the first knots and buddings of the spring,
> Born with the primrose, or the violet,
> Or earliest roses blown—do not I know
> How the vale wither'd the same day?—that since
> No sun, or moon, or other cheerful star,
> Look'd out of heav'n; but all the cope was dark
> As it were hung so for her exequies!
> And not a voice or sound to ring her knell
> But of that dismal pair, the screeching owl
> And buzzing hornet! hark! hark! hark! the foul
> Bird! how she flutters with her wicker wings!
> Peace! you shall hear her screech!"

The following scene of artless passion merits transcription, as it presents Jonson in a light, in which those who learn their opinions by rote probably never dreamed of beholding him.

" (*The entrance to Robin Hood's Bower.—Amie discovered lying on a bank: Marian and Mellefleur sitting by her.*)

> *Mar.* How do you, sweet Amie, yet?
> *Mel.* She cannot tell:
> If she could sleep, she says, she should do well:
> She feels a hurt, but where she cannot show,
> Any least sign that she is hurt or no:
> Her pain's not doubtful to her, but the seat
> Of her pain is: her thoughts too work and beat
> Oppress'd with cares: but why she cannot say:
> All matter of her care is quite away.

Mar. Hath any vermin broke into your fold?
Or any rot seiz'd on your flock? or cold?
Or hath your feighting ram burst his hard horn,
Or any ewe her fleece, or bag, hath torn,
My gentle Amie?
Amie. Marian, none of these.
Mar. Have you been stung by wasps or angry bees,
Or rased with some rude bramble or rough briar?
Amie. No, Marian, my disease is somewhat nigher,
I weep, and boil myself away in tears,
And then my panting heart would dry those fears:
I burn, though all the forest lend a shade:
And freeze, though the whole wood one fire were made.
Mar. Alas!
Amie. I often have been torn with thorn and briar
Both in the leg and foot, and somewhat higher;
Yet gave not then such fearful shrieks as these: *(sighs.)*
I often have been stung too with curst* bees,
Yet not remember that I then did quit
Either my company or mirth from it. *(sighs again.)*
And therefore what it is that I feel now,
And know no cause of it, nor where, nor how
It entered in me, nor least print can see,
I feel afflicts me more than briar or bee. *(again.)*
How often when the sun, heaven's brightest birth,
Hath with his burning fervour cleft the earth:
Under a spreading elm or oak, hard by
A cool clear fountain, could I sleeping lie
Safe from the heat! but now no shady tree
Nor purling brook can my refreshing be."

Yet Dryden could assert that the last pieces of Jonson were "among his dotages!" The truth of his assertion would have been still better appreciated, if this delightful fragment had come down to us entire. Ben Jonson died like the fabled swan; and his breath uttered, while expiring, its sweetest music.

It is not to be expected that the same genius should, with equal facility, "hew a colossus from the rock, and carve a head upon a cherry-stone." We cannot follow the editor to the extent of his career of admiration respecting the minor poems of Ben Jonson. The two short pieces from Catullus; the lyric version of the pretty amatory conceit of Philostratus, beginning "Drink to me only with thine eyes;" and the epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke; as they are the oftenest quoted of Jonson's smaller pieces, so perhaps they are the best. Of the love-song, Mr. Gifford observes that, "pleasing as it is, it is not superior to many others scattered through his works." We have looked again

* Mischievous. Rev.

through his "Forest," and his "Underwoods," and have not been so fortunate as to meet with even a few that can be pronounced their equals. There is, however, one song of exquisite prettiness and softness, beginning

> "See the chariot at hand here of Love,
> Wherein my Lady rideth:"

And ending with a stanza which deserves quotation:

> "Have you seen but a bright lilly grow
> Before rude hands have touch'd it?
> Have you mark'd but the fall o' the snow
> Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
> Have you felt the wool of the beaver,
> Or swan's down ever?
> Or have smelt o' the bud of the briar,
> Or the nard in the fire?
> Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
> O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!"

But in love-odes he is generally inferior to Carew; and what we have of his in devotional poetry is technical and cold, and is far exceeded by Habington, in those noble paraphrases of texts from the psalmist of Israel, which have not yet obtained their due regard and praise from the critics on English literature. Of the higher style of lyric poetry, Jonson has left us a specimen in his "Ode on the Death of Sir H. Morison."

"Nothing," observes Mr. Gifford, "but ignorance of this noble ode can excuse the critics from Dryden downwards, for attributing the introduction of the Pindaric Ode in our language to Cowley. Cowley mistook the very nature of Pindar's poetry, at least of such as has come down to us; and, while he professed to imitate the style and manner of his odes, was led away by the ancient allusions to those wild and wonderful strains, of which not a line has reached us."

This is perfectly just; but they who hear from Mr. Gifford, that Jonson "has caught the very soul of Pindar," will naturally expect, amidst the tracts of ethical instruction and philosophic reflexion, some of those spots of greenness, which, as in the instance of the state of the Blessed in the happy isles, smile suddenly upon us, fresh and vivid, and sprinkled with ethereal dew. This elegiac ode resembles those of Pindar in the regular, yet digressive, plan of disposition; the grave harmony of the metre; and the interspersion of illustrative imagery; but the resemblance is to those odes, in which the Theban poet has more of his moralizing tone, and less of that "air and fire, which make his verses clear:" one stanza is, indeed, conceived in the best manner of Pindar:

"It is not growing, like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:
A lilly of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light:
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be."

It has been long considered as an infallible mark of good taste to carp at Ben Jonson's translations. We shall, therefore, say a few words on them. Denham's metaphysical antithesis of poesy and language led the way in precept, and Pope's Homer in practice, to the mode of florid paraphrase and feeble licentiousness of imitation. Lord Woodhouselee has commended Pope for *improving* Homer, and has instanced the moonlight scene, which Pope did not understand, and of which he has marred the distinctness, violated the silence, and disturbed the solitary interest. The secret is not to refine upon the original, but to copy him with strength and exactness; exactness, however, in the modern canons, is thought to be incompatible with strength. Mr. Gifford himself, in the strong conciseness of his Juvenal, has practically refuted this dogma among the modern translators; among the old, Ben Jonson.

They who trouble themselves to form any idea of the art of poetry of Horace, as Englished by Ben Jonson, conceive of it as tame, quaint, forced, and pedantic; whereas it is nothing of all this. Roscommon's remark, that "the constraint of rhyme and a literal translation (to which Horace in his book declares himself an enemy) has made him want a comment in many places," is every way unfounded. Horace, so far from forbidding literal translation, takes it for granted as proper; but he is not giving rules for translation at all. He tells us merely, that we are not to treat of subjects, in which other poets have preceded us, with that fidelity which would be proper in a translator. The sense of Horace is perfectly clear in Jonson; the rhyme is so far from shackling him, that his expressions are remarkably easy and unlaboured: his verses run into each other, according to the manner of the mixed couplets of his age; but with a harmony and freedom exceeding that of his contemporaries; and are more rhythmical, more varied in their pauses, than the blank numbers of his rival, Roscommon, who was *not* constrained by rhyme. We take a passage at random:

"Cato's and Ennius' tongues have lent much worth
And wealth unto our language, and brought forth

New names of things. It hath been ever free,
And ever will, to utter things that be
Stampt to the time. As woods, whose change appears
Still in their leaves, throughout the sliding years,
The first-born dying; so the aged state
Of words decays, and phrases, born but late,
Like tender buds shoot up, and freshly grow."

We may also select a sample from the Dialogue of Horace and Lydia:

" Though he be fairer than a star,
Thou lighter than the bark of any tree,
And than rough Adria angrier far,
Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee."

Is this the cramped and crabbed fidelity of Jonson?

Such is the poet; and they who have had their memory refreshed, or their information enlarged, by the extracts which we have occasionally given, will probably feel a movement of astonishment and indignation at the treatment which Jonson has received from those literary censors, whom the public have trusted as their guides: they will scarcely believe that any man, with the shadow of a pretension to literature and taste, could, with deliberate insolence, apply the terms of "cold and disgusting" to the comic or pastoral scenes of Jonson, or could venture to assert of this scholar, this genius, this observer of mankind, that he had "stalked, for two centuries, on the stilts of an artificial reputation!"

The same imbecile hostility has been aimed at the man. The famous sneers at Shakspeare were unluckily meant for others. It is remarked by Mr. Gifford, that "squibs," "battles," "flights over sea and land," "in chorusses, drums, trumpets," "targets, creaking thrones," and all the woeful machinery of a poor stage, had been the merry burden of many a prologue and epilogue, from the first dawning of good taste under Shakspeare;" yet, in the prologue of Jonson, to "Every Man in his Humour," the line,

" Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,"

which would have hit many "a rude dramatizer of the old chronicles," is supposed to be levelled at Shakspeare. They who read Ben Jonson's "Discoveries," will see there his opinion of Shakspeare, whom he is said to have hated and envied; and they will compare it with his elegy on that poet, which Dryden calls "sparing and invidious."—"He redeemed his vices with his virtues," says Jonson; "there was ever more in him to be praised than pardoned."

Mr. Gifford has given an amusing instance of the manner in which *Old Ben's malignity* has been propped by proofs:

"Hales of Eaton was reported to have said (though the matter was not much in Hales of Eton's way) that 'there was no subject of which any person ever writ but he would produce it much better done by Shakspeare.' This is told by Dryden, 1667. The next version is by Tate, 1680. 'Our learned Hales was wont to assert that since the time of Orpheus no common-place has been touched upon where Shakspeare has not performed as well.' Next comes the illustrious Gildon (of Dunciad memory) and he models the story thus, from Dryden, as he says, with a salvo for the accuracy of his recollection. 'Mr. Hales of Eaton affirmed, that he would show all the poets of antiquity outdone by Shakspeare: the *enemies* of Shakspeare would by no means yield to this, so that it came to trial of skill. The place agreed on for the dispute was Mr. Hales's chamber at Eton. A great many *books were sent down* by the enemies of this poet: and on the appointed day, my Lord Falkland, Sir John Suckling, and all the persons of quality that had wit and learning met there; and, upon a thorough disquisition of the point, the judges out of this assembly unanimously gave the preference to Shakspeare, and the Greek and Roman poets were adjudged to vail at least their glory in that of the English poet.'

"This stuff, which is merely worthy of Gildon, this flocking of persons of quality to Eton with satchels of school books doubled down, it may be presumed, at the proper places, as if they could read in no books but their own, or as if Hales could not supply them—is too despicable for farther notice. But what, the reader will say, has all this to do with Jonson? We find no mention of him whatever. A moment's patience and he will make his appearance; for Mr. Malone has him full in view. The story now reached Rowe; and as it was discovered about this time that the praise of Shakspeare was worth nothing unless coupled with the abuse of Jonson, it puts on this form: 'Mr. Hales, who had sate still some time, hearing Ben reproach Shakspeare with the want of learning and ignorance of the ancients, told him at last, &c.'

"Thus we have the fable of the *three black crows!* and thus a simple observation of Mr. Hales, (which in all probability he never made) is dramatised at length into a scene of obloquy against our author! A tissue of mere dotage scarcely deserves unravelling: but it may be just observed, that when Jonson was seized with his last illness, (after which he certainly never went to Mr. Hales's chamber at Eton or elsewhere) the two grave judges, Suckling and Falkland, who sate on the merits of all the Greek and Roman poets, and decided with such convincing effect, were the first in the 12th, and the second in the 15th year of their ages! But the chief mistake is with Dryden; whose memory was always subservient to the passion of the day: the words, which he has put into the mouth of Mr. Hales, being in fact the property of Jonson. Long before Suckling and Falkland were out of leading-strings, he had told the world that Shakspeare surpassed not only all his contemporary poets, but even those of Greece and Rome; and if Mr. Hales used these words, without giving the credit of them to Jonson, he was, to say the least of it, a bold plagiarist.*

* Surely the thought was not so deep but that Hales might have hit upon it, with-

"This stupid anecdote is thus concluded by Mr. Malone: 'Let ever-memorable Hales, if all his other merit be forgotten, be ever mentioned with honour for his taste and admiration of Shakspeare:' and let Jonson, who taught him both, and who went farther in both than himself, be for ever held up to the world as the reviler, hater, and persecutor of Shakspeare, alive or dead.—These last words seem to have been dropt at the press; at least I do not find them in Mr. Malone's edition, though he every where acted upon them." *Proofs of Jonson's Malignity*, p. 259.

Mr. Gifford has, we think, made out a very probable case; that Jonson, contrary to the popular story, "never received either patronage, favour, or assistance of any kind, from Shakspeare: that they were, however, friends and associates, till the latter finally retired; that no feud, no jealousy, ever disturbed their connexion; that Shakspeare was pleased with Jonson, and that Jonson loved and admired Shakspeare."—"I loved the man," says Ben himself, "and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any."

A more specious ground for imputing malignity to Jonson is discovered in the "Heads of Conversations," noted down by Drummond of Hawthornden, whom Jonson visited. He is there spoken of as "a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived; interprets best sayings and deeds often to the worst: he was for any religion, as being versed in both."

The latter sentence is interpreted by Mr. Gifford, as if it implied that he was of *no* religion. "He was well versed in theology, therefore he was without religion: the logic is only to be equalled by the candour:" but it seems to mean that Jonson was indifferent as to the forms of the two religions, popish or protestant. This is making him no very zealous protestant, but why "an atheist?"

This does not seem a very candid statement of Jonson's characteristics, from a man who could, in writing to him, declare that "there was nothing he wished more than to be in the catalogue of them that loved him." Perhaps Drummond was exercising a fancied talent at analysis of character, with less feeling of malice than pleasure in his own discernment. That Ben Jonson might have been blunt, sarcastic, and vain, and too fond of his glass, is not improbable; but that Jonson was altogether so unamiable as Drummond represents him, is discredited,

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out any obligation to Jonson. But there could be no plagiarism in the case; for the eulogiums are not similar. Jonson placed Shakspeare above Æschylus, Euripides, &c. in his general character as a poet: Hales spoke of the manner of his treating particular subjects or common places. Rev.

not by the circumstance of his being a great poet, but by the friendships which he enjoyed with distinguished men.

It cannot be necessary, after the edition of Massinger, to enter into a very detailed account of the manner in which Mr. Gifford has discharged his editorial duties. The plays of Jonson are accompanied, on the same plan, with notes, and reflections on the conduct and character of the dramas. These display, as might have been anticipated, an exercised critical sagacity; a knowledge of manners and of books; a characteristic and somewhat caustic pleasantry, and under a surface of occasional asperity, a sterling rightness of principle. The text has been looked through with much care; and in some instances brought, as near as happy conjecture can effect it, to its original purity. The scenes also are better digested than in Whalley's edition; where the exits and entrances are often so inaccurately or ambiguously marked as to perplex the reader.

But we have a word or two to say to Mr. Gifford on the asperity at which we have just hinted: and we wish to ask him whether he really sees an over-ruling necessity for such extremely outrageous dealings?

That Jonson should be rescued from the very undue obloquy under which he has lain, was a point of honour in an editor of his works: and a little sarcasm would not have been out of place. From the line which we have taken in our review of the publication, it will have been seen that we have chiefly directed our attention to the removal of gross prejudices, both popular and critical: and to bringing general readers into a better acquaintance with this neglected worthy of "England's Helicon." But we cannot look upon bad taste or bad criticism in the light of moral delinquency: nor are we disposed to include a violent breach of honesty and principle in questions of poetic preference. We would not have had Mr. Perrault sent to the galleys because he thought the French Fairy Tales superior to Homer: and the religious horror of Boileau, in his defence of the ancients, has always excited in us an irreverent disposition to laughter. It may be said that Shakspeare's idolaters have touched Jonson's qualities in private life; but they would not have cared a jot about Jonson's private life had not Jonson, like Shakspeare, been a dramatic poet; and the motive for this malignity is nothing more or less than that sort of party zeal which obtains in poetry as in politics.

We really think, therefore, that Mr. Gifford, in heaping such moral odium on the purblind and blundering depreciators of Jonson, rather overshoots his mark: his readers absolutely feel some compassion for the poor culprits who are writhing and twisting under his flaying-knife; and this feeling is nearly akin

to taking their part, and siding against so rigid and inexorable an inflicter of justice. Mr. Malone is "the bolsterer up of a recorded lie:" the editor of the Biographia Dramatica, "a wholesale dealer in absurdity:" and we have "the stupid hostility of Mr. Jones," and the "wanton malevolence of Steevens, and others: who must have known the falsehood of the slander which they encouraged their *zanies* to propagate."

One charge against Mr. Malone will afford a specimen of what we are animadverting upon.

"Malone affirms that 'Jonson endeavours to depreciate this beautiful Comedy (the Tempest) by calling it a *foolery*.' The depreciation remains to be proved: but (I regret to say it)—indeed!—I have a heavier charge against Mr. Malone than a too precipitate conclusion: a charge of misrepresentation. *Foolery* cannot indeed be applied to any work without an intent to depreciate it: but this was not Jonson's word. The term used by him is *drollery*: a *droll* or drollery is an appropriate term for a puppet-show. The term continued in use down to the last century: for Dennis says that he went to see the siege of Namur, a *droll* at Bartholomew Fair.—The reader now sees all the advantage derived to Mr. Malone from his *sophistication*."

Note on the Introduction to Bartholomew Fair.

Now it might charitably be supposed that Mr. Malone *mistook* the word used by Jonson, or that he did not understand it. This impeaches either his carefulness or his scholarship; but this does not satisfy Mr. Gifford: it must be a sophistication from malice prepense. Yet, for the possible carelessness of Mr. Malone, Mr. Gifford himself has supplied us with a plausible plea; when he says, that "Mr. Malone probably never opened Jonson in his life, except to run his finger rapidly down a particular page."—He might then easily have mistaken *drollery* for *foolery*.

We have to complain also that Mr. Gifford does not, by any means, "let the great axe fall" on great delinquents; but that towards humble and often harmless offenders he is often fiercer than the occasion warrants. To Mr. Gifford's research; to his green and vigorous powers, and valuable attainments, we should be the first to render justice; but is he himself never caught tripping? and might he not learn, from occasional failures of his own, that every poor commentator, who makes an unlucky conjecture, is not therefore to be sneered out of countenance, as a dolt and an idiot? We shall take the liberty to illustrate our meaning by one or two instances.

Catiline, Act iv. Sc. 2.

"Thyself closed in
Within my strengths, so that thou couldst not move
Against a public reed.

"The ingenious Mr. Sympson (Mr. Sympson again!) observes that we should read '*against the* public *weal*:' and so it actually stands in Whalley's edition, together with a grave comment on the errors of printers and transcribers: Catiline was so closely hemmed in by Cicero's precautions that he had not power to *shake even a reed belonging to the republic*: this is the OBVIOUS sense of the passage which runs THUS in the original: 'commovere te contra REMPUBLICAM non potuisse."

Mr. Gifford, on another occasion, observing, on a trip of "Poor Sympson," as he somewhere calls him, says, "I have silently thrown out much of their lumber of course, though it has cost me some pains to abstain from exposing their absurd temerity." Now really we think that poor Sympson, in the present instance at least, though wrong in the particular misreading, which he imagines that he has detected, was stumbling on the verge of truth; and that Mr. Gifford might, like Falstaff, have "babbled of green fields" to as much purpose as of *reeds*.

Speaking of some other unhappy commentators, Mr. Gifford somewhere remarks on the epithet, "inhabitable," for "uninhabitable."—"This trite word is sure to draw forth a note on its *singular* import, as often as it occurs. The commentators seem to forget *(if they ever knew)*, that much of our language is Norman." Might it not be retorted, that "Mr. Gifford seems to forget *(if he ever knew)*, that much of our language is *Saxon*?" *Rad* in Anglo-Saxon is COUNSEL. *Burh-rad* is *state-counsel*: the very version of the very word of Cicero, which Mr. Gifford insists that Jonson translated, by this pastoral periphrasis! Jonson unquestionably wrote:

> "So that thou could'st not move
> Against THE public REDE."

The use of read for counsel in general is common enough: Spenser in his "Hymne on Heavenly Love," says:

> "Such mercy he, by his most holy *reede*,
> Unto us taught:"

And Ophelia in Hamlet talks of the officious counsellor, who

> "Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
> And recks not his own *read*."

In the Fox, Act i. we have the following passage with the following comment from Mr. Gifford:

> "Is your pearl ORIENT, Sir?"

i. e. bright; *sparkling*, *pellucid*. Thus Shakspeare:

> "Bright orient pearl, alack! too timely shaded!"

And Milton:

> "His orient liquor in a crystal glass." *Comus.*

As Shakspeare had called his pearl *bright*, he would not want

to call it also *sparkling:* Milton's *orient* liquor was *rosy* liquor: allusive to the blush of the dawn. But what sort of a question is that of "is your pearl *sparkling?*" or has Mr. Gifford EVER SEEN a *sparkling* and *pellucid* PEARL?—Mosca inquires naturally "Is your pearl *Indian?*"—(oriental) Is it the finest sort of pearl?

Alchemist, Act iv. Scene 2.

"Your Spanish stoup
Is the best garb.

"I am unable to explain this. *It may mean that the Spanish fashion of evincing politeness is the most respectful:* (for *garb* is sometimes used for a mode of behaviour) or stoup may signify some article of dress.—But this is all at random."

We think so too. Does Mr. Gifford really wish us to understand that *stoup* is literally *stooping*; a bend of the body, or Gil Blas salutation, as we see it in the print? He might as well have said that *stoup* was a cup of liquor, and that this was an allusion to the respectful mode of drinking healths among the Spaniards; or have said—"any thing—but to the purpose." That it is an article of dress seems sufficiently plain, from its connection with the "Spanish ruffs," and Spanish perfumed gloves. As to the meaning of the term, *we* also confess our inability to explain it. There is no word in Spanish that gives us any help. *Estopa* is *hemp;* and it is curious enough that *stoup* in Armoric is *tow.* We suspect it to be a false reading. That the term should not be found in any of the contemporary dramaticks, nor in any of the antiquarian writers on old English dress is quite unaccountable. Chaucer, in his Parson's prose Tale, speaks of the "horrible disordinate scantnesse of clothing as ban those cutted *stoppes* or hanselties." The annotators of Chaucer explain this *breeches*; but the garment is censured as not covering that part of the person which breeches were contrived to cover. The word occurs later in our history, as a jacket with short skirts; and to this the hose, or breeches and stockings in one piece, were fastened with tags or points. Stubs, in his "Anatomy of Abuses," speaks of the English as wearing cloaks of "white, red, tawny," &c. cloth, silk, velvet, &c. whereof some be of the *Spanish,* French, and Dutch fashions: some short, scarcely reaching to the girdle-stead, or knee." This is the same stoppe—called also the *pattock,* of which John Rows of Warwick complains; and against which, on account of its supposed unseemliness, a sumptuary law was enacted by parliament in 1463. Hall, in his account of a pageant of Henry VIII. speaks of *Portugal* stopps. We venture to recommend to Mr. Gifford,

Your Spanish *stopp*
Is the best garb—

and he may put us, if he pleases, with the other unlucky wights, who, for having guessed differently from him are committed to "peine forte et dure" in sundry holes and corners of the notes to Jonson re-edited, like the captives of the giant Barbarico in the Fairy Tale.

These parting hints at the trenchant fury of Mr. Gifford's hostility, and the biting edge and undistinguishing sweep of his ridicule, are intended rather for the consideration of future critics, than of himself. He is past the time when remonstrance is either useful, or apt to be much heeded; and it is somewhat too late to expect that the author of the *Baviad* should "roar you as gently as any sucking dove." We desire also not to be reckoned among those who make no exceptions in favour of a man, whose life commenced in struggles against oppression; whose powers were first called into action by folly, which he chastised and reformed; whose genius cradled in adversity, was nursed on the lap of satire. They who respect honesty of purpose will find something to pardon in the aberrations of indignant spleen.

Art. X.—GLEIG'S EDITION OF STACKHOUSE.

1. *The History of the Holy Bible, from the Beginning of the World to the Establishment of Christianity; with Answers to Infidel Objections, Dissertations on the most Remarkable Passages, and most Important Doctrines, and a Connexion of the Profane, with the Sacred Writings.* By the Rev. Thomas Stackhouse, A. M. &c. *The whole corrected and improved, and dedicated by Permission to His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.* By the Right Reverend George Gleig, LL. D., &c. 3 vols. 4to. Longman and Co. London, 1817.

2. *A Discourse on the Doctrine of Original Sin (occasioned by an Appendix to Stackhouse's Dissertation on that Subject, dedicated with Permission to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, by the Rev. Dr. Gleig, a Bishop of the Scotch Episcopal Church) preached in St. Paul's Cathedral, on Sunday, the 9th of March.* By the Rev. Thomas Wilkinson, M. A., &c. Rivingtons. London, 1817.

This great work of Stackhouse has been so long in the hands of the public, and so fully appreciated by readers of the most differ-

ent principles, both in theology and natural science, that it would be superfluous in the extreme to subject the multifarious matter which it contains to a regular and formal review. We may be allowed however to express a wish that the learned editor, whose labours now demand our attention, had comprehended in his plan a system of retrenchment as well as of augmentation; that as he has furnished several most valuable dissertations of his own, he had thrown out some of the less judicious of those which he found in his author; and that, in particular, as he has given strength to certain of the answers which the latter chose to make to the numerous sceptical objections brought forward by himself in almost every part of his book, he had likewise used some discretion in omitting a number of these objections altogether. It is not hereby insinuated either that his objections are unanswerable, or even that they carry with them such a show of reason as to shake the belief of any man moderately acquainted with Christian Evidences, and with the writings of our most approved divines; but we feel assured of the concurrence of all who have read Stackhouse with attention, when we maintain that he exhibits comparatively little ingenuity or power of writing except when invested with the character of an infidel objector, and also that what he urges in the latter capacity is very feebly opposed by him in his natural and orthodox designation. We have, besides, great fault to find with the style and the manner of adducing his sceptical arguments; for, strange as it may appear, considering the real character of Stackhouse, it is a fact that he brings them forward associated with all the levity and even the buffoonery which Voltaire and other enemies of our holy religion made use of in their attacks upon the sacred writings. In perusing, at the end of his chapters, what he technically denominates "the objection," we meet with a train of remark, witty, sarcastic, and shrewd; we perceive all the fire, the rapidity, and humour, all the antithesis and sly allusion which characterized the infidels of the French school; but as soon as he betakes himself to his "answer," and girds on his arms to combat the foes whom he has conjured up, we instantly recognize the heavy plodding compiler mustering all his common-places, summoning together all his authorities ancient and modern, and in many instances drawing but very lame conclusions from the facts and reasonings with which he is thus supplied. The consequence of this injudicious warfare is exactly what might be expected—the objection is remembered, and the answer is forgotten—the pointed, witty, and ludicrous scepticism is perpetuated in the mind by the very associations which are created by the author's language, whilst his tedious and unconnected array of arguments and opinions, ill expressed and worse applied, are seldom found to pro-

duce any effect that will last beyond the moment in which they are perused.

In reference to the plan adopted by Stackhouse of laying before his readers the principal objections of sceptical writers, we are disposed to condemn him not so much for the actual statements or reasonings which he has adduced, as for the full accompaniment of ironical seriousness and sarcastic jeering with which he uniformly brings them forward. A person, it is very obvious, might disseminate treason, and employ the whole vocabulary of sedition, much more effectually by following the plan of this author, than by writing directly and avowedly against the government. We are, besides, the more inclined to remonstrate against the practice under consideration, because in matters of religious belief, the mischief done by infidel writers arises not from the things they say, but from the manner in which they say them; the former, in general, being easily answered or explained, whilst the latter, resting upon mere artifice of style, or a humorous association of ideas, cannot be replied to by the most acute and accomplished logician. So much, indeed, do these considerations weigh with us, that we even venture to recommend, in every subsequent edition of this valuable book, a thorough revisal of "the objections," and a modification, at least, of the language in which they are expressed.

After a very judicious introduction, in which he gives a rapid view of the leading arguments for the authenticity and authority of the Old Testament Scriptures, the right Reverend Editor proceeds to correct the notions contained in the original work on the subject of the Mosaical cosmogony. In relation to this inquiry, modern authors seem to have erred egregiously in the several views which they have entertained of the general learning, the physical science, and the particular theories, astronomical and geological, which Moses carried to the important task of writing the first history of the human race. Some imagine that as a philosopher he knew nothing; and that his brief details of the origin of our globe had no better foundation than the imperfect traditions handed down among shepherd nations, ever ready to trace back their customs and institutions to a remote antiquity, and to a supernatural commencement; whilst others perceive in the writings of that divine lawgiver, not only all the learning of the Egyptians and of the Chaldeans, but a complete knowledge of all the facts which the industry of philosophers has brought to light since the days of Bacon, in the various departments of astronomy, chemistry, and mineralogy. Stackhouse, adopting the latter view, and taking it for granted that the astronomical system of Ptolemy was known in Egypt in the time of Moses, gives the sacred historian some credit for not speaking a great deal, "of

globular and angular particles, of centrical motion, planetary vortices, atmospheres of comets, the earth's rotation, and the sun's rest," justly observing that theories are things of uncertain mode, depending in a great measure upon the humour and caprice of an age, which is sometimes in love with one, and sometimes with another. Bishop Gleig, too, although unwilling to admit Moses to a place among the supporters of the Ptolemaic hypothesis, claims for that ancient an intimate knowledge of the true theory of the heavens, since discovered by Copernicus, and confirmed by Newton. Referring to the deistical objection already stated, namely that the inspired penman talks of light before there was any such thing as the sun, and calls the moon a *great light* when every body knows it to be an opaque body, he observes that

"Moses seems to have known what philosophy did not, till very lately, discover, that the sun is not the original source of light; and therefore he calls neither the sun nor the moon a *great light*, though he represents them both as great *luminaries* or light-bearers. Had this objector," he continues, "looked into his Hebrew, Greek, or Latin Bible, he would have found that the word which, in the third verse, our translators have properly rendered *light*, is different from that which, in the fourteenth verse, they have improperly rendered *light* also. In the third verse, the original word is אור, the Greek φῶς, and the Vulgate *lux*; in the fourteenth verse, the corresponding words are מארת, φωστῆρες, and *luminaria*. Each of the former set of words means that matter to which in English we give the name of *light*; each of the latter, the *instruments* or *means* by which light is transmitted to men. But surely the moon is as much an instrument of this kind as the reflector placed behind the lamp of a lighthouse, for the purpose of transmitting to the mariner at sea the light of that lamp, which would otherwise have passed in an opposite direction to the land."

This argument is, without all doubt, extremely ingenious, whilst it will be admitted by every competent judge that it turns on a distinction in the use of language which could not be entirely accidental; but there is a very obvious objection to the opinion that Moses possessed the knowledge, chemical and astronomical, which is here ascribed to him, arising from the single consideration that, as he was not permitted by the Spirit of God to convey any of that knowledge to his readers, nor to enter at all into theoretical views different from the ordinary conceptions of the vulgar, it would be quite superfluous to communicate to him such scientific doctrines by Divine Inspiration. As it must be admitted that the language and representations of Moses, in various parts of the Pentateuch, cannot be reconciled either with the Copernican or with the Ptolemaic hypothesis, it seems unncessary to contend for a matter so completely immaterial as whether he knew the principles either of the one or of the other. Again with regard to *light*, its nature and substance, nothing in the whole range of

philosophical investigation is less known or understood. That it enters into all bodies, and combines with most of them, we readily admit on the authority of very numerous and well-ascertained facts, established too by the experiments of the most eminent among modern chemists; and consequently, that it composed part of the chaotic mass of the solar system even when that mass was without form and void, we see no reason whatever to call in question. We must add, however, that we do not so well comprehend the reasoning of the learned Bishop, when he endeavours to identify the extracting or rather extrication of this light from the chaotic mass, with the art of "separating the light from the darkness," which separation is distinctly stated by Moses as a part of that wonderful process by which this globe was prepared for the habitation of man. Such an interpretation of the scriptural expression just quoted, proceeds upon the assumption that the author of the book of Genesis was profoundly learned in the most abstruse and subtile doctrines of natural philosophy; or it reduces us to the alternative of supposing that he was guided by the Divine Spirit to employ a mode of speech of which he did not understand the full import. But yielding this point, which, indeed, we should be at a loss for arguments to contest, we readily agree with Dr. Gleig that "there is no room for the objection usually urged against the narrative, which represents the light of our system as having been divided from the darkness before the matter of the sun was reduced to its present form." On the contrary, this separation appears to have taken place in its natural order, if the word *natural* can be applied with propriety to such miracles as the formation of worlds. The question, too, which has sometimes been asked, how this light was disposed of before the sun was ready to receive it, is easily answered. The quantity of light separated from the chaotic mass of each planet *may* have been condensed into an *aurora*-like meteor, and made at first to revolve round its own planet so as to constitute day and night; and, afterwards, these different luminous meteors may have all been collected and rolled round the sun when he was completely formed, in the same manner that, according to the observations of Dr. Herschel, we find the matter of light wrapt round him at present; and be it remembered that this is no novel hypothesis of ours. It was the opinion of many critics, both Jewish and Christian, who, without the guide to direct them which the improved optics of modern times afford us, have said of the light which was divided from the darkness and constituted the first day, "Fortasse nubes lucida (ut Exod. xiv. 19, 20. Deut. i. 33.) quæ motu circulari diem noctemque conficit, ex qua condensatâ sol formatus est." (Poli Synops. Criticorum.)

This reasoning, we are aware, will be received by different

readers in different points of view, and to the majority perhaps it will appear more ingenious than satisfactory; still, it will not fail to strike the more attentive student, as a surprising coincidence, that the brief details presented in the first chapter of Genesis are so far from being repugnant to the conclusions of philosophy, in a very enlightened era, too, of physical science, that they mutually give and receive the strongest indirect confirmation. Most people, however, feel inclined to dispense with philosophical discussion altogether, in reference as well to the Mosaical cosmogony as to the other miraculous dispensations of the Divine Providence recorded in the writings of the Old Testament; and, generally speaking, we ourselves agree in opinion with those who maintain that the reputation of Moses, as a man of science, and the authority of his works, as a literal and faithful record of natural phenomena, have not been greatly extended by the labours of those geologists and antiquaries who, in the present day, have so strenuously exerted themselves to identify his statements with their own notions or discoveries, in matters strictly philosophical.

We pass on, however, from the creation and arrangement of material substances to the melancholy topics of temptation, sin, and death; for hardly were the heavens and the earth finished and all the host of them, when man violated the commandment of his Maker, and subjected himself to mortality and sorrow.

The principal question connected with this mournful catastrophe is, what did we, the descendants of Adam, lose by it; the second, which is hardly less important, is, in what condition are we now placed, and what are the hopes and prospects which we are permitted to entertain of ultimate recovery. As the right reverend editor is suspected of being a little deficient in orthodoxy on this head, which involves, of course, the doctrines of innate depravity and original sin, and, moreover, as Mr. Wilkinson has sounded an alarm, pointed out the danger, and furnished an antidote in the shape of a learned sermon with copious notes, we intend to enter into the consideration of the subject at some length, setting forth the actual tenets of the Church of England, as well as the leading views of those who hold a different standard, relative to this most obscure and intricate point of faith.

To know precisely the extent of the loss which we sustained in the fall of Adam, it would be first necessary to ascertain the condition of our first parents in paradise, the advantages which they enjoyed in respect of knowledge and supernatural direction, and more particularly the reward which, after a limited time of trial, would have followed their obedience. It is very obvious, however, that we have not the means of arriving at any precise information on these preliminary points: Holy Scripture is either entirely silent, or makes use of very general terms in explaining

the state and prospects of our first progenitor whilst yet in paradise; and except in regard to innocence, to the happiness which always accompanies innocence, and the blessing of a frequent communion with God, we know not in what the felicities or advantages of the paradisiacal state consisted. In this uncertainty, the only measure we can apply in order to ascertain the extent of the privations or positive calamity which have been entailed upon us by the fall, must be taken from the actual condition in which we now find ourselves placed; proceeding on the principle that every thing bad, whether in respect of sin or pain, our disposition or our sufferings, ought to be attributed to that mournful event. The terms *original sin*, indeed, are no where to be found in Scripture, and the ideas connected with them are no where well defined by systematical theologians; on which account it is extremely difficult to discover, even in the articles and confessions of the principal reformed churches, the real standard of orthodoxy, and consequently the particular point at which, on this particular subject, heresy commences. The Church of England seems to regard the effects of the first transgression more in the light of deprivation, imperfection, or at most of a taint and bias to evil, than as consisting in a state of positive condemnation to eternal punishment, considered apart from actual transgression. Original sin is described in the ninth article as "the fault or corruption of the nature of every man that naturally is engendered of the offspring of Adam, whereby man is very far gone from original righteousness, and is of his own nature inclined to evil, so that the flesh lusteth always contrary to the spirit, and therefore in every person born into the world it *deserveth* God's wrath and damnation: and this infection of nature doth remain, yea, in them that are regenerated, whereby the lust of the flesh, called in Greek φρονημα σαρκος, which some do expound the wisdom, some sensuality, some the affection, some the desire, of the flesh, is not subject to the law of God."

The Church of Scotland, adopting a higher view of the doctrine, and yielding more implicitly to the guidance of Calvin, connect it with the present condition of human nature more as a *sin* than as a misfortune. In the sixth chapter of their Confession of Faith, it is said that "our first parents, being seduced by the subtilty and temptation of Satan, sinned in eating the forbidden fruit. This their sin God was pleased, according to his wise and holy counsel, to permit, having purposed to order it to his own glory. By this sin they fell from their original righteousness and communion with God, and so became dead in sin, and wholly defiled in all the faculties and parts of soul and body. They being the root of all mankind, the guilt of sin was imputed, and the same death in sin and corrupted nature conveyed, to all their

posterity, descending from them by ordinary generation. From this original corruption, whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil, do proceed all actual transgression. This corruption of nature during this life doth remain in those that are regenerated; and although it be, through Christ, pardoned and mortified, yet both itself and all the motions thereof are truly and properly sin. Every sin, both original and actual, being a transgression of the righteous law of God, and contrary thereunto, doth in its own nature bring guilt upon the sinner, whereby he is bound over to the wrath of God, and curse of the law, and so made subject to death, with all miseries, spiritual, temporal, and eternal."

The proper meaning, however, of all authoritative expositions of doctrinal points is to be gathered rather from the errors against which they were directed, than from the words in which they are expressed. It is well known, accordingly, that the chief object which the learned compilers of our articles had in view, in drawing up the ninth, was to guard against Pelagianism, which the Anabaptists of that day strained every nerve to introduce into the church. Now, it was one of the tenets of Pelagius that the sin of Adam was confined to himself, and that new-born infants are in the same state, as to the favour of God and the means of salvation, in which our first ancestor was before the fall; and to expose these heretical views, and check their progress, in the reigns of Edward and his sister Elizabeth, the framers of the article in question stated, in very strong and decisive language, the doctrine which was most opposed to them. It will be readily admitted, however, by every one who reads the article on Original or Birth Sin, with candour and intelligence, that the Church of England holds as a fundamental doctrine that, in consequence of the sin committed in Paradise, human nature is greatly depraved, inclined to evil, and liable to punishment. It will, however, introduce us with better effect to the question at issue between Bishop Gleig and those who may be inclined to charge him with Pelagianism, if we state, beforehand, the opinions of divines as to the source or origin of this depravation, and the channel through which it is communicated to the children of Adam in their respective generations.

Beginning with the doctrine of the high Calvinist, we are taught that God, for the punishment of Adam's transgression, *infused* into the minds of his descendants a certain degree of positive malignity or taint, which not only disqualified and disabled them for the performance of every good work, but, in the words of the confession of faith, "made them opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil." This opinion, however, at once so unscriptural and incompatible with all our primary notions of the Deity,

is held by very few, even of those who, in these times, are willing to call themselves Calvinists. It is utterly inconsistent both with goodness and justice, to imagine that the great Father of Spirits would punish the offence of one man by making all his posterity prone to evil; because, leaving out of view the absurdity of supposing that the Almighty would punish for one sin, by increasing the inclination to all sins, no just judge, as the Bishop properly observes, ever inflicts on a criminal a heavier punishment than that which the law, which he has transgressed, awards to his crime. Mr. Locke, too, in his Reasonableness of Christianity, remonstrates with much force of argument, against the strained and unnatural interpretation now alluded to of the sentence pronounced upon the first sinner:

"In the day that thou eatest of the forbidden fruit, 'thou shalt die,' i. e. thou and thy posterity shall be ever after incapable of doing any thing but what shall be sinful and provoking to me, and shall deserve my wrath and indignation! Could a worthy man be supposed to put such terms on the obedience of his subjects? much less can the righteous God be supposed, as a punishment of one sin wherewith he is displeased, to put a man under the necessity of sinning continually, and so supplying the provocation!"

This, however, is not the doctrine of our church, and we heartily concur with Dr. Gleig in disavowing it entirely as an article of belief.

A second opinion on this subject is, that though God did not, by any immediate act or decree, infuse into the souls of Adam's descendants a positive malignity, taint, or invincible bias to evil, yet the souls of these descendants, as well as their bodies, being derived from our first parents by ordinary generation, human nature must be wholly and radically depraved, like a stream flowing from an impure fountain. This notion, we apprehend, is pretty generally entertained by a certain class of divines, who delight to hold their opinions undisturbed by analysis, or the consideration of the most natural inferences. If, however, the soul is generated as well as the body, and derives from one or both parents the talents and dispositions which are afterwards to characterize its moral and intellectual exertions, it follows, from the most obvious physical considerations, that the doctrine of the materialist, in relation to the constitution of man. is the only doctrine that will bear examination. Bishop Burnet, in his Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles, informs us, that some of the followers of Augustine were a good deal puzzled as to this species of propagation. "They wished well," says he, "to the nature of a soul's propagating a soul, but that seemed to come too near creation; so it was not received as certain. It was, therefore, thought that, the body being propagated defiled, the soul was

created and infused at the moment of conception; and that, though God did not create it impure, yet no time was interposed between its creation and infusion; so that it could never be said to have been once pure, and then to have become impure."

Tertullian, however, in ancient times, and Mr. Wilkinson, in our own days, seem not to have encountered the difficulty which the disciples of St. Austin so adroitly parried.

The Rector of Bulvan brings forward a positive and well authenticated case to prove that "the mental powers of the offspring are derived from those of the parents."

"The careful selection made in the breed of horses enables me," says he, "to detail an anecdote *very decisive on this subject.* The race of WORTHY, a horse belonging to the East India Company, are generally vicious. An excellent friend and neighbour of mine, in Essex, some years ago had a filly, of which Worthy was the sire. He was told that she would be too vicious for his use when she gained her strength: she was used with the greatest gentleness, well broken in, and was at first tractable enough. However, he was soon obliged to part with her. Another clergyman bought her, and for a while contrived to manage her: at last she became too much for him, and was sold I do not know to whom. One other of the same breed was in the stud of the late Mr. Russel, of Northokendon, in Essex, and used for a hunter; but was sold off for its bad temper. At length it came into the hands of a farmer at Oreith, who kept her as long as he could, but was finally obliged to sell her to the ostler of the White Hart, Romford. Now if, as all sportsmen agree, temper and disposition are hereditary in the horse and the dog—since they actually cross the breeds for the purpose of adding or diminishing their spirit or other qualities—since, too, there are so many instances of hereditary disposition in the human species, whilst so many of the anomalies may be satisfactorily accounted for, we are surely warranted in concluding that this rule holds universally. If, *therefore*, Adam received any mental injury by his transgression, there can be little difficulty in granting that injury to have descended to his posterity."

Notwithstanding these instances and arguments, we cannot bring ourselves to hold the opinion, that souls propagate souls. We think there are fewer difficulties connected with the *third* doctrine maintained in relation to this abstruse subject; namely, that the body of every man—of which the rudiments are unquestionably derived from his parents—comes into the world with a hereditary disease, which so affects the moral principles of his nature as to excite a war between the flesh and the spirit, making the former lust contrary to the latter. This disease, or corruption, or fault, is attributed by some divines to a physical property in the forbidden fruit; it appearing to these writers very reasonable to imagine, that, as the tree of life might be a plant which would have furnished man with a universal medicine, so the fruit in

question might possibly have infused a slow poison into Adam's body, exciting and inflaming his blood, and thereby bringing on a depraved habit in his corporeal frame, and, in the end, a slow but certain mortality. They compare the process and the effect in this case to the operation of diseases, properly so called, which, although strictly seated in the body, extend their influence to the mind; and which, moreover, are frequently found to be conveyed in the blood from generation to generation, descending from father to son, as an inheritance of malediction, perpetuating in the same family infirm constitutions and enfeebled minds. An objection, however, similar to the one mentioned above, very naturally occurs to this view of the subject also. It is expressed in these words by Bishop Burnet, in his work on the Articles. "Adam being thus defiled, all emanating from him must partake of that vitiated state to which he had brought himself; but then the question remains, How came the souls of his posterity to be defiled; for, if they be created pure, it seems to be an unjust cruelty to condemn them to such union with a defiled body as shall certainly corrupt them?" All that can be said in answer to this, he goes on to observe, is, "That God has settled it as a law in the creation, that a soul should inform a body according to the texture of it, and either conquer it, or be mastered by it, as it should be differently made; and that, as such a degree of purity in the texture of it might make it both pure and happy, so a contrary degree of texture might have very contrary effects." Mr. Wilkinson appears to entertain similar notions as to the union between soul and body, and accordingly to admit it as an article of faith, that the depravation we incurred in Adam may have been transmitted, like certain hereditary distempers affecting the mind as well as the bodily frame. "I am persuaded," says he, "that much of the extraordinary conduct we meet with arises from slight affections of insanity; these affections are sometimes called eccentricities." Indeed, we believe we should be justified in stating, that the views now set forth constitute the doctrine of the majority of our church, relative to the nature and the channel of that depravity which manifests itself so strikingly in the intercourse of human life. Whether, indeed, the impurity arose from a poisonous quality in the forbidden fruit, or was in any other way the simple and natural effect of disobedience, it is perhaps utterly impossible to decide; but, as the corruption of our nature is so clearly taught in Scripture, and confirmed by experience, as to be placed beyond all reasonable question, and as few theologians, in these times, will be found to hold the appalling opinion, that the Almighty, by a special act, infused into the souls of men such a positive malignity and desire of evil, as to render practical wickedness a necessary result, or even that other notion which implies the propagation of mind as well as of matter, in the con-

jugal embrace, it must follow, that those who support the doctrine of innate and hereditary depravity must found their arguments for it on the impure state of the body, and on the intimate connexion between the corporeal organs and the volitions of the soul. If this be in reality the doctrine of the Church of England—and the wording of the Ninth Article, the "φρονημα σαρκος,"—"the infection of nature,"—"the flesh lusting contrary to the spirit,"—"the fault or corruption of every man, naturally engendered of the offspring of Adam," tends to confirm us in the opinion—then Bishop Gleig is, without doubt, a little tinctured with heresy, inasmuch as he seems not to be entirely convinced of the supposed fact upon which the doctrine rests. On this occasion, however, it is right that he should speak for himself.

"It must be confessed," says he, "to be *possible* that the fruit of the forbidden tree *may have been* of so noxious a quality as greatly to inflame the sensual appetites of human nature, and weaken its intellectual and moral powers in an equal or greater degree; and if so, God was surely not bound, either by justice or by mercy, to work a miracle to prevent the parents of the human race from reaping the *natural* fruits of their wilful transgression of his law. A strong prejudice, however, certainly arises in the mind against this having been really the consequence of that transgression, from Adam's having displayed under the temptation to which he was exposed, no powers, either intellectual or moral, superior to those which have been displayed by multitudes of his descendants in every age of the world; and if it were true, as Bishop Warburton supposed, that he had lived long before he was introduced into the garden of Eden, and, as Dr. Hale supposes, a hundred years in that Paradise, we should be led to conclude that the rectitude of his mind, instead of being superior, was in fact not equal to that of many of his descendants. In the garden, it is evident from Scripture that he was under the immediate and constant tuition of God; and under such tuition a man of very ordinary faculties, and with such, at least, he was certainly endowed, would in a much shorter time than a hundred years, have acquired such just notions of the attributes of his Maker, and of his own dependance on him, as must have prevented him from being seduced even by the blandishments of his wife, to incur the certain displeasure of him in whom he lived, and moved, and had his being. But though this is unquestionably a powerful objection to the opinion that the nature of Adam and Eve was depraved by the deleterious qualities of the forbidden fruit, and that we inherit corruption from them, so that human nature is now far removed from its original perfection; yet as all this is possible, and not inconsistent with the moral attributes of God, if it be clearly taught in the Scripture, it ought unquestionably to be received as a doctrine worthy of all acceptation."

Having examined into the sense of the principal passages of Scripture, upon which the doctrine of human depravation is commonly founded, the Bishop proceeds to observe:

"One thing is evident, that *guilt*, in the proper sense of the word,

cannot be conveyed from one person to another; and it is equally evident that no other tendency to evil can be conveyed from parents to their children than what may spring from a deceased temperament or constitution. If the human soul be immaterial, which it is to be hoped all Christians believe it to be, it is indivisible and unextended, and therefore cannot be derived by children from either of their parents; it cannot be what one of the fathers of the church thought it—*semen animale ex animæ distillatione, sicut et virus illud, corporale semen, ex carnis defecatione*. It is, indeed, very certain that the mind incarnate is affected in the exercise of all its faculties, intellectual and moral, by the soundness or unsoundness of the body; and that many diseases, with some species of madness among them, are hereditary. If, therefore, any man, after the most unbiassed investigation which he can make of the true meaning of the sacred oracles, find, in the books of the Old and New Testament, evidence which satisfies himself that the passions and appetites of our first parents were in absolute subjection to their intellectual and moral powers, (for this is all that is usually meant, or indeed can be meant, by the *original righteousness* of Adam and Eve before they had actually done either good or evil) and if he cannot account for the moral disorder which has prevailed in the world ever since their fall, by the great law of mental association which seems essential to such beings as men, then he *must* believe that by some deleterious quality of the forbidden fruit, human nature has been greatly depraved; for his own consciousness will not permit him to suppose that the faculties of the mind are now thus evenly balanced."

From these extracts, and more particularly from his exposition of certain texts of Scripture, it is very evident that the Bishop is not satisfied with the arguments or authority upon which the doctrine of hereditary depravity is commonly taught and believed; still he states his doubts with so much moderation, and leaves so much room for liberality and candour, that we should be slow to accuse him of downright heresy. In fact, he admits all that is directly stated in the ninth article of our church; namely, that we are far gone from original righteousness—meaning thereby an equal counterpoise of reason and appetite in the soul of men—and that the flesh in every human being lusteth against the spirit; he merely expresses his inability to discover in the Bible any direct or clear evidence for the opinion professed by some divines, that the seeds of this depravity are conveyed in the *blood*, contaminated either physically or judicially at the very fountain head. In entertaining this doubt, however, he does not, it is very obvious, come to issue with the church on any point actually decided by her authority; for the compilers of the Articles are contented themselves with simply stating the fact, that our nature is depraved, without attempting to explain the manner in which that depravity was produced and perpetuated.

The *fourth* theory on the doctrine of original sin is that

brought forward in his Dissertation by Bishop Gleig; according to which he attempts to account for the inclination to evil which manifests itself at so early an age in every human being, as well as for the wickedness with which the world was overspread so soon after the fall, upon the well-known principle of the *association of ideas,* the basis of all our education, and perhaps the most prolific source of all our desires and aversions. If the opening mind of a child were presented by its instructors with the proper and radical distinctions between things good and things evil, and if the epithets which belong to each set of objects were never applied to those of the other, it is imagined that there would be created in the will and affections of that child a decided and lasting preference for every thing denominated *good,* and a strong and durable dislike for every thing denominated *evil.* In the very act of learning to speak, children, it is well known, acquire notions which insensibly determine their preferences; and, as the author justly observes, it is impossible to carry on with a child a conversation for half an hour, without contributing to form in his mind some association which shall affect, in a greater or less degree, his moral principles, by exciting in his mind love or desire of worthy or unworthy objects. Amid so much susceptibility, and so many fallible or vicious guides, it is not surprising that wickedness should have gained ground at a very early period of human society; and the evil principle, thus operating with a power continually increasing, spreading with a rapidity still greater than that which regulates the spring of population, is regarded by the Bishop as fully adequate to the effect produced, without calling in the influence of any moral taint or depravity, derived from our first parents. Original sin, then, agreeably to this hypothesis, resolves itself chiefly into bad example and a bad education, into false estimates of moral good and evil, into hereditary prejudices, which disturb the understanding, and mislead the will; by all which, the writer maintains, it comes to pass that "every man, naturally engendered of the offspring of Adam, is very far gone—even before he arrives at the years of discretion—from original righteousness, whilst, to account for this fact, he continues, there is no necessity for supposing—what the Scriptures do not assert—that any positive malignity was infused into his nature, either by the deleterious qualities of the forbidden fruit, or which, though much the same, sounds much more horribly, by the positive decree of Almighty God." We should not, however, do justice to the very ingenious author of this Dissertation did we not mention that, in addition to the actual and positive causes of deterioration which we have mentioned, as affecting the moral principles of mankind, he lays great weight upon the retraction, of the guiding, and illuminating, and

strengthening influences of the Holy Spirit, which had been vouchsafed to Adam in the paradisaical state.

Our readers will judge for themselves as to the degree of accordance with Scripture, and with the actual condition of the world, which these four views of the source and channel of human depravity respectively exhibit. In reference to the last, we are aware that the difference of opinion among systematic thinkers will be considerable; and Mr. Wilkinson, for one, declares himself altogether dissatisfied with the attempt to account for the early and rapid corruption of manners upon the principle of association, bad example, and mutual countenance in guilt. Cain, he observes, the first man born into the world, without associates, without any external temptation, from sheer malignity of disposition becomes a fratricide; but, perhaps, he will find it as difficult—original depravity being of course out of the question—to account for the sin of Cain's father, who, blessed with the grace of the Divine Spirit, and taught, too, from the mouth of God, violated, upon a very slight temptation, a strict and positive command, pronounced in his ears by his gracious Creator. The mere act, be it remembered, of listening to temptation, of deliberating on guilt, the very susceptibility, in short, of being tempted, implied an imperfection of nature, approaching a good deal to that infirmity, or fault, or infection, or corruption, which has characterized humanity ever since; and we are convinced that, upon cool reflection, the greater enormity of Cain's guilt, compared with that of Adam's, may be ascribed to the less favourable circumstances in which the former was placed, with regard to spiritual aid and direction. If Adam, enjoying communion with his Maker, hearing his voice and receiving his instruction, could, in compliance with the solicitation of his wife, set at nought a solemn injunction delivered by that gracious and Almighty Being, it will not appear wonderful that his son, deprived of these high advantages, should have lifted up his hand to commit murder. The question, it will be granted, is involved in difficulty, view it in what light, and under what hypothesis we may: we leave it, therefore, to enter upon the consideration of another, arising, too, from the history of the first transgression, but still more closely connected with the Christian redemption—the nature and extent of the punishment denounced in the sentence, "*Thou shalt surely die.*" Indeed this inquiry is so intimately connected with the deliverance which was effected by our blessed Saviour, that, without understanding it completely, we shall not be able to form a clear conception either of the state from which we have been redeemed, or of that in which we now stand.

The Calvinistic doctrine, in relation to the punishment denounced against our first parents, is, that it was to consist in

death temporal, spiritual, and eternal; in other words, that the body was in due time to undergo its natural dissolution, and the soul was to suffer the pains of hell to all eternity. When, however, we examine into the meaning of the words in which the sentence is expressed, compared with their import in every other passage in Holy Scripture wherein the same terms are employed, we are at a loss to discover the authority upon which such a conclusion is established. Many divines of eminence in our own church, among whom we may name Bishops Bull and Warburton, have accordingly protested against this unwarrantable freedom of interpretation; maintaining that, in no part of the Old Testament, particularly in the books of Moses, could the words which compose the threatening, "*Thou shalt surely die,*" convey any other notice than that of natural death. Bishop Gleig, too, holds the opinion of Bishop Bull; and in arguing the point, which he does with consummate ability and learning, he reminds his readers that, to ascertain the precise meaning of the death with which our first parents were threatened, and which they and their posterity have all incurred, nothing more seems to be necessary than to inquire in what sense the words מות תמות are used elsewhere in the writings of Moses:—

"Now this reduplication of the word," says he, "occurs at least twenty-nine times in the Pentateuch, as the reader may easily satisfy himself by consulting his Hebrew Bible at the verses referred to at the bottom of the page;* but surely no man—however attached to this or that system—will contend that the words imply any thing more in twenty-seven of these verses, than that *death* to which men and the inferior animals are equally liable; for they are employed in threatenings of death issued by those who are not able to kill the soul, and are applied to beasts which have no rational souls to be killed. It is, indeed, God that, in the third of the verses referred to, threatens in these strong terms Abimelech and all that was his with *death*, if he did not restore to Abraham his wife; but we cannot without blasphemy suppose that the equal Lord of all would punish a whole people with what is, in the New Testament, called the *second death*, for the sin of their prince—a sin too, which, as they appear not to have incited him to it, they probably would not have been able to prevent, had he been, what he certainly was not, an obstinate and incorrigible tyrant."

"This phraseology, therefore, having, in twenty-seven out of twenty-nine instances in which it is used by Moses, unquestionably no other than the literal and precise meaning of that death to which we see man and beast equally liable, what is there in the context leading us to imagine that it has any other meaning in the seventeenth verse of the second chapter of Genesis, or in the fourth verse of the third chapter. In systems of Christian theology, mention is indeed

* Gen. ii. 17; iii. 4; xx. 7; xxvi. 11. Exod. xix. 12, 13; xxi. 12, 15, 16, 17; xxii. 19; xxxi. 14, 15. Lev. xx. 2, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 15, 16, 27; xxiv. 16, 17; xxvii. 29. Num. xv. 35; xxvi. 65; xxxv. 17, 21, 31.

made of a threefold death—temporal, spiritual, and eternal; and by eternal death is meant perpetual conscious existence in torment; but there appears to be nothing in the three first chapters of Genesis that could have led Adam and Eve to make this distinction. On the contrary, when God actually pronounced sentence upon Adam, he said—'In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return'—words which prove completely that the death threatened in the second chapter could be nothing else than what the Hebrew words, in every other place where they are employed by Moses, indisputably mean. Such a death our first parents appear to have expected, when they vainly attempted to hide themselves from the presence of God among the trees of the garden; they probably expected to suffer it instantly, and there can be no doubt, that the death for which they looked was to be complete and eternal; for such is the import of the words מות תמות in their original sense, as applied alike to man and beast. They expected not—they could not then expect—eternal life in torment; but undoubtedly they expected to become as if they had never been—or pass, as Milton makes Adam say, 'he expected to pass, when first falling asleep, into their former state insensible, and forthwith to dissolve completely;' and into that state they would undoubtedly have passed, had not death been deprived of its sting by the intervention of the second Adam, who declared himself to be 'the resurection and the life.'"

Leaving out of their consideration the arguments drawn from the grammatical meaning of the words, many divines are, on other grounds, inclined to agree with Mr. Locke, that "it is a strange way of understanding a law which requires the plainest and directest words, that by *death* should be meant eternal life in misery. Could it by any one be supposed, by a law that says, *for felony thou shalt die*, not that he should lose his life, but be kept alive in perpetual exquisite torments?" There is, undoubtedly, some foundation for the opinion of Bull, so ably urged by our present author, as well as for the above objection of Locke, founded on the gross discrepancy between the literal expression, and the supposed meaning, of the sentence passed on our first parents. The principal difficulty, however, which encumbers the clear and powerful reasoning connected with the hypothesis in question, in the writings of Bull and his numerous followers, is endeavoured to be removed by Bishop Gleig, who combats the notion, so pertinaciously held by most theologians, that the soul of man is *naturally immortal*, and indestructible. He has not discovered any evidence in Scripture to justify the violent opposition, which has been made to the tenet of Pelagius, that Adam was created a mortal man, that immortality was only promised as the reward of obedience, that perpetuity of existence was not inherent in his nature and inseparable from it; but that when

the conditional grant was forfeited, he instantly became again subject to death, in the full and literal meaning of the term,—to a total and everlasting extinction of being. He thinks that no created thing is *naturally, or essentially*, immortal: every substance, organized or unorganized, material or immaterial, which has had a beginning, may likewise have an end; and that of all the absurdities which have, at any time, entered into the heads of philosophers and divines, it is the greatest to maintain that the thinking part of man is, from its very constitution, incapable of ceasing to exist,—that it is eternal and indestructible.

This topic, however, viewed separately and abstractedly, is comparatively of little importance. It derives all its interest from its intimate connection with the doctrine of life and immortality revealed through our Blessed Redeemer; for, "as in Adam all die," saith St. Paul, "even so in Christ shall all be made alive;" and to know correctly the nature and the extent of the *life* conferred upon our race by the mediation of the latter, it is first necessary to know the nature and extent of the *death* incurred by the disobedience of the former. Whatever, then, was the kind and degree of the penalty inflicted upon our first ancestors, the kind and the degree of the remission obtained through the Christian redemption, must, it is very obvious, correspond with them in every respect. If the punishment was everlasting torment in hell-fire, that dreadful condition which is styled the second, or eternal death, then the life to which we are restored as Christians, must of course be never-ending joy in heaven; for the life mentioned in the one case is contrasted with the death mentioned in the other. But, as no school of theologians avowedly professes the tenet that all men, without exception, are to enjoy the felicity of heaven, and as it is asserted by St. Paul, that, as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive, it follows, say those who think with Bishop Gleig, that a *life* and a *death* different from eternal happiness on the one hand, and eternal misery on the other, must be found out, in order to answer the description and the application of them which are here held out by the inspired Apostle. The death then, which we incurred in Adam, is, according to their view, *total extinction of soul and body*, a mere animal death; and the life to which we are restored by our Saviour is, agreeably to the same hypothesis, *immortality* simply considered, resurrection of the body, and a perpetual consciousness in the whole man. As too in the fall we forfeited not only the conditional immortality promised in the paradisiacal state, but also the guidance and aid of the Holy Spirit; so in the restoration effected by the second Adam, the graces of that divine Teacher are again procured for our race, and given to all who ask them in sincerity and

truth.—This outline may serve to give the attentive reader a general idea of the doctrines which have been held on the subject of the fall and recovery of mankind, by some of the most distinguished writers and divines of the Church of England; and those who wish to see the several arguments which have been employed to establish them, detailed with perspicuity, and pressed with much power of writing, should consult the "Supplementary Dissertation on some of the principal Doctrines of the Christian Religion," inserted by Bishop Gleig in the third volume of his Stackhouse.

"That Christ died, "says he," to restore mankind to that life which had been forfeited by the fall of Adam is as certain as that the Scriptures of the New Testament are the word of God; and since we are assured that as by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead; and that as in Adam *all die*, even so in Christ shall *all* be made alive, it is equally certain that he died for *all men* without exception. For, as St. Paul informs Timothy, there is one God and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus, who gave himself a ransom for *all*, to be testified in due time. Redemption therefore in its original sense, as promised to the fallen parents of the human race, has been, or rather will be, universal and unconditional. The stupendous plan into which even the angels desired to look, was formed by the Divine wisdom and goodness, and carried into complete effect without any co-operation of ours; but not as was the offence, so also is the *free gift*. For, if through the offence of (the) one (the) many be dead, much more the grace of God, and the gift by (the) grace which is by (the) one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto (the) many. And not as it was by one that sinned so is the *gift;* for the judgment was of one (offence) to condemnation; but the free gift is of many offences unto justification (δικαίωμα.) For, if by the offence of the one man, death reigned by (the) one; much more, they who receive the abundance of the grace, and of the gift of (the) righteousness (δικαιοσύνης)—shall reign in life by one Jesus Christ. Therefore as by one offence judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so, by one righteousness—δι ἑνος δικαιώματος—the free gift came upon all to *justification of life*—εἰς δικαίωσιν ζωης. Through the whole of this passage, our loss by the fall of our first father is contrasted with our gain by the cross of Christ; and as we were subjected to the consequences of Adam's sin, not willingly or by ourselves, so have we contributed, and can contribute, nothing to that *justification of life*, which hath come upon *all men* by the free gift of God; for as Christ was freely "delivered" by the compassionate goodness of God, for our offences, so was he raised again for our justification. With respect to this redemption and the bondage from which we are redeemed, we are therefore *justified:* i. e. treated as if we had never come under any condemnation—neither for our *faith* nor for our *works*, but by the free grace of God, who sent his son into the world to take upon him our nature, and in that nature to die as a lamb to take away the sin (τὴν ἁμαρτίαν) not sins—but that sin of which the consequences have fallen upon the whole world."—"The

death, therefore, to which all men are subjected by the sin of Adam when considered in connexion with the resurrection *of all* at the end of the world, is very far from being an evil; and as the gift of eternal life is held by a much surer tenure under the Christian dispensation than it was, or could have been, under the paradisaical, it follows, that, in this point of view, the second or Christian covenant of life possesses in fact all that superiority over the first or paradisaical covenant, which St. Paul on every occasion attributes to it."

The reasoning in the above passage is singularly forcible and conclusive, evolving a wonderful co-adaptation between the theory which the author espouses, and the train of thought which seems to have been followed out by the great Apostle, in his discourse on the Christian redemption. It is not, indeed, the first time that this view of the subject has presented itself to our minds; and but for one circumstance connected with it, we know not that any portion of systematic theology would better stand the test at once of reason and of Scripture. The circumstance to which we allude, and which has also struck Mr. Wilkinson under the same objectionable aspect, is, that the misery of those who shall fail to obtain salvation will be greatly increased by their being rendered immortal. Had the human race never heard of a Saviour, every man would in the course of this life have enjoyed the share of happiness due to his merits, or suffered the allotment of evil awarded to his crimes, and thus, after passing their days under a retributive and equal Providence, the sons of Adam would have sunk into the grave without the hope or the fear of the hereafter. But life and immortality being brought to light, the effects of the deeds done in the body will be visited upon the soul of man throughout all eternity; and, as there is reason to apprehend that the number of bad men greatly exceeds that of the good, and knowing that strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leads to life, and few there be that find it, the gift of immortality is so far from being a pearl of great price to the majority of human beings, that it can be regarded in no other light than the means of securing a perpetuity of torment. It will be said in reply, we know, that salvation is offered *to all*, that the grace of God is given *to all* who sincerely pray for it, and that it is sufficient *for all*; that it gives sight to the blind, strength to the weak, steadfastness to the wavering, and cleansing to the polluted; but, viewing the destiny of mankind, not according to their means and encouragements, but according to the use they shall make of them; not according to the ease of the journey, but the number who shall actually perform it; not according to the value of the prize, but according to the proportion of those who shall in reality obtain it, we have much difficulty in perceiving in what

respects the descendants of Adam, taken in the mass, have been benefited by being thus clothed upon with an eternal and unforfeitable immortality. We readily admit, however, that this objection, in its endless variety of shapes, applies, in a greater or less degree, to all scholastic systems of religion; and ποθεν το κακόν? will constantly recur to the inquisitive mind, as long as there is sin to be deplored, and pain to be endured. Disguise it as we may; call it *decree, predestination, permission*, or by any other term that will better conceal our ignorance, it comes to the same in the end. We go back from effect to cause, from consequent to antecedent, from Christianity to Judaism, from Noah to Adam, from the flood to the fall, only to stop and view, afar off, the inscrutable counsels of the Almighty Jehovah. Examining into the subject in connection with all the philosophical systems that have ever been devised, with the doctrine of free will, or with the doctrine of necessity, with prescience, or with contingency, the insuperable difficulty still remains—the existence of evil under the government of a good and omnipotent Being—and the question will ever continue to be put by the student of nature and of religion, ποθεν το κακόν?

As to the charge of Pelagianism, which has been brought against the author of the essays—for such we may venture to call them—now under our consideration, we do not perceive very clearly upon what ground the writer of the sermon, already so frequently alluded to, has undertaken to substantiate it. It cannot surely respect the opinion, so truly incontrovertible, that Adam was not naturally immortal, that he held his existence as a conscious being, at the pleasure of his Maker, and that a word from the mouth of God would have been sufficient to render extinct, as if it had never been, his soul as well as his body. Besides, this was not the doctrine of Pelagius. He taught, not only that Adam was susceptible of death, but that he would have died, after a limited period of time, *whether he had sinned or not.* The Bishop has no where said so: he rather seems to think that, if our first parent had not violated the divine command, he would have been translated like Enoch and Elijah, and thereby removed to a scene where the enjoyment of happiness is never disturbed by the fear of losing it. Nor does Dr. Gleig any where maintain, in opposition to the orthodox tenets of our church, that the effects of Adam's transgression were confined to himself. On the contrary, he states explicitly, as an article of faith, that by the sin of one, or by one sin, judgment came upon all men to condemnation; and that it is only by the mediation of Jesus Christ that the free gift came upon all to justification of life. He does not, indeed, go quite so far as the high Calvinist, and maintain that for which he has no evidence whatever in the

Bible, that the death we incurred in Adam was eternal torment in hell-fire; but we imagine that, in order to be an orthodox son of the church of England, or of any church which regulates its belief by our thirty-nine articles, it is not necessary to hold this most repulsive of all the tenets which compose the Calvinistic creed. In relation, again, to the characteristic doctrine of the Pelagian heresy—independence of the grace of God in working out our salvation—no charge was ever more groundless than that which Mr. Wilkinson has been pleased to insinuate on the present occasion: for, if we understand aright the views which are set forth in this edition of Stackhouse, the whole history of human redemption, every act on the part of Almighty God, from the first promise of a Redeemer made to Adam and Eve in Paradise, till the ascension of our Blessed Lord into heaven, where he carried captivity captive, is founded in free grace; whilst at the same time, the necessity of the co-operation of the Divine Spirit, in order to render that redemption effectual, is most distinctly recognised. Speaking of justification, for example, by which he means our acquittal or absolution from the effects of the first transgression, and our restoration to that *life* with all its privileges, which was forfeited by the fall of our first parents, he says that it is an act of the Divine philanthropy, proceeding through Christ, and performed without any co-operation of ours, either by our faith or by our obedience; that it is wholly of grace, and depends not in the smallest degree on the faith, or piety, or virtue of men; "it is the gift of God."

"Our present state," he likewise observes, "is but a state of probation in which we have a steady course to pursue, though we are liable to deviate from it both to the right hand and to the left. To encourage us to work out our salvation with fear and trembling, we are assured that the Comforter, even that Blessed Spirit whom our Lord sent from his Father on the apostles, 'shall remain with the church for ever,' to enable every individual member, who in earnest endeavours to obey the gospel, to 'work and to do according to his good pleasure; that to every Christian who devoutly asks his aid, that aid will be granted by our heavenly Father more readily than any one of us gives good gifts to his children; that the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, dwelleth with the church, and is in every good Christian; and that it is by the influence of the Holy Ghost that we are received in the spirit of our minds, and 'have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him.' We are taught by God," he continues, "externally in the Holy Scriptures and internally by the Holy Ghost, speaking in the still small voice to our minds, as well to enlighten our understandings as to purify our hearts. Even faith itself is the gift of God, for as one of our old divines (Pearson) well observes, 'Christ is not only given unto us, in whom we may believe, but it is also given us on the behalf of

Christ to believe in him; and this last gift is the gift of the Holy Ghost working an assent unto that which by the word is propounded unto us. But we," he further observes, "are not only enlightened by the Spirit of God operating on our intellectual powers, but also directed by the same Spirit in our conduct; for we are assured that as many, and only as many, as are led by the Spirit of God, are the sons of God; that the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God; and that if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

It is impossible to express more explicitly, or in stronger terms, the necessity of Divine grace to enable the human being to perform his duty, and to work out his eternal salvation; and it is only because Mr. Wilkinson published his sermon before he had seen more than one half of the performance which had suggested his strictures, that the idea of Pelagianism could have occurred to his thoughts. We do not, however, invest ourselves with the office of eulogizing or defending Bishop Gleig. On the contrary, we have no hesitation in saying, that in several instances, he has shown too little deference to the phraseology of our Articles, guiding himself rather by the meaning or object of the compilers, than by the strict letter and grammatical acceptation of the words. We will confess, too, that in regard to the *taint* or pollution which children bring with them into the world, he seems not to have written with his usual openness and precision; and, indeed, according to the direct bearing of his hypothesis, we know not well how that taint can be accounted for, or of what it could be said to consist. On all theories, we grant, this is a very difficult point; but it is very obvious that our church, in her baptismal offices, and in other parts of her Liturgy, proceeds upon the ground that some infection or pollution attaches to every infant at its birth; the language put into the mouths of her ministers carrying in it an immediate and unequivocal reference to such a predicament. But, whatever may be said of the Bishop's opinions, we are certain that they do not symbolize with the doctrine of Pelagius, 'that new-born infants are in the same state in which Adam was before the fall;' for Adam before the fall, at least when placed in the garden of Eden, was in possession of a conditional immortality, which he afterwards forfeited; whereas new-born infants, we should imagine, agreeable to the views we are now considering, are regarded, prior to baptism, as being liable to the death which was denounced upon our first parent—a complete extinction of conscious existence. In fact, it is on this very ground that the Bishop would find it most difficult to sustain the attacks of an opponent, equally qualified with himself in respect of talents and logical acumen. For example, he admits, or rather avowedly declares it as his fixed opinion, that

justification, as explained by St. Paul, consists in our restoration to the life and privileges which we forfeit in Adam, and "that it is by *baptism alone* that infants, as well as those of riper years, can be admitted into the church, or *justified*; that such is certainly the doctrine of the church of England, and as it appears to me, of Christ and his apostles." Now, it occurs as a very natural question, what is the condition, in respect of immortality and the future state, of these countless myriads who have never been baptized, that is, never *justified*, or released from the penalty attached to the first transgression? Are we not brought by such considerations to almost the same conclusion which was drawn from similar reasoning by the celebrated author of the "Guide to the Church;" namely, that all who are not regularly baptized shall fail to be clothed upon with immortality, but sink at death into eternal annihilation. In truth, we do not see how the Bishop, without rejecting the ordinance of baptism as the essential and indispensable means of justification, can extend the effects of that justification—viz. the restoration to immortality—to the whole human race, baptized and unbaptized. This, however, is not Pelagianism, nor is it Semi-pelagianism: perhaps Mr. Wilkinson, who has kindly informed us, on the authority of the late Dr. Heys, that the whole church of England is *semi-pelagian*, holding a course equally distant from the horrible system of Calvin and the philosophic plan of Pelagius, will be able, in his next critical sermon, to expose fully all the errors, and point out all the inconsistency into which the Scottish Prelate has fallen.

We have not time to do more than mention the titles of the other Dissertations with which Bishop Gleig has enriched this edition of Stackhouse; among which, besides the Essays on "Original Sin," and on the "Principal Doctrines of Christianity," we have to particularize those on the "Three First Gospels," and on "Miracles." The last is a very able performance—a perfect specimen indeed of close and unanswerable reasoning; constructed, too, as a confutation of, or reply to, a most insidious article on the doctrine of Chances, which appeared some time ago in a celebrated Northern Journal. Since Campbell's book on Miracles, we can safely say that we have not seen any thing worthy of being compared to the "Supplementary Dissertation" on that interesting subject, now furnished by the Right Reverend Editor.

As to the Essay on the Priority and Comparative Originality of the Three First Gospels, we have only to observe, that it is written with the same talent and knowledge of the point at issue, which characterize the Dissertation on Miracles; and our theological readers require not to be told of the high interest attached to these questions, since the publication of the several works of

Marsh and Churton. Indeed, the Dissertations we have named appear to us so extremely valuable that we fondly cherish the hope, that the author will be induced to publish them in a separate form; adding what, upon a revisal of the whole, may seem wanting to fortify particular conclusions, or to obviate unforeseen objections.

There is also much useful matter introduced occasionally throughout the work, both with the view of supplying information not accessible to the original author, and of confuting the arguments, or exposing the ignorance, of infidels, whose cavilling he had only the industry to transcribe, without the ability to answer it. Indeed we have already suggested that Stackhouse's "objections," as he very significantly calls them, ought to be left out, or at least greatly modified in their expression; for he not only enables the enemy to fight to the best advantage, but admits him into the very fortress of our faith, and puts poisoned weapons into his hand. In pointing out, too, such things as we should wish to be omitted in any subsequent publication of the original articles now before us, we are inclined to mention the occasional use which is made by the Bishop of physical laws, with the view of explaining events avowedly miraculous. We agree with Bruce, the traveller, that in such matters we have nothing to do with physical laws; for when an occurrence, whatever it may be, stands on record in Holy Scripture, as a supernatural manifestation of Divine power or goodness, it ought to be received as such, without any attempt either to explain or defend it. We allude more particularly at present to the standing still of the sun, as mentioned in the book of Joshua, and the distant prospect which Moses was allowed to obtain from the top of Pisgah of the promised land; both of which facts are attempted to be accounted for by an extraordinary atmospherical refraction of the solar rays. This, it is worthy of remark, is the notion of Le Clerc, which was so severely condemned by Reeves, the translator of the "Apologies." "Quod (meaning the solstice) fieri potuit," says the Frenchman, "insolitis refractionibus, quibus, ut notum est, sol nobis supra horizontem esse videtur, cum nondum ortus sit, et jam occiderit. In commenting upon which, our zealous countryman is certainly more out of temper than the occasion called for. "To naturalize miracles," says he, "and thereby to undermine the authority of Scripture which expressly asserts them, and is built upon them, he (Le Clerc) has recourse to *refractions;* the nature of which had he but tolerably understood, he would have known how very little serviceable it is to the wretched purpose for which he allegeth it. For by the natural laws thereof, as opticians give them, it is impossible to make the sun seem to stand still for a whole day, as Joshua ex-

pressly saith it did. To make an object in a very swift and oblique motion to the eye, to appear quiescent for a whole day, or, which in effect is the same, to make that which is seen under different angles, and in divers places, to appear, by refraction, as if for many hours it still kept the same place, is a problem in dioptrics yet unknown to the masters of that science."* We are aware that when Bishop Gleig adopts such opinions, it is not to diminish the credibility of the miracle considered as such, but merely to point out the particular laws of nature which were employed by the Almighty to effect his purpose; still, as all miracles are alike violations or interruptions of the established constitution of things, it is perhaps adviseable in a divine to regard them simply as supernatural events, not to be accounted for on any known physical principle; more especially in these times, when half learned philosophists busy themselves, amid their experiments or speculations, to reduce all the wonders of revealed religion to certain classes of natural phenomena. On the whole, however, we regard this edition of Stackhouse as a most valuable accession to the literature, the philosophy, and the sacred criticism of the present age; as worthy not only of Dr. Gleig's high talents and reputation, but also of the enlightened church and people of England to whom it is more particularly addressed. What is original in it is written with that freedom, without which there could be no discussion of doctrinal topics, and no separation of truth from error—with that intimate acquaintance with all that has been maintained by authors of eminence, without which plausible novelties could not be distinguished from ancient heresy,—and, above all, with that critical knowledge of the original language in which the Holy Scriptures were composed, without which it is extremely difficult to ascertain the dictates of Inspiration from the interpolations and *scholia* of fallible men.

Art. XI.—BASIS OF NATIONAL WELFARE.

1. *The Basis of National Welfare: considered in reference chiefly to the Prosperity of Britain, and Safety of the Church of England: with an Examination of the Parliamentary Reports on Education, the Police, the Population of Parishes, and the Capacity of Churches and Chapels: and a further Illustration of the Chief Facts noticed in "The Church in Danger." In a Second Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Liverpool, K. G.* By the Rev. Richard Yates, B. D. 8vo. pp. 374. Rivingtons. London, 1817.

* Reeves' Apologies, vol. ii. p 176.

2. *A Letter on the Distresses of the Country: addressed to His Royal Highness the Duke of Kent, in consequence of his Motion respecting "the Revulsion of Trade, and our sudden Transition from a System of extensive War to a State of Peace:" in which the supposed Influence of our Debt and Taxes, upon our Manufactures and Foreign Trade, is investigated.* By John Ashton Yates. 8vo. pp. 211. Longman and Co. London, 1817.

THE case represented in the Acts of the Apostles has been very much the case of all succeeding ages. Some believe the things spoken, and some believe them not. But the present time differs from others in this, that those who believe cannot be distinguished from those who believe not, by any practical testimony of their faith, as far as public measures are concerned: the most opposite principles lead to the same course of action, or rather, in the matters which press upon us now, of inaction.

At no time, perhaps, since the Restoration, has speculative infidelity been so rare as at present in England, among those who take the lead in public opinion, and are capable from education of forming a judgment upon such a subject. The evidences by which the Christian Revelation is confirmed have been placed in such various and striking points of view, the objections have been set aside so triumphantly, and the masterly summary of testimony drawn up by Paley is at once so popular and so unanswerable, that infidelity has been fairly driven off the field, and those who are unconvinced at least are silenced. But we are little the better for having conquered systematic unbelief, if we have only exchanged it for inconsistent faith. We call that inconsistent faith, which acknowledges the premises, but refuses to act upon the conclusion, and does not admit in practice that to which it gives an unhesitating assent in speculation. The trite, but energetic exhortation, SAPERE AUDE, dare to follow out your principles, was suggested by clear views of the weakness of human nature.

The conduct of our legislature, in matters of the greatest consequence in our domestic policy, affords a melancholy illustration of the preceding remarks. It is afraid to act upon acknowledged principles. While the truth of our religion is confessed, and public business is opened with its forms, that business is no sooner begun than Christianity is degraded into a sort of *privilegium;* as if it were an excellent rule, beyond dispute, in the direction of individual conduct and private obligation, but by no means an universal law for the empire at large; and thus the most opposite characters insensibly become partisans of those philosophic unbelievers, who, as Mr. Yates observes, "have proceeded upon a system of excluding, as much as possible, all religious con-

siderations, all impressions of and regard to FUTURE EXISTENCE, from public business and public habits."

These are grave charges: we wish it were less easy to substantiate them. Look first at many of our financial expedients, and see whether they bear the stamp of heathenism, or of Christianity. The idolater of gold was wont to argue:

> REM facias, REM,
> Si possis, rectè; si non, quocunque modo, REM.

But the Christian has two principles directly opposed to this maxim: first, he is taught to pursue right measures at all events, and to trust to the consequences; nothing doubting that actions, done on a good principle, and directed to a right end, will, in the course of events, meet with success, and be favoured by the Divine Blessing. Next, he is still more unequivocally assured that no apparent expediency can warrant him in countenancing what is wrong, or encouraging what is immoral. Such is the *profession* of our national faith: now let us turn to our national *practice*. Take the lottery for example; it is proposed, defended, and carried into execution, by those very persons to whose own principles all gaming is most repugnant; and all the concomitant evils which follow in its train, and have been so often and so unanswerably exposed, are introduced and virtually sanctioned; because, forsooth, the Treasury cannot afford to lose two or three hundred thousand pounds. If this is not to act on the grounds of *rem, quocunque modo, rem;* if this is not to do evil, with a view to expediency, we shall be at a loss to find an instance of that forbidden policy; and if it is, what is it but the open and systematic violation of a Christian precept?

And yet the Minister who should dare to say, This measure is wrong, I cannot consent to it; this practice is unchristian, I cannot consistently sanction it;—might find abundance of cool and sober reasoning, by which he might rebut the charge of enthusiasm, or the more serious imputation of expecting a miracle to support his measures. In proportion as men are moral, active, and industrious, they are useful to the state; in proportion as they are idle and vicious, they are unproductive, or even burthensome to society. This is the ordinary course of things; this the providential arrangement of human affairs; by which, without visible interposition, the promises of the Gospel are made good, and the observance of its precepts rewarded. Money, too, thus spared from the promotion and encouragement of the various forms of vice and misery, would still be money, and a part of the property of the community. It would either be saved, or spent in some other channel; if saved, it would be added to the productive capital of the country; if spent, how could it fail of con-

tributing to the revenue? Being a superfluous expense, it is reasonable to imagine that what was rescued from the gulf of the lottery would not generally be employed in purchasing the absolute necessaries of life; and if expended on any of what may be called its luxuries, it would find its way at once into the Exchequer: whether consumed in the shape of tea, or sugar, or salt, or malt liquor, or wine, or spirits, a proportion scarcely, if at all, inferior to the gains of the lottery, would still come to the service of the public, by swelling the produce of the excise; and the only difference would be, that the increase would be less easily computed; could not be so exactly marked out in a financial table; while, according to the present system, there is a tangible item, which appears as the evidence of public inconsistency, and the produce of individual misery.

The same course of argument is equally applicable to the unwillingness, sometimes secret and sometimes avowed, to diminish the number of houses licensed for the sale of ale and spirits. They promote profligacy—Granted—but they pay largely to the revenue; therefore do not discontinue them, except in flagrant cases, where public opinion is too strong to be resisted. *Lucri bonus est odor*, even when it rises from the sinks of debauchery. O for the political courage which shall dare to do well! or for the political foresight which shall look far enough to see that the industry of a hundred thousand heads of families must contribute more to the strength and riches of a state than the paltry consumption of a hundred gin-shops, even if *their* articles were the only exciseable articles! We see not how any statesman, or any political economist, but we are sure no Christian, can doubt, that if all the incentives to vice and immorality which grow out of our financial arrangements were cut off, as far as human wisdom can discover them, or even as far as experience has indicated them, and all other taxes remained the same, the Exchequer would be richer at the end of five years, and the edifice of public prosperity incomparably more secure. As, according to the paradox of financial arithmetic, multiplication does not always multiply, so neither does prudent subtraction always diminish the revenue of the state.

These errors, however, are trifling; these inconsistencies are but as specks in the political horizon, compared with the mass of evil and of danger to which the work at the head of this article refers, compared with the neglect of the National Church, and with it the neglect of religion and morals, and of all that follow these, among that part of our population which is most exposed to temptation. London and its vicinity, together with most of the great manufacturing and commercial towns, present the monstrous spectacle of 15, 20, 30, 40, or even 70,000 individuals,

accumulated together in one nominal parish, committed to the spiritual charge of one clergyman, and summoned to one parish church, which, if they attended to that summons, is manifestly incapable of containing a tenth, twentieth, or even fortieth part of their number. The evils attendant upon such an arrangement of things are evident on the mere statement, even if they were not too fatally legible in the disposition of the multitudes thus thrown upon the waves of this tempestuous world, without chart or compass, without either star or pilot to direct their voyage. The evil is pointed out, the danger is felt, the consequences are seen, and yet this monstrous state of things is suffered; session after session, year after year elapses, and no one has the zeal or courage to propose their reformation: in war, money must be otherwise appropriated; we cannot attend to the out-works while the citadel is threatened: peace ensues; there is a want of funds; the revulsion of trade has deranged our finances: in other words, Providence has saved the citadel, and we trust the out-works also to Providence.

Here however is the mistake, as to the real seat of the danger. What is the true citadel of the state, but the MIND of the people? The agitators know this, and are, in their generation, wiser than their political opponents: they begin by poisoning the hearts of their creatures and adherents, by mixing up ridicule and parody and blasphemy with all things sacred and mysterious; and when this poison has been once imbibed, they know they can depend upon its forcible operation. Their instruments are ready to their hands. But the legislature, on the contrary, looks to the stream, and passes by the source; it lops the unsound branches, but applies no remedy to the root. If an insurrection breaks out in the East, down goes a special commission to Ely: if the Luddites appear in force in the heart of the kingdom, down goes a special commission to York: if the spirit still works, and works universally, suspend the Habeas Corpus: like the unpractised boxer, in the lively image of the Athenian orator, where the blow has been given, there the hands are found—ἐκεῖσέ, εἰσιν αἱ χεῖρες*—but no one looks the antagonist in the face, or attempts to prevent instead of following the blow.

In our humble judgment, if it appears that a considerable part of the population show themselves so careless of the rights of property, and so indifferent to the value of human life, as to be ready, on the slightest temptation, to violate both: if it appears that moral and religious duties have no hold upon them, and that an awful regard of a future judgment has no longer any place in their considerations; then we have a plain indication that they are insufficiently instructed in these duties: and the case seems to point

* Vide Demosth. Phil. i.

out, that among the consequent inquiries into the state of the district, the size of the parishes should not be overlooked; that the accommodation for public worship, and the means of religious education, should be examined: and if found deficient, provided for. It is equally easy, and equally economical, to endow a church, as to keep up a body of cavalry; and active pastors might be found, if they were encouraged, no less readily than active police officers. What then is wanting? a conviction on the part of our political leaders, that RELIGION is the strongest and surest check to profligacy, murder, and rebellion: or, in the words of Mr. Yates, "That it is the basis of National welfare; a fact which is approved by reason, and declared by experience:" a fact which is elaborately shown by Warburton, and unwillingly allowed by Bolingbroke; a fact which was alike understood by the politic Numa, and the philosophical Charondas; a fact, in short, which we conceive was never denied by any legislator; but which, like other truths, is believed, and neglected; maintained in theory, but in practice forgotten.

We cannot doubt that the disorders which we daily witness are mainly to be attributed to the failure of such superintendence as our ancestors expected and provided for from our ecclesiastical establishment;—and although we have little reason to hope that the feeble voice which we are able to raise will be listened to; yet we consider that it becomes all who possess, in any degree, the channels of public opinion, to throw their proportion of weight into a scale, so big with our most momentous interests. We shall, therefore, endeavour briefly to point out the dangers with which the common safety is threatened, if the present state of things is permitted to continue; and also to prove that the remedy is much less difficult and burthensome than may be generally apprehended.

It is agreed on all sides that there is a great disorganization of the public mind, among the lower classes in general, but particularly in those manufacturing districts where the dense population most readily excites the fermentation, and soonest spreads it through the whole mass.

"It must be allowed, and ought to obtain the most serious and prompt attention of all the friends of due subordination, domestic peace, social order, and good government,—that this successful attack of the many upon the few,—of animal and numerical strength upon the restraints of mind and opinion,—and the consequent rapid and rapacious transfer of wealth and power from their ancient possessors to hands before unused to them,—have made a deep impression upon the lower classes of society in this country; and that the means and instruments of delusion have now greater facilities, and greater influence upon them, than at any former period. Every street of every city and

populous district, the metropolis more especially, is supplied with associated clubs and organized communities, or rather bands, of mechanics, manufacturers, labourers, and servants,—in which all the doctrines of dissatisfaction and disaffection, and all the recent instances of successful violence, are commented upon and diffused, with a power and effect incredible to those who look not beyond the surface of social and political concerns." (*Basis of National Welfare*, p. 42, 43.)

"In a state of imperfect civilization, where manufactures and trade have made so little progress as to be principally confined to the supply of domestic clothing and food, the humble artizan possesses greater mental acuteness and physical power to exercise those various arts of life which are connected with his comfortable well-being, than the maker of the most complicated machine, or the most skilful weaver of cloth. The latter knows little that is useful, beyond the art to which his attention has been confined from his childhood; though he generally acquires, in addition to the great skill in his trade, a remarkable spirit of Independence, owing to the power which he feels of commanding high wages, when he chooses to exert himself.—Thus it is, that the manufacturer becomes generally the most animated of our plebeian politicians, and devotes that time to the discussion of public measures which would be better spent in the domestic duties.——But what an inferior character is this in many respects, to the labourer or mechanic of ruder countries and more simple ages of the world!—He not only tills his own piece of ground, and takes the produce to the neighbouring town, where his faculties are sharpened by collision with his neighbours, but he builds his own cottage, and makes a part of his implements and furniture. He has so many little cares and pursuits which require constant attention and ingenuity, that he acquires habits of prudence, forethought, and moderation.—Living in the country, he feels the necessity of not only supplying his variety of wants, but also of preparing to defend his little property;—and unable to indulge his social propensities with the same convenience, or to the same extent, as the artizan in the city, by a promiscuous and extensive acquaintance, he cultivates those affections of the heart which recommend him as a neighbour, and bind the ties of kindred more strongly. Whilst, therefore, his portion of general intelligence and mental capacity exceeds that of the artizan who is employed in the most refined branch of trade or manufacture, the domestic affections stand a chance of being more exercised and improved;—and if he has less to make him proud and independent, he has more of what will render him amiable, respectable, and happy.

"Before machinery and the division of labour are carried to great perfection, all the bad passions to which man is prone, are restrained by hard labour and low diet, which give him little time or opportunity for the indulgence of them, and subdue the body so much as to check the inclination to them. The introduction of machinery produces an excess of all luxuries as well as conveniences, if the workman continues to labour as hard as he did before; or if he labours less (as is generally the case) he has much spare time, which is commonly spent in those gratifications which his passions prompt him to. In either

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case, indulgence, under different forms, produces a very bad effect on his mind; and the system leads directly to vice and misery."
(*Ashton Yates's Letter*, p. 86—89.)

These evils, arising naturally out of the state of society in which we live, are united, unfortunately, with another, which grows out of the nature of our peculiar institutions. These places of crowded, and unruly, and ill-conditioned population, are exactly the places where the Established Church has no hold on the inhabitants. The people, therefore, are either entire strangers to the restraints and comforts of religion, or they only are acquainted with religion through the medium of dissent and schism. If they have no religion, the experience of all ages proves that they are such as revolutionary leaders would eagerly select, as "fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;"

> "As fellows by the hand of nature mark'd,
> Quoted and signed to do a deed of shame."

If, on the contrary, they have religion, they are personally but not politically better to the state; they are more virtuous men, but not always more loyal subjects; for in their very association with dissenting teachers, they enter into a sort of opposition to the state; and in the frequent jar of interests, proceeding from the collection of tithes and other dues, a very hurtful animosity is generated between their own private attachments, and things by law established. The little intercourse, moreover, which they necessarily retain with the Church is by no means calculated to soften these feelings, or remove their prejudices. The circumstances arising out of an overgrown population, which first excluded them from the pale, now operate to prevent their re-entrance. They come there, perhaps, to be married; the service is performed to several couple at the same time, and could not otherwise be performed at all:—if their sect does not interfere, they bring their children to baptism, and partake of this sacred rite in common with a dozen other families, while all private interest is merged in the *generality* and bustle of the ceremony;—they attend a funeral; the corpse is not taken into the church, and that impressive lesson which raises the thoughts of the most careless beyond mortality, and affords even a popular argument against those ideas of annihilation which are at the bottom of much of the wickedness that surrounds us, that powerful reasoning of the Apostle, is never heard; and the moral effect of a neighbour's or a friend's decease is spoiled and lost by the absence of all corresponding solemnity.

"On taking for a friend in London one Sunday's duty," says Mr. Yates, "I attended at the church at nine o'clock, on account of expected marriages; the service was once performed; then the full

morning service, the rector preaching the sermon; after the departure of the congregation, the service for churching of women, twice performed; afternoon full service, prayers and sermon; after which seventeen children baptized; then seven funerals performed, the burial service read over five times; concluding between seven and eight o'clock in the evening: and this was understood to be no more than the average Sunday employment." (*Letter*, p. 81, 82.)

We quote this both to prove our allegations, and to show that, in making them, not the slightest imputation was intended against the minister. His mode of acting is imposed on him by the necessity of the case. If six couple are to be married, six children christened, six corpses interred, the ceremony separately performed for each party would employ at least two hours, or six in the whole: and independently of the inconvenience caused by delay to all the numerous individuals concerned, what constitution could support the labour of six additional hours' employment added to the regular service of the day? And must not the human mind be cast in a different mould, formed on purpose for these overgrown parishes, before it could possibly retain or communicate a sense of the importance and solemn nature of offices, the performance of which recurs as regularly and systematically as the motions of a mechanical engine?

This is not the appearance of things presented to us by the regular constitution of such a parish as our ancestors organized. The minister of a moderately sized town, known by and knowing each individual family, has the opportunity of watching their moral habits. He not only can observe and censure their absence from public worship, but he possesses those best means of admonition and reform, which arise from accidental circumstances of distress or illness; which are in fact the mitigations, if not even the final causes, of those calamities to which our frail state is subject, and the loss or neglect of which is the neglect of those instruments of moral cure, which are the appointment of Providence. Thus intermixed with the concerns of his parishioners, he is often the guardian of their temporal as well as their spiritual interests: he is the depository of the charities of the wealthier class, and of the savings of the poorer: and by the influence and authority thus placed within his reach, he is often enabled to render charity and moral reform subservient to one another. Education, the *preventive police* of education, is not neglected; and it is also carried on in connexion with the Establishment: the children, from an early age, attend the services of the church, are taught, perhaps, in the church, are catechised in the church: and from early habits the church is thus associated in their minds with ideas of respect, and piety, and veneration; as the place where they first learnt whose creatures they were, whose provi-

dence they are protected by through life, and whose mercy they are to implore in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment.

"The dignity and worth of the pastoral charge, and its beneficial influence on public manners, are fully appreciated—by those who have seen the respected and beloved parochial minister associated in domestic converse with the several families of the parish committed to his care; profaneness and impiety are silenced by his presence; the hours of innocent conviviality are improved, by the judicious adaptation of a word in season; and by the incidental intercourse of an habitually kind, candid, and pious conversation, when out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;—by those who have seen him also conveying the aspirations of hope and comfort into the abodes of suffering and sorrow; attending the bed of sickness with the sacred memorials of the Saviour's intercession, and the instructive and deeply affecting commemoration of 'the innumerable benefits which by his precious blood-shedding he hath obtained to us;' when the love of Christ constraineth the humbled and penitent worshipper to a grateful and pious amendment of life; or calms the terror of a dying hour with the Gospel hope of 'great and endless comfort.'

"Those who have witnessed scenes thus instructive and interesting, know that their benefit is not confined to the individual occasioning them; the two or three weeping attendants receive impressions most durable and heart-correcting: when we see the parting agony of a parent, a child, a friend, and hear the last sigh of one beloved as our own soul, the heart is softened and the eye o'erflows; but when we feel the pang of separation consoled by the pledges of a Saviour's love, the words of prayer and praise sink deep into the memory, and send us back into the world with awakened consciences, and minds zealously intent on securing 'a hope full of immortality.'"

(*Basis of National Welfare*, p. 72, 73.)

It is impossible for any person to believe that there would be such spots apparent in the sun of our ancient and venerable country, such districts of moral blackness as London and many other of our largest towns exhibit, if these benefits of parochial superintendence and instruction had not been superseded by those overgrown masses of population, which have rendered it physically impossible that the minister should perform his duty, and scarcely less improbable that the people should learn theirs.

"In vain, therefore, will an argus-eyed police penetrate into every recess of domestic privacy. In vain will a more vigorous execution of the laws consign to punishment and death increased numbers of unhappy, ignorant, profligate plunderers and ruffians, if the REPRODUCTIVE SOURCE of the evil be permitted to remain in its present full operation:—if the absence of all religious worship, and the consequent absence of all religious principle,—all dread of future retribution, all belief of a tribunal beyond the grave,—be continually throwing upon society, and filling our streets and prisons with, a constant succession of

uninstructed, unthinking, remorseless villains, unrestrained by any fear of futurity, and uninfluenced by any motive but the rash and selfish gratification of the present predominant passion.

"In like manner all regulations to restrain intemperance, and reduce the number of riotous nocturnal assemblies can only be rendered effective to the amelioration and improvement of public morals, by making them auxiliary to those more prevailing restraints of religion, which bind the conscience and bend the will, and carry industry, economy, and a love of home, into the cottage of the poor.

"So, also, if the inhabitants of populous manufacturing districts were provided with the means and facilities of attending public worship,—if they were placed, by a proper sub-division of the parishes, under the direct notice and cognizance of their parish ministers and parish officers, and thus led to venerate the services of the establishment, by a proper accommodation in the parish church, and by the personal knowledge, guidance, and assistance of their parochial pastor, the change from the thin and scattered population of agricultural life, to the more condensed, and, therefore, the more irritable, inflammable, and dangerous, state of population which the manufacturing system occasions, would be divested of many of its present evils. Then other assisting and corroborative applications might be employed with increased effect. Schools for the young, and deposits of economy for the adult, would then produce their full benefit to the individuals, and to society." (*Basis of National Welfare*, p. 101, 102.)

We imagine, however, that our readers will not require to be further impressed with the magnitude and danger of the disease: the fear is rather that they should turn from the subject in dismay, and treat it as incurable: and Mr. Yates, who has the great merit of having first brought the question in a tangible form before the public view, and illustrated it by a variety of useful details, is not unlikely to leave his readers in a state of despondency, having embarrassed his case, as it appears to us, by an unintentional exaggeration.

He presents us with a table, in which the populous district of the Metropolis, and its neighbourhood, are considered as forming two concentric circles: the more distant, or exterior, circle containing the less compressed village population; and the interior circle including the dense population of the parishes immediately contiguous to, and surrounding the boundaries of, the city. In this table, the first column exhibits the full population; the second, the numbers that may possibly be accommodated in the parish church; the third, the surplus population of each parish. Thus, in the first example, the parish of St. Nicholas, Deptford, contains a total population of 7,085: its church may hold 2,000, which leaves 5,085 as a surplus excluded. Proceeding on this plan, he gives as the result of the whole table 1,129,451 souls, as the total population of the district in question,

of which 151,536 may possibly be received in the churches and chapels; and an excess of population above the capacity of the places of worship in communion with the Establishment of 977,215.

This mode of calculation was adopted, no doubt, in order to place the argument in the most striking point of view. But Mr. Yates will permit us to observe that, it has the effect of giving to the whole an appearance of exaggeration. It must be obvious that it would be absurd to legislate on the supposition that every individual returned under the Population Act would be within the church, if there were room for him, every time the service is performed. It would be following an abstract principle, rather than a practical plan, to provide that they should have the power. And the consequence of this over-statement is injurious to the cause in which Mr. Yates so earnestly and ably argues: for when we are told that in the metropolis alone, nearly a million souls require fresh accommodation, the mind is first startled at the magnitude of the evil, and then stupefied at the hopelessness of its cure.

Were we arranging a new district, and all were smooth and level before us, we should certainly adopt Mr. Yates's principle, and allow no more than 5000 to a parish; though even then we should not think an additional place of worship requisite, if the existing church would contain at once two-fifths of the inhabitants. But the business of subdividing a parish already formed, is confessedly a business of difficulty and delicacy: and the evil does not appear so serious as to demand legislative interference, where the numbers do not exceed 10,000. We know by experience that it is possible for a zealous minister, with the assistance of a curate, and with the accommodation of a chapel, and the additional aid of such active committees as large and opulent towns will always afford, to superintend, in the strict sense of the word, that is, to extend his pastoral care, over 10,000 persons:—not without assiduous labour, certainly, nor after all, perhaps, in a manner entirely to his satisfaction; but in such a manner as to exonerate his own conscience, and lay the guilt of carelessness or ignorance, wherever it exists, on that of his parishioners. In all human concerns there will be imperfection; but it must always be a question of prudence whether the *nodus*, the degree of evil, be *vindice dignus*.

Mr. Yates, however, pursues the same principle through the different dioceses of the kingdom, and furnishes us with an abstract from the exact returns made on Lord Harrowby's motion to parliament of all the parishes containing above 2000 inhabitants; by which it appears, that out of a population of 5,265,079, only 1,032,753 can be contained in the parish churches. "This

investigation," he says, "affords the astonishing result, that 4,232,326 of the inhabitants of England and Wales, have no means of joining in the parochial services of the established church, and of course derive no instruction, no restraining and consolatory influence from the national religion." We are disposed to go very far with Mr. Yates, but do not feel ourselves compelled to make quite so disheartening a conclusion. It is not philosophical to argue as if there were no natural impediments to church communion, from infancy, disease, or age; neither is it a practical view of the subject, to leave out of the calculation all those who, in a state of society like ours, will necessarily be prevented from attending public service more than once on the Sunday, even if there was a separate church for every hundred souls. Taking these and other circumstances into account, and allowing for the number of these *excluded* persons who can with great facility provide for themselves in the neighbouring smaller parishes, we believe that very few are *necessarily* without the means of attending the national services, except in the crowded manufacturing towns which have sprung up, unfortunately, *since* it was deemed an act of piety to build and endow a church. There are in the whole, perhaps, ten or more of these which require a fresh arrangement and subdivision no less than the metropolis itself.

The metropolis alone indeed furnishes a problem of no easy solution. It is sufficiently appalling to find that in that district "only eighty-one parish churches, and eighty-one parochial ministers entrusted by the law with the cure of souls, are provided by the church of England for a population of upwards of eleven hundred thousand souls." On examining, however, the case of these 81 parishes, we find very different degrees of evil. It will be evident on a survey, that there are about 25 where no alteration is required; and about 15 more which do not imperiously call for subdivision, not containing above 10,000 persons, though in some of them new places of worship are necessary. In fact, in the whole *exterior* circle, we only find three parishes, viz. St. Paul's, Deptford, Greenwich, and Woolwich, which can be said to present such an evil as to demand legislative interference; and if we were addressing parliament instead of the public at large, our prayer should be, that a committee might be appointed for the purpose of subdividing the following parishes in the following manner.

	Total Population.	Subdivision.
Deptford, St. Paul	12,748	2 parishes.
Greenwich	16,947	2
Woolwich	17,054	2
St. Luke, Old-street	36,000	4

	Total Population.	Subdivision.
St. James, Clerkenwell	30,537	3 parishes
Islington	15,065	2
Hackney	16,771	2
Shoreditch	43,448	5
Whitechapel	28,000	3
Bethnal Green	33,000	4
Spitalfields	16,200	2
Stepney	35,199	4
St. George in the East	26,917	3
St. Botolph, Aldgate	13,562	2
St. Giles, Cripplegate	11,784	2
Rotherhithe	12,114	2
Bermondsey	19,530	2
St. George, Southwark	27,000	3
St. Saviour	15,596	2
Christ Church	12,000	2
Camberwell	12,000	2
Newington	23,853	3
Lambeth	45,000	5
Chelsea	18,262	2
St. Margaret	18,680	2
St. Martin in the Fields	26,583	3
St. Sepulchre, Newgate	12,148	2
St. Ann, Soho	12,288	2
St. James	30,000	3
St. George, Hanover-square	41,687	4
St. Andrew	23,972	3
St. George, Bloomsbury	13,000	2
St. Giles	34,672	4
St. Pancras	47,000	5
St. Mary-le-Bone	75,624	8

Thus thirty-five of these vast parishes, beginning with those where the evil is most enormous, would be subdivided into 103, giving, on an average, about one third of the present population to each parish, and requiring an addition of sixty-eight parochial churches and ministers.

We do not pretend that a measure of this magnitude is without its difficulties. In considering them, they naturally arrange themselves under the heads of private rights and public expense. With respect to the former, "the first operation, the subdividing of the parishes, may be found in some instances to infringe upon some great parochial privileges; but if the arrangement be conducted with temper and judgment, it may in most, if not all cases, be made an exchange, and not a deprivation."—(*Rev. R. Yates*, p. 200.) The next difficulty relates to the right of private patronage.

On a cursory review of the livings enumerated, we can only find that about a fourth part are in the hands of lay patrons; the rest are either in the King's gift already, or at the disposal of bishops or ecclesiastical corporations. These last would, of course, neither raise impediments against any arrangement so evidently for the benefit of the church, nor even sustain any injury. The lay patronage, excluding Mary-le-Bone (the recent arrangement concerning this important parish, we hail as an earnest of further good) extends over about 153,000 persons; the compensation for which, taking the purchase money of Mary-le-Bone for the ground of the calculation, would not exceed 80 or 100,000*l.* Indeed, there is no patronage less desirable in any point of view than that of the parishes in question. Of all public measures, it seems to us that this would require the least compromise of private rights, the least sacrifice of real interests. There is nothing demanded in the subdivision of a parish, which a moderate pecuniary award might not recompense; but in almost every other public work, how many losses are incurred which can neither be completely appreciated nor adequately compensated? What can recompense a country gentleman for cutting a canal through the park of his ancestors? When a new street or square is planned, what recompense can be made to those who are turned out on the right hand and on the left, to seek as they may a new abode, a new society, and a new walk of trade? But, really, in the right to the appointment of a sexton or a vestry-clerk, or even to the exclusive burial of the dead, we see nothing which might not be easily arranged through the medium of the treasury; nor any obstacles which a committee of the House might not smooth away in the course of a session.

"If the general principle meets with approbation and adoption, the legislature, by intrusting the execution of it to a body of well-chosen, disinterested, and zealous commissioners, will provide in the best manner, for attention and regard to the various and minute details of business as they arise in individual cases.

"The leading points of the general principle, incorporated into a bill, would seem to be comprehended under these heads—to enact that it 'may be lawful to, and for, His Majesty to nominate, constitute, and appoint commissioners' to execute the purposes of the act;—to make a prospective grant for the expenditure;—to authorize the sub-division of parishes and the formation of new ones where necessary;—to provide for the purchase of eligible sites for churches in the most central situations, under the award of a jury, if required;—to direct the erection of parish churches with appropriate accommodations for the poor as well as the wealthy classes;—to legalize the appointment of parochial resident ministers with suitable habitations and maintenances;—to order the specification of purchases and boundaries to be enrolled in chancery;—and that each particular case should be brought by the

commissioners in a separate bill under the cognizance of parliament." (*Basis of National Welfare*, p. 183, 184.)

With regard to the expense of erecting 70 new churches, we do not deny it to be considerable, but we do deny it to be such as can afford any plea for neglecting a point of such urgent duty. Splendour must not be consulted; a rigid censor must cut off all ostentatious ornaments; the churches already existing must be looked upon as monuments of other times, and of a state of society which permits the defiance of labour and materials, but not as models for us; and the object now must be to provide a commodious place of worship, not to build a magnificent edifice. This might be done, we imagine, at an average expense of from 10 to 15,000*l*. Therefore the requisite number would demand about 8 or 900,000*l*. a sum which must necessarily be divided among three or four years, even if the business were set in hand to-morrow. Now, whether the nation can support this expense, we can only judge by comparing it with other expenses, in our view, of infinitely less importance. And, first, we find that the erection of barracks cost an average of about 907,656*l*. a year from the year 1796 to 1813—nearly twelve millions in the whole, exclusive of about a third of that sum for Ireland. Our demand then, a demand in which a million of persons are interested, is for the barrack expenditure of one year.

Again, we perceive that the expense of a new Post office can be afforded, though it seems doubtful whether any one will be benefited by the change except the clerks belonging to the establishment. Our demand, on behalf of the inhabitants of the metropolis, is far less than double the expense of a Post-office.

To pass by the Custom-house and the Caledonian canal, 100,000*l*. have been just appropriated to record the memory of victories which will live for ever in the hearts of our countrymen, and find their best record, we trust, in the repose of Europe. We do not propose to exchange the triumphal columns for triumphal temples, because two splendid churches are not the thing required, but sixty or seventy useful ones: but we do think it furnishes matter of serious regret to every reflecting mind, that according to the opinion of ministers and the legislature, this great country, favoured as it has been by Providence, can afford money for every thing extravagant, for every thing ambitious, but sinks under the expense of enabling its inhabitants to perform their duty to their Maker.

And yet what a noble opportunity had England to stand forward, and, with respect to all the interior arrangements of her government, to use the bold and consistent language of religious feeling! We had concluded a war, which was, indeed, if any ever deserved the name, a war of *principle*; of religious as well

as political principle. In our anniversaries of national humiliation we never failed to allude to this distinction between the contending parties, in our prayers: but should it not be seen as well as talked of? Should it not be witnessed in the national conduct, now that through the Divine blessing we have been brought to so prosperous an issue of that momentous contest? Should there still be too just reason to apply the censure, and to apply it to a *Christian* community, optimos nos esse, dum infirmi sumus?

To urge that if the duty incumbent upon the nation of remedying the serious evil we have exposed, is still neglected, still protracted to a more convenient season, we can no longer expect the blessing of Providence upon our country, is an argument, we know, that may be treated with harsh and sarcastic names; but it is indisputably just and true. When a nation throws off its allegiance to God, which it virtually does when it refuses to acquaint its people with their moral and religious duties, the consequences are not seen in earthquakes or volcanos; there is no need of supernatural instruments of punishment, nor even of the agency of foreign enemies, a Nebuchadnezzar or a Titus:—the effect is witnessed, and the crime avenged, by the factious disposition, the seditious plots, the secret conspiracy, and the midnight massacre, which perturb the spirits and molest the quiet of the community. In that state we are now; to what extent the fermentation may proceed, how long it may be concealed before the final explosion, or whether it may be happily allayed, is still among "the secret things;" but this we may full surely know, that unless those who have the power apply those moral means of remedy, to which the Scriptures promise efficacy, the hearts of those who are at present ill-disposed will remain unchanged, and their number will be swelled by the accession of multitudes, whom the existing evils render an easy prey to all that can disorganise the heart of man, and render him a dangerous subject, and an unsocial being.

Does any one doubt the operation of genuine religion upon faction? No man who believes his Bible can take either an active or a subordinate part in the conspiracies which agitate us. In the first place, they originate in a very inadequate view of the nature and value of human life; in that view which considers it as the whole, and not as a very small and initiatory part of EXISTENCE, in which duty is the first concern, and happiness, even real and assured happiness, the second. The man who is merely a pilgrim or traveller through a country, will not turn out of his course for any incidental object, unless he is quite sure that it will neither impede his journey, nor divert him from his road. Accordingly, in other countries, as in our own, the

leading agitators have been men equally unrestrained by the fears of religion, and excommunicated from its hopes; and the subversion of the state has been attempted by first subverting the principles of those who are marked out as their instruments of rebellion.

" One instance may be adduced, and which I can state as the result of a personal and minute enquiry: it indicates the extent of circulation given to papers and pamphlets injurious to morals, and of an infamous, loose, and irreligious character. There are many printers and publishers of such works: one of whom alone employs from ten to twenty persons (men and women) to traverse the town and country with packages: to find their way into the kitchens and stables of the higher classes; and into the shops, manufactories, public-houses, and all the resorts of the numerous servants, artizans, mechanics, and labourers, the greater part of whom in all the large parishes are left totally destitute of the care of the national religion; wholly without any participation in the instructions of a parish minister, or in the benefits of the established church. How successfully these sheep without a shepherd are sought after by the destructive zeal of the enemy, may appear from the fact, that each of these emissaries of vice maintain themselves by a profit of from ten to forty shillings each per week, after their employers have received an ample gain upon the printing and publishing: each of these venders of *good books* (as they term themselves on their catalogues and packages) brings a sum seldom less than five pounds in ready money, or a sufficient security for a like sum, and receives books to that amount at the wholesale price; living upon the retail and ready-money profit, and when all are sold returning with the capital for a fresh supply. A circulation almost beyond credibility is thus given to the silent and insidious vehicles of licentiousness, disaffection, and every description of vice; and, if even, when the good seed is sown, the enemy intermixes his tares; how abundant must be the growth of evil when the uncultivated soil is left entirely to him.

" These dangerous principles can only be effaced where they have made an impression; and be prevented in their operation where they threaten to commence a ruinous and fatal progress; by giving the lower classes of the people a participation in the hopes and fears of religion;—by placing them under the guidance of that BENIGN INFLUENCE, which alone hath the power of restraining the passions and the propensities of a weak and degenerate nature;—the dread of the all-seeing eye of an Omnipotent Judge,—the awful certainty of a tribunal beyond the grave,—the heartfelt belief that vice is not only the parent of misery HERE, but also of inevitable punishment HEREAFTER,—and that 'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that NOW IS, and of that which IS TO COME.' "

(*Basis of National Welfare*, p. 63—65.)

It is clear that no man, possessing a sense of religion, will make himself a party in plots which must lead to heinous crimes, and must be carried on, as the partial risings have already been

begun, by robbery and murder. We might justly add, that, in a country like ours, no man could be reduced to a state in which he had nothing to lose, except through his own dissolute extravagance and carelessness of any thing *future.* "The poor wretches in the crowded manufactory, having no steady moral or religious principles, and consequently no command over their sensuality, find themselves without any provision for the future, and become burthensome and dangerous to the community; nor, whilst they are degraded by extreme poverty and dependence, is it to be wondered at that they conceive 'the world and the world's law,' not to be their friend; and become the enemies of social order."

This just remark introduces us to Mr. J. A. Yates's "Letter on the Distresses of the Country," which contains many proofs of a well-principled and vigorous mind, as well as many curious instances of the strong influence that party feelings may insensibly exercise over the reasoning powers. The abject penury by which too much of the labouring population is oppressed, is, without doubt, a very delicate and difficult part of the question regarding the present crisis. The first reflection, certainly, which the state of our manufacturing districts is calculated to suggest, is, that there must be something faulty, in our physical or political state, which has brought a multitude of persons, able and willing to work, under so severe a pressure; which has rendered their labour of so little value, that it will not procure more than a third of its usual reward; nay, that in a very considerable class, it only obtains the pittance which is the present price of five, or four, or even three quartern loaves, as the return for a week's industry, and the support of a family. It is natural to exclaim, on hearing this, that something must be wrong, either in the machinery which supplies the workmen, or in that which disposes of the produce of their work; either that the arrangement of domestic government must be faulty, and calculated to impede the natural distribution of manufactured labour, or that the general principle which ordains the increase of mankind is too active and powerful, and has loaded us with a redundant population. All classes of mankind are extremely ready to attribute their misfortunes to the inadequacy of the laws, or to the fault of the government; or even, if other extenuations fail, to some severe general rules of Providential enactment, which produce individual misery, instead of looking home, and inquiring what faulty government has been acted upon there, what opportunities they have neglected, and what vicious use they have made of their advantages. We are fully, however, of opinion, that a condition of things, like that we see, must necessarily have proceeded from the IMPROVIDENCE, the thoughtless and moral IMPROVIDENCE, which has pervaded the manufacturing body; the consequences have

been increased, perhaps, by accidental coincidences; but the rottenness was in the core, and could not fail, sooner or later, to extend itself through every ramification of the system, unless the course of things had been suddenly altered and reversed, and it had ceased to be the constitution of nature, that a vicious youth should end in a premature and diseased old age, and that habitual prodigality should lead to inevitable bankruptcy.

We are glad to avail ourselves of Mr. J. A. Yates's local experience in confirmation of our opinion:

"We discover," he says, "a foundation in the necessary structure of all highly civilized communities, for that deterioration of the moral characters of the lower orders, to which we may trace a large portion of that increase of wretchedness and pauperism which we have been lamenting. The division of labour, and the other processes which greatly augment the powers of production, and the means of extending National wealth, contract the intellectual attainments of the individual, and weaken the vigour of the corporeal frame; they destroy those finer sympathies, by which Nature would draw us together in the bands of charity and love; and degrade the moral man into a machine.——It is, accordingly, in large cities, and especially in extensive mercantile and manufacturing towns, that the Poor appear in the most debased and disagreeable condition. Whilst our manufactures have flourished more and more, our poor-rates have increased in proportion; though the wages of the Poor, in the manufacturing districts, are often extravagantly high, they seldom lay any portion by for a time of need; and they appear more regardless of comfort and cleanliness than the poor husbandman who receives, perhaps, not more than half their wages. A character of insolence, and unfeeling pride, prevails among them; and a tendency to political anarchy has frequently manifested itself, which it seems almost impossible to repress by any moral or religious influence.——The Poor in this situation make wonderful exertions, occasionally, either for the maintenance of their families, when well disposed, or for the pampering of their appetites and passions; but they have not those steady habits of industry, frugality, and sobriety, which exist in a more simple form of society, and which are so essential for warding off the attacks of sickness and poverty. This is a view of the effects of National Prosperity, which we advert to with reluctance; but it is founded upon the principles of civilized life, and the constitution of man—as a selfish, sensual, and short-sighted being; and it accounts for the production of a quantity of misery and vice, which it is to be feared no legislative regulations or individual exertions can perfectly counteract." (*Letter*, p. 90, 91.)

A great argument, this will appear, against encouraging manufactures. But to discourage them, on these or similar grounds, would be about as wise as for France to discourage her growth of grapes, because the vineyards failed in the last season: and about as possible as for Spain to prohibit the egress of the precious metals from her dominions. Manufactures are not the growth

of legislation, but of human industry; they are not the creatures of public but private interest, and unless kept down by a system of laws acting by a sort of main force against national prosperity, must inevitably follow the increase of capital and the improvement of agriculture. It is in vain therefore to regret what we cannot control, even if we were inclined to regret the possession of such a fertile source of national opulence. The more useful and rational course is to point out, together with the peculiar disadvantage attendant on that employment of capital and skill, the only means by which the evil may be modified. There is no evil, we may imagine, necessarily arising out of that course of society to which men are naturally, i. e. uniformly led, by the spontaneous employment of their wealth and talents, which has not its appropriate prevention or alleviation. Those who proceed in this confidence will seldom be disappointed. In the moral or political, as well as in the natural world, the antidote will commonly be found to grow within reach of the poison.

The demand for all labour is fluctuating, and liable to occasional and unforeseen variations. But every body sees that this is particularly the case with manufacturing labour. A change of fashion at home, or a municipal regulation abroad, the discovery or failure of a mine, the wealth or poverty of a customer, the fluctuation of the seasons, all bear directly upon it, independently of the more important difference arising from the hostile or peaceful relation of the neighbouring countries. Therefore labour of this sort, though far more productive in its flourishing seasons, is far more precarious in its eventual success than any other. In agriculture, for instance, the farm which employs its fifty labourers this year, will require the same number in the next, with little sensible increase or diminution; while the manufacturer, who has employed 500 men in the winter, in the following summer may not improbably be forced to discharge four-fifths of that number, or to continue them at a loss of profit to himself, or of wages to them, merely from some caprice in the customer, or the invention of some new machinery, or some other unexpected circumstance equally beyond his control.

The remedy, however, of these fluctuations is neither distant, nor complicated, nor empirical; it is nothing more than that moral foresight, which belongs to intelligent beings, and distinguishes, or ought to distinguish, the social man from the thoughtless savage. If it is the nature of manufacturing labour that it should be productive at one season, and barren at another, then it is the duty of those who foresee this to provide for the future famine from the superabundance of the present harvest. That labour must be paid in proportion to its uncertainty, is one of the first rules of political economy.

"A mason or bricklayer," says Adam Smith, "can work neither in hard frost, nor in foul weather; and his employment, at all other times, depends upon the occasional calls of his customers. He is liable, in consequence, to be frequently without any. What he earns, therefore, while he is employed, must maintain him while he is idle. Where the computed earnings of the greater part of manufacturers, accordingly, are nearly upon a level with the day-wages of common labourers, those of masons and bricklayers are generally from one half more to double those wages."*

But if those labourers, who, in consideration of the inconstancy of their work, receive additional wages, spend the whole of those wages during the period of their employ, what claim have they upon us if they are left destitute during the period of their inactivity? It is evident that though they may have a hold on our compassion, and none more deserving of it, in one sense, than those who make an ill use of their moral faculties; yet that they can enforce no claim upon our justice. We might as well complain of nature, that she does not give us two annual harvests, because we may have squandered in the winter all the autumnal produce, as think it hard that those, who in the long season of prosperity have never bestowed one thought upon the future, should, when that future comes, be thrown destitute upon the world.

The inconstancy of manufacturing labour, perhaps, is not so openly acknowledged as that of the journeymen in some particular trades. It is, however, virtually acknowledged, and plainly indicated by the only barometer which can regulate so extensive a concern, and be consulted by so numerous a body: viz. by the extraordinary demand for it at particular seasons, and the consequent enhancement of its reward. The wages are entirely independent of the price of subsistence, i. e. of the actual wants of the workman, and appear to be solely governed by the existing demand for the produce of his labour. In 1802,† when the price of wheat was 3*l.* 7*s.* 4*d.* per quarter, the price of labour in Lancashire, for a specific fabric of printing calico, was 10*s.* In 1811, when the price of the quarter of wheat was 5*l.* 8*s.* the price of labour for the same quantity of work was 5*s.* 6*d.* In 1814 it rose again to 10*s.*, when the price of wheat had sunk to 3*l.* 10*s.* There is a similar variation in the reward of labour at Glasgow, and an equal inconsistency with the price of subsistence.‡ In

* Wealth of Nations, book i. chap. x.

† See Mr. Milne's Evidence before the Committee of the House of Lords, on the subject of the Corn Laws, 1813, 1814.

‡ See a statement delivered by Lord Lauderdale to the same Committee.

1790, and the two following years, the price for weaving a species of muslin called 1200 book muslin, six quarters wide, was 15*d.* per ell. Then the average price of wheat was 2*l.* 12*s.* per quarter. In 1800, and the two following years, the price of the same work was 9d., when the average of wheat was 5*l.* 7*s.*, or nearly double its former price. In 1811 it had decreased to 5d., or one third of the original price, when wheat bore double the price of 1790. In 1814 wages had risen again to 9¼*d.*, and wheat had sunk to 3*l.* 10*s.* No one who has ever considered the matter can doubt for a moment that a view of the clothing or cutlery manufactures would exhibit similar results; would exhibit seasons of remarkable plenty and high wages, and of proportionate depression: nor have we any hesitation in admitting that the present period may exceed any former period of distress, and that the manufacturers in Lancashire, and the West of England, may be suffering in a degree unknown before.

What we are inclined to impress upon the public is this, that such periods of suffering must necessarily come round with more or less of aggravation, as long as the same system is persevered in, as long as the same profligate disregard of every moment but the present continues. It is the system of the savage, existing in the midst of a crowded population. For a time, on the sudden acquisition of plenty, there is the same waste, the same excess, the same debauchery, the same idleness; which is quickly succeded by a similar want, a similar necessity for extraordinary exertion. When the wages of the manufacturer experience a sudden rise, his weekly expenses rise in the same proportion. Perhaps he works but half the week, and spends the rest in low and profligate excess. Perhaps he squanders his superfluous wages in a manner the most absurd, and the most unsuitable to his station of life. But, at all events, when the year ends, he is in no sense better than he was at the beginning; his advantages have been altogether thrown away; he is no richer, and in a moral sense he is poorer, because his habits of drunkenness are more confirmed. It is unnecessary to prove what is too familiarly known: we need only advert to what is testified by the vulgar Saint-days, so prominent in the calendar of the manufacturing districts, and to what is authenticated by the proverbial remark, that drunken men are generally the best workmen; which is only another way of saying that the best workmen get most money, and spend the superfluous gain in liquor. It appeared in evidence before the House of Commons that the ribbon weavers at Coventry, who were at that moment requiring parish relief, had six months before been in the receipt of two and three guineas a week, which they expended in the most sumptuous manner upon poultry and other

luxuries, in the selection of which they were so fastidious that the usual market of the place was not good enough for them, and supplies were regularly sent down from London.

We will not go on to say that these improvident beings do not deserve compassion, and are not to be visited by the hand of charity: any human creature who is starving must be relieved while the Christian has any thing to give, and we know that in this country such assistance as no other country ever yet bestowed is awarded them by law. But this we do positively say, that as long as such habits continue, they must bring their consequence, which is as much the established course of nature as any of the ordinary processes by which the constitution of things is maintained. Neither can the country for ever support these consequences;—already do we hear loud, though, as we trust, fruitless demands for subjecting new property to the operation of the poor-rate, i. e. for employing in the eleemosynary relief of imprudence or idleness those funds which ought to be setting effectual labour in activity.

When the present cloud is dissipated, which we doubt not it will be, by the skill and enterprise and capital which abound amongst us, we shall go on again for a while as we have gone on before; wages will again rise beyond the immediate necessities of the manufacturer; he will again be idle and dissolute; his expenditure will swell the excise and other taxes; and we shall be congratulated on all hands upon the renewed prosperity of our flourishing country. "But soon there comes a frost, a killing frost." On the first revulsion, whether from cessation of demand, or scarcity of the necesssaries of life, we may expect to have distress like the present to encounter afresh, with diminished means to meet it, and with increased population to aggravate the embarrassment. For it is particularly in the nature of that fluctuation which attends extensive manufactures to increase the population beyond the regular or average demand: a sudden rise in the price of labour encourages marriage, even independently of the value of the children's industry; then before the fruit of that marriage is mature, the wages sink in proportion to their former rise, but the children remain to be supported, when they can no longer be employed.

This redundance is certainly felt with peculiar force at the present time. The recruiting service had been actively at work for twenty years, a season sufficiently long to render its demand uniform; suddenly it stops, and the superfluous hands which had been accustomed to flow into this channel, are returned on the main stream, which is also increased by the discharge of seamen and soldiers, who flow in of course in the greatest numbers towards those districts which had furnished them most copi-

ously. Besides which, the improved healthiness of large towns, which has happily attended the introduction of poor-houses, fumigation, and vaccination, begins now to discover its effects; and thus even such great public blessings as health and peace may add to the temporary pressure, till the progress of population adjusts itself to the altered state of the community; which is a natural process, but, like the other processes of nature, is not the work of a moment.

Nothing, we firmly believe, can prevent these oscillations; nothing can prevent their becoming more and more violent, and endangering the balance of government itself, (an evil which only the foresight and vigour of administration has even now preserved us from) except that event so anxiously anticipated and so loudly demanded, a *radical reform.* But it must be that reform which all reformers are the last to propose or adopt; it must be a reform in the individual; a change in the general habits of the manufacturing body: a change from that degrading recklessness which they have so long indulged, to something more characteristic of the intellectual being: to something more conformable to that description which endows him with the enviable power of 'looking before and after:' to something beyond the animal, which blindly follows instinct, or above the Indian, who as blindly follows appetite.

Only let our readers mark the difference we might be at this moment witnessing, had a more moral or a more rational system been hitherto pursued. There is no need to go beyond the same documents which acquaint us with the distress, in order to learn how completely the same manufacturing system which generates the calamity furnishes also the preventive against its effects.

Treating of the iron trade, Mr. Brougham stated, in his speech, that the class of miners whose wages are now from 10*s.* to 18*s.* had been used to earn from one to two guineas a week: and that those engaged in the military part of the manufacture were reduced from three guineas a week to 17*s.* 6*d.* Was it not fairly to be expected that men thus receiving a revenue so far above the wants of their station, should lay by some portion of those earnings; the first class their 5*s.* or 10*s.* weekly, the second class their 1*l.* thus rendering themselves, at the close of the year, 10*l.* or 25*l.* or 50*l.* richer than they began it?

In the cotton trade there have been the same opportunities. In 1811 and 1812 when wheat was about 6*l.* the quarter, the average price of weaving a specific fabric of cloth (as before mentioned) was 6*s.*: in 1813 it rose to 8*s.* wheat remaining the same: in 1814 to 10*s.* and at the same time wheat declined to 3*l.* 10*s.* In the first period the manufacturer was distressed; in the second, wages and subsistence had reached their level; in the last period the

workman became opulent: he was in the receipt of wages which, compared with the price of corn, were three times the amount of what he had received two years before. Are we not entitled to demand that those who had suffered such recent experience of the fluctuation of wages and the pressure of distress, should save against the future at least a third of this overplus, say *5s.* a week, against a similar recurrence of difficulty? This they might have done, and still have lived, themselves and their families, at least twice as well as in 1812.

Now mark the different effect, both on the workmen and on society. When wages sink, as they have now sunk, to a third, or a half, or even two-thirds below their usual average, the distress is not confined to the operative manufacturers alone, but extends in natural course to all those who are accustomed to depend upon their expenditure; and the sudden deficiency creates that individual ruin and general stagnation which is felt through all the departments of finance. But supposing that these persons had saved a little fund, and were now in the season of distress withdrawing from it their weekly portions, *2s.* or *4s.* or *6s.* not only would they themselves be in the enjoyment of comparative comfort and independence, but the whole country would be sympathizing with their improved condition, instead of being appalled by the embarrassments which, for the present, impede our financial operations. Nor would this require any fund which it is unreasonable to expect the manufacturer to have provided: *2s.* a week would raise him at least to the situation of 1811 and 1812, would be furnished in the way of interest by a capital of 100*l.* or withdrawn as principal, would only make a deduction of 5*l.* per ann. from any sum that had been laid by.

In the interim, while the workman is partly supported by the superabundance of a former harvest, either the enterprize of the master creates some fresh channel for manufactured produce, or the course of events opens one; or some of the superfluous hands find employ in other branches of industry:—till bad seasons of labour, like bad seasons in agriculture, under the direction of a kind Providence, are followed by comparative plenty. We find, by reference to the tables, that low wages and high prices of corn have never existed together for more than two successive years, viz. 1795 and 1796, 1800 and 1801, 1811 and 1812. We certainly trust that even if wages do not materially improve, the harvest of 1817 will no way resemble the last: and therefore we feel justified in believing that we are at this moment sustaining the full weight of our burthen, which, after the ensuing harvest, will be every way alleviated.

Though the beneficial institution of Saving Banks is of very recent origin, yet we cannot suppose that in such towns as Bir-

mingham, Manchester, Stockport, Leeds, &c. there did not exist facilities for securing the overplus of manufacturing wages. We know however that a trifling difficulty becomes a complete obstruction, when the inclination is adverse: the road must be rendered plain and smooth, if we wish to allure travellers along it. Now, at all events, the path is straight, the means are at hand. Unfortunately the savings of this class of workmen have hitherto gone entirely into the channel of benefit societies or club contributions, the dangers and possible mischiefs of which have been too recently verified. Besides, these contributions, if ever so harmless, do not exactly meet the case. What is wanted, is to level the inequality of wages; in other words, to render the demand for employ more proportionate to the demand for manufactured produce. It is evident that clubs, which only make provision for the season when the subscriber is entirely out of work, or disabled by illness, cannot answer the most beneficial purpose; which is to prevent any from being entirely without employ by rendering the supply of labourers more steadily equal to the demand, and by making an addition, in hard times, to that scanty pittance which lays the foundation of future disease. But in a decay of any particular branch of trade, all the members of the same club are of course distressed alike and together; and to afford relief in any except the prescribed cases is impossible, and often even in these; the funds being overwhelmed by the extraordinary and immediate demand:—not to mention, that when the saving of the individual is the entire property of the individual, it is easy to see how much stronger is the stimulus to save, and how much greater the frugality with which the saving is expended.

With regard to the principle: some persons perhaps may think it absurd to expect that these labourers for weekly pay should be induced to save any portion of their hard-earned wages. How this may be, we will not inquire; but certainly it is more preposterous to expect that, if they do not save, they should be exempt from those calamities which in all other countries, and in all other conditions of life in this country, overtake the dissolute and improvident. Some of these men, it appears, have been in the habit of receiving two or three guineas per week. How much better have been their circumstances, with not a single direct tax bearing upon them, and with 100*l.* or 150*l.* per annum to spend, than those of the annuitant or petty tradesman, who yet are expected to contribute towards the relief of these extravagant paupers, and to ward off the consequences of their dissolute habits! how much better than the condition of the younger members of the learned professions, whose education (or *apprenticeship*) has been at the expense of two or three thousand pounds, and who yet must study hard and labour long, before they clear

100*l.* per annum? And if these higher classes of labourers did not, by frugal saving, and through the means of assurance societies, secure a provision for declining years and the support of a family, would not they, in the natural course of events, be brought to distress as severe as any the manufacturing body can ever be subject to?

Whether the system of provident funds which we are labouring to recommend, will be generally favoured by the employers, we know not: but we are quite sure that, like all other moral improvements, it would be supported by their aid and influence, if they had a just view of their own interests. The men, no doubt, are very dependent upon their masters, when wages are low and there is a competition for those low wages. But then they are also very discontented, perhaps turbulent; a state of things exceedingly hostile to the comfort of their superiors, and often detrimental to their purses: not to mention its incompatibility with what we are confident is the prevalent feeling among them, the satisfaction of witnessing morality, prudence, and order, with their concomitants, industry, content, and health, around them. The only objection we can foresee, is, that men who have a small fund for the supply of immediate wants, would be more able than others to enforce any demand for increase of wages. But this power they possess at present by means of club contributions; and we know that it has been too often already exercised to a very pernicious extent: the loss is not felt or grudged which falls upon a common fund. On the other hand, an individual who has laid up his twenty pounds by regular industry, has a strong sense of the advantage of that industry and the value of those twenty pounds, and is little inclined to risk or squander them for the distant prospect of gaining a trifling addition, which, if it ought in justice to be paid him, will soon come to him in a quiet way by the competition of the employers. It is well known that a formidable combination among the miners in Somersetshire was checked in the outset, by the prudential distribution of hand-bills containing a calculation of the weekly *cost* of idleness to each individual, and the sum total lost by the whole body. And it is quite evident that none will so well understand the value of money, or the force of an argument founded upon that value, as those who have been accustomed to save money.

If these remarks are just, they have shown that the remedy for occasional distress among manufacturers is in the hands of the workmen themselves, and in no other. It is not indeed in their power, nor even in that of the legislature, whatever politicians may argue when they sacrifice their philosophy to their party, to open a market or excite a demand. But this is done for them by the nature of trade and commerce and private interest: all that

they have to do is to make the overplus of prosperity provide for the contingencies of adversity; and instead of subscribing against their masters, or against the state, or even for the support of their idle members, to subscribe for their own support, and let every man enjoy the advantage of his own prudence and exertions. We are far from intending to urge the past against them: let it only have its natural and due effect, and prove instructive towards the future. We are still further from wishing to counteract any efforts that public or private charity may make to the relief of urgent and immediate distress. Every member of society has too many offences against the laws of prudence and morality on his head, to permit his visiting similar transgressions in others severely. But in real truth no charity can relieve distress so extensive as that which arises from a decay in the demand for labour. At this moment the poor-rates of Birmingham amount to near 60,000*l.* per annum, and afford relief to 28,000 persons. The sum is immense; but how trifling is the assistance it furnishes! not ten-pence a-head weekly, nor 2*l.* per annum on the average, to each individual. This proves at once by what a moderate saving the manufacturers might be able to relieve themselves far more successfully than they can ever be relieved by charity.

The means by which this desirable object might be attained, we leave, of course, to the better judgment of the local authorities. The matter is equally important to all; it concerns alike the comfort of the master, the best interests of the workman, and the safety of the whole community. Now that our manufacturers form so large a share of our population, it would be a melancholy reflection that in the course of things we must be visited by periodical returns of distress and discontent, 'perplexing' the nation 'with fear of change.' And yet it cannot be expected that similar distress should not produce similar discontent, or that men should retain any attachment to a state of things in which they see only abject penury before them; especially while persons are not wanting, and in a society like ours, persons never will be wanting, to persuade them that this hopeless prospect arises from the faults of their government, and not their own—has no connexion with their own idleness, selfishness, and profligacy. Persons who are determined to live by their wits, and are indifferent as to the mode in which they employ them, will try, amongst other schemes, those of sedition, and will find them gainful: and as long as the present habits continue, they will never be without such a mass of ill-tempered but easily moulded clay to work upon, as shall oppose a formidable medium of resistance against government and good order.

Earnestly therefore do we call upon every one concerned with

the manufacturing districts to promote the consummation of this work; to point out, by clear and intelligible addresses and pamphlets, the real cause of the present embarrassments, and the only method by which their future and frequent recurrence can be avoided. Thus much at least is favourable to the cause, that the manufacturers have not hitherto, like the peasants, been accustomed to depend upon the rates as their regular fund of supply. Their improvidence has rather been thoughtless than systematic and calculating; they will not therefore discard the advice which exhorts them to save, as the interested counsel of a contributor to the rates, rather than of the promoter of their dearest interests. Such, however, most emphatically, is the man who would teach them prudence. Experience has shown that whoever has once prevailed upon his neighbour to look forward towards the future with the view of providing for it, has advanced that man one important step towards a fundamental change in his character as a rational and an immortal being. The same selfishness, the same eagerness after immoral gratification, leads to a disregard of the future in this world and in another.

For this reason, it is absolutely essential that the moral reform should be founded on the religious reform: and that the provision of churches, which it was the first object of this article to enforce, should precede every other. Nor is it enough to pass a bill, like that now in progress through the House, to facilitate the building of episcopal chapels. Such expedients do "but skin and film the ulcerous place:" the disease still "infects unseen," and is the more dangerous for that very reason. Even if it were possible to expect that four fifths of a parish shall generally consent to tax themselves for the object proposed, the main point is the *subdivision* of parishes, and the augmentation of the number of *parochial* ministers. The measure is strictly a public measure, and should be done by the public: soldiers are not left to build their own barracks, nor are merchants expected to subscribe for a custom-house.

Should a willingness discover itself on the part of the legislature to set the example, and promote the means of a general reformation, we should dwell with pleasure on that agreeable prospect in Mr. J. A. Yates's Letter:

'Whilst our present stagnation of trade, and its consequent inconveniences, are operating to bring about a better state of moral feeling in the country, we may calculate upon a gradual diminution of suffering, and a melioration of the condition of the lower orders of society, resulting from the necessity of economy, mutual good offices, forbearance, and sympathy amongst all ranks; which will operate much more effectually than any legislative interference.——The rich have discovered with concern, that they have not been building on a solid

foundation; and that they must, in order to preserve what remains of their property and credit, exchange speculation and extravagance for habits of frugality and moderation.—The poor must also open their eyes to the conviction that they have gratified a degree of sensuality and indulgence that was not the best calculated to promote the comfort of their families, and their own permanent welfare; and that they may live more happily, and as well as their fathers lived, upon half the weekly wages which they squandered, during the season of prosperity, in drunkenness and other follies and vices. The farmers, generally, having indulged for years past in those gratifications which that class of the community did not aspire to in former periods, and which the same class in other countries of Europe do not enjoy, may retrench without any evil to themselves or their landlords; and the land-owners, by being compelled to live more in the midst of their tenantry, will equally benefit themselves, their dependents, and the community at large. If the weavers, who have hitherto so generally pursued their labours in large factories, are induced to return to their cottages, on account of the low rates of wages, and to carry on their business in the midst of their families, they will not be less industrious or useful workmen. Their employers, the great body of manufacturers, will discover that their future success and security depends upon their taking pains to enlighten the understandings of those whom they employ, and to inculcate a love of strict honesty and temperance, of all the domestic duties, and of religious habits, as the only effectual means of making them good servants, and guarding them against the impressions of ignorant and designing persons.——Both merchants and manufacturers may become convinced that their too eager pursuit of riches has fostered selfish passions, and habits of luxury and excess, which must be corrected; and while prudence leads them to pursue their avocations with more regulated industry and habits, they may not only find trade flourish more steadily, but that the virtues of disinterestedness and a generous regard to the feelings of others, are worth purchasing at the expense of enormous wealth and influence.—Thus it is that all orders, in adapting themselves to the altered state of things, will establish their own interests upon better principles, at the same time that they all promote the true welfare of those with whom they are connected. As the respective classes of society begin to reap once more the fruits of their industry, upon this amended system, they will become more virtuous and truly enlightened; the mutual dependence of the high and the low, the connexion of the Government and the People, will be better understood, and the social system re-established on a more solid basis." (*Letter*, p. 79—81.)

We cannot conclude without recommending both the publications at the head of our article to the attentive perusal of our readers.

ART. XII.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Claudius Buchanan, D.D. late Vice-Provost of the College of Fort William, in Bengal.* By the Rev. Hugh Pearson, M.A. of St. John's College, Oxford. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 781. Parker. Oxford, 1817.

LORD BACON, as Mr. Pearson observes, expresses his surprise that those of his "own age should have so little value for what they enjoy as not more frequently to write the lives of eminent men." And this complaint, like many other of that distinguished person, has tended to cure the evil of which he complains. Certain it is, that no charge of this kind can fairly be brought against the present time. The fault of our own days is, evidently, not that of overlooking or forgetting the incidents in the lives of our distinguished contemporaries, but rather of raking into them with impertinent curiosity—not of passing by the eminent, but of unduly exalting the insignificant—not of shrowding the excellencies of the great, but of blazoning the follies by which their virtues have been disfigured. If the luminaries of science and virtue were suffered to rise and set unnoticed upon the horizon of our predecessors, we are disposed, on the contrary, to mark, with the most laborious exactness, every spot on their disk, and every variation in their course.

Such, however, being the character of the age as to Biography, one result will necessarily be the deterioration of this branch of literature. Where all write freely, many will write ill. Those, therefore, who have little time for any books, and none at all for bad ones, cannot but feel somewhat anxious when they see two new octavo volumes of this kind laid upon their table. And, amongst the questions they will be first tempted to ask, upon such an occasion, will be these, "Who is the subject of these Memoirs, and who is the author of them?" Now, as we conceive it to be our peculiar duty to ease the public shoulders, when unusually pressed, we shall begin by giving our readers sufficient information upon these points, to satisfy them of the general expediency of proceeding any further with the work.

Dr. Buchanan, then, is, as we think, and as is observed by the author before us, peculiarly suited to become the subject of a biographical memoir by that union of public and private interest in the circumstances of his life, which recommends it to the consideration of all classes of the community—by possessing enough of what is public in his character to give weight to petty incidents in his history—and enough of what is domestic to throw a softer colouring over the dry chronicle of public events. He acted a very conspicuous part in the society of which he was a member.

His writings have been very popular. He was so decidedly the first and most distinguished individual, who called the public attention to the moral condition of our sixty millions of fellow subjects in India—who turned into that neglected soil the plough-share of civilization—who laid there the foundation of our National Church, and planted, amidst temples of licentiousness and blood, the standard of the cross, that to him fairly belongs the character of the first apostle of the Church of England to the nations of Asia. His domestic life also is very interesting. His mind is fairly turned out to the public. Its changes and progress are accurately delineated. A large mass of his private papers and letters, composed in a high style of excellence, are preserved, and here given to the public.

Of Mr. Pearson's pretensions to become the author of this memoir none will doubt, who consider the general reputation of this gentleman in the University of which he is a member—who remembers that he was the gainer of a prize proposed to that University by Mr. Buchanan, on the subject of civilizing and evangelizing the East—and who will further take the trouble of perusing the following extract:

"With respect to his own undertaking, the author has only to state, that he engaged in it at the request of the family and friends of Dr. Buchanan. They were, doubtless, induced to place this task in his hands from the circumstance of his having some years since had occasion to consider the great subject to which the life of that excellent man was devoted, which led to a subsequent acquaintance with him. And though he has to regret that his intercourse with Dr. Buchanan was less frequent and intimate than he wished, it tended greatly to increase that lively interest in his character, which the previous knowledge of his history had excited. He felt also that he owed a debt of gratitude and service to his memory, which he was anxious to have an opportunity of discharging; and however inadequately he may have acquitted himself of this obligation, he trusts that his intention will be approved; and that the following work, thus designed to record the excellencies of a benefactor and a friend, to adopt the affectionate apology of a Roman biographer, 'Professione pietatis aut laudatus erit, aut excusatus.'" (*Preface*, p. x. xi.)

We conceive it to be a circumstance not a little favourable to Mr. Pearson's pretensions as a Biographer, that he was enough connected with the subject of his memoir to gain an accurate knowledge of facts, and not enough to be under any very strong temptation to distort or conceal them. He has been near enough, and not too near the object he paints; near enough for accuracy, but not too near for impartiality. And we should have little doubt, from the internal testimony of the work, if we had not the fullest guarantee in the integrity of Mr. Pearson

himself, that his delineation of Dr. Buchanan is executed with much fidelity.

Having thus slightly introduced both Dr. Buchanan and his Biographer to the public, we have set ourselves to consider in what way we can best convey to them our own impression of these volumes, and prompt them to turn from our imperfect copy to the original work. And we have determined that we shall best accomplish this double object by giving our readers pretty copious extracts from those letters of Dr. Buchanan, which occupy so large a portion of this interesting memoir—and by attaching to these extracts a few such observations as may arise in our progress. Our readers, we are persuaded, will not regret that we suffer Dr. Buchanan to speak as much as possible for himself.

The life of the subject of these memoirs may be naturally divided into four parts—the period before he went to college—that which he spent there—the years spent in India—those after his return.

Dr. Buchanan was the son of virtuous parents in Scotland—and discovered, at various moments of his early years, a mind not altogether insensible to the devout instructions which he received. At fourteen, especially, it appears that he spent much time in meditation amidst the rocks on the sea shore. But these serious impressions were soon dissipated, and he conceived the extraordinary and criminal desire of deceiving his parents, of quitting their roof by stealth, and of making the tour of Europe on foot. In the following letter we have a curious account of a part of the journey, on which he entered in consequence of this resolution.

"'I had the example of the celebrated Dr. Goldsmith before me, who travelled through Europe on foot, and supported himself by playing on his flute. I could play a little on the violin, and on this I relied for occasional support during my long and various travels.

"'In August 1787, having put on plain clothes, becoming my apparent situation, I left Edinburgh on foot with the intention of travelling to London, and thence to the continent: that very violin which I now have, and the case which contains it, I had under my arm, and thus I travelled onward. After I had proceeded some days on my journey, and had arrived at a part of the country where I thought I could not be known, I called at gentlemen's houses, and farm houses, where I was in general kindly lodged. They were very well pleased with my playing reels to them, (for I played them better than I can now,) and I sometimes received five shillings, sometimes half a crown, and sometimes nothing but my dinner. Wherever I went, people seemed to be struck a little by my appearance, particularly if they entered into conversation with me. They were often very inquisitive, and I was some-

times at a loss what to say. I professed to be a musician travelling through the country for his subsistence: but this appeared very strange to some, and they wished to know where I obtained my learning; for sometimes pride, and sometimes accident, would call forth expressions, in the course of conversation, which excited their surprise. I was often invited to stay for some time at a particular place; but this I was afraid of, lest I might be discovered. It was near a month, I believe, before I arrived on the borders of England, and in that time many singular occurrences befel me. I once or twice met persons whom I had known, and narrowly escaped discovery. Sometimes I had nothing to eat, and had no where to rest at night; but, notwithstanding, I kept steady to my purpose, and pursued my journey. Before, however, I reached the borders of England, I would gladly have returned; but I could not: the die was cast; my pride would have impelled me to suffer death, I think, rather than to have exposed my folly; and I pressed forward.

" 'When I arrived at Newcastle, I felt tired of my long journey, and found that it was indeed hard to live on the benevolence of others: I therefore resolved to proceed to London by water; for I did not want to travel in my own country, but on the continent.

" 'I accordingly embarked in a collier at North Shields, and sailed for London. On the third night of the voyage we were in danger of being cast away, during a gale of wind; and then, for the first time, I began to reflect seriously on my situation.' " (Vol. i. p. 8—10.)

He next describes the bitter fruits which he reaped from this treacherous expedition. Having reached London, he says,

" 'My spirits were nearly exhausted by distress and poverty. I now relinquished every idea of going abroad. I saw such a visionary scheme in its true light, and resolved, if possible, to procure some situation, as an usher or clerk, or any employment, whereby I might derive a subsistence: but I was unsuccessful. I lived some time, in obscure lodgings, by selling my clothes and books; for I did not attempt to obtain any assistance by my skill in music, lest I should be discovered by some persons who might know me or my family. I was in a short time reduced to the lowest extreme of wretchedness and want. Alas! I had not sometimes bread to eat. Little did my mother think, when she dreamt, that she saw her son fatigued with his wanderings, and oppressed with a load of woe, glad to lie down, and sleep away his cares on a little straw, that her dream was so near the truth! What a reverse of fortune was this! A few months before, I lived in splendour and happiness! But even in this extremity of misery my eyes were not opened. I saw indeed my folly, but I saw not my sin: my pride even then was unsubdued, and I was constantly anticipating scenes of future grandeur, and indulging myself in the pleasures of the imagination.

" 'After I had worn out many months in this misery, observing one day an advertisement in a newspaper, for a "clerk to an attorney," I offered myself, and was accepted. I was much liked, and soon made friends. I then obtained a better situation with another gentleman in the law, and, lastly, engaged with a solicitor of respectable character

and connexions in the city, with whom I remained nearly three years. During all this time I had sufficient allowance to appear as a gentleman; my desire for going abroad gradually abated, and I began to think that I should make the law my profession for life. But during a great part of this time I corresponded with my friends in Scotland, as from abroad, writing very rarely, but always giving my mother pleasing accounts of my health and situation.'" (Vol. i. p. 11, 12.)

We find him recovering the proper tone of mind under the friendly counsels of Mr. Newton, by whom he was taught the extent of his delinquency, and the depth of the precipice, on the edge of which he stood.

At this time, generally speaking, the decisive change in his character must be said to have taken place. He passed from a state of occasional licentiousness, of almost habitual indifference, of falsehood, disobedience, and unkindness to his parents, to a state of serious and habitual devotion of himself to God. If there be any who doubt the reality of such a change, we would entreat them to consider the language in which Mr. Buchanan himself describes it—and the judicious comment of Mr. Pearson. One class, Mr. Pearson says, may be disposed to treat the whole as visionary and delusive, the other as weak and unimportant. We can afford to give the reply only to the former of these objectors.

"In reply to the former of these objections, it may be observed, that, even admitting the change in question to have been sudden, it does not necessarily follow that it was enthusiastic and visionary. 'I do not in the smallest degree,' says a peculiarly calm and cautious writer, 'mean to undervalue, or speak lightly of such changes, whenever, or in whomsoever they take place; nor to deny that they may be sudden, yet lasting: nay, I am rather inclined to think that it is in this manner that they frequently do take place.' But in the present case, sudden as that impression appears to have been, which was the turning point in the mind of Mr. Buchanan between a life of sin and of religion, between the world and God, it was neither the first nor the last which he experienced; but one of many previous convictions, which had been comparatively ineffectual, and of many subsequent influences, which issued in the real conversion of his heart to God, and which continued through his future course to establish and edify him in Christian faith and holiness. The substantial effects which followed sufficiently rescue the impressions which have been described from the imputation of enthusiasm, and vindicate their claim to a more legitimate and divine origin." (Vol. i. p. 29, 30.)

The change wrought in Mr. Buchanan was a change from the practice of falsehood to the love of truth—from occasional licentiousness to habitual holiness—from a life of self-indulgence to a life of usefulness and benevolence—from the state of a weed

encumbering the soil which bore it, to that of a branch, shaking its golden fruit into the bosom of the weary and destitute. If, indeed, the precise period at which this change begun, or was completed, be asked for, we are desirous rather to refer the inquirer to the Great Author of that change than to reply ourselves. It *may* have been begun in baptism. The occasional fits (if they may be so termed) of seriousness in the early life of Mr. Buchanan, *may* have been so many indications that the spark was early communicated, and was afterwards rather covered than extinguished—or the process *may* have been wholly different. The light of truth may have visited his soul now for the first time—and the dawn and the blaze of sunshine, like the rising of the Eastern day, have been well nigh contemporaneous. It is not for us to limit the movements of Him who is invisible—or to prescribe laws to Omnipotence. But if the *evidence* of the change be asked---we direct the inquirer to look around---look at Mr. Buchanan, wherever placed, or however circumstanced. Tread in his footsteps in the East---and though the monuments of heroes and philosophers be forgotten, or remembered only to the shame of those whose bones they cover, you shall find in the institutions to which he gave birth---in the increased civilization and happiness of those introduced to Christianity by his labours of love---in the case of hundreds rescued by him from idolatry, and licentiousness, and blood---an imperishable monument to the power of that grace which could transform the cold and cruel deceiver of tender parents into the firm and affectionate friend of the ignorant and miserable, in every spot of the universe. This is *evidence* which no reasonable man can hesitate to admit.

But we must now follow Mr. Buchanan into the second stage of his eventful life. It is not wonderful that, in his new state of mind, he should have felt a desire to enter into holy orders. He thus describes the origin of this desire in a letter to Mr. Newton.

"'Yesterday morning,' he observes, 'I went to hear Dr. S. Near the conclusion of the service, I was insensibly led to admire this passage of the prophet Isaiah, 'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the Gospel of peace!' It occurred to me, that that enviable office was once designed for *me;* that I was called to the ministry, as it were, from my infancy. For my pious grandfather chose me from among my mother's children to live with himself. He adopted me as his own child, and took great pleasure in forming my young mind to the love of God. He warmly encouraged my parents' design of bringing me up to the ministry.'" (Vol. i. p. 33.)

"'These things passed rapidly through my mind. I wondered that I had not thought of them before. Your suggestion occurred to me, and I seemed clearly to perceive the hand of Providence in my not

having been articled to the law. I now beheld it as an unkindly and unprofitable study, a profession I never cordially liked, and was thankful that I might shake it off when I pleased. These reflections filled me with delight, and as I walked home, the sensation increased; so that by the time I entered my chamber, my spirits were overpowered, and I fell on my knees before God, and wept. What shall I say to these things? At first I feared this change of sentiment might be some idle whim that would soon vanish. But when I began to deliberate calmly, reason pleaded that the plan was possible; and the wisdom and power of God, and my love to him, pleaded that it was probable. I thought that I, who had experienced so much of the divine mercy, was peculiarly engaged to declare it to others. After fervent prayer, I endeavoured to commit myself and my services into the hands of Him who alone is able to direct me.'" (Vol. i. p. 34, 35.)

But whatever might be the wishes of Mr. Buchanan, there appeared no means of meeting the expense, by which alone they could be accomplished. In this state of things, Mr. Newton introduced him to the late Mr. Henry Thornton, Member for the Borough of Southwark; of whose merits we need not remind our readers, nor revive the recollection, for they cannot be forgotten, of his steady love and strong pursuit of truth—his political integrity—his noble impartiality—his mild dignity, commanding the affections of a multitude, without stooping to their passions—his fervour of piety, and magnificence of charity. Mr. Thornton, having carefully investigated Mr. Buchanan's pretensions, determined to send him as a student to Cambridge.

The whole of the extracts given by the author from the letters of Mr. Buchanan, at this period of his life, are, as might be expected, peculiarly interesting; and we shall proceed, according to our plan, to transcribe such parts of them as may serve to carry on the history of their author.

The first extract describes the views with which he entered upon his university career.

"'I was emancipated,' he writes to Mr. Newton, from the law a few days ago, and am now willing to enter into the eternal bonds of the Gospel. I have been endeavouring to arrange my studies in some measure preparatory to my going to Cambridge; but I find so much to do, that I know not where to begin. I wish to devote my greatest attention to the Bible, and am desirous of adopting some regular plan in studying it; but I cannot please myself, and I am a perfect stranger to the system which is usually followed. The Bible appears to me like a confused heap of polished stones prepared for a building, which must be brought together, and each of them fitted to its place, before the proportion and symmetry of the temple appear. I would fain hope that the foundation-stone is laid with me; but the raising of the superstructure appears an arduous undertaking, and the pinnacle of the temple is quite out of sight, even in idea. I conjectured that probably

the Articles and Creeds of the Church contain the first principles of the oracles of God; and on this presumption I have begun to prove all the articles of my faith by Scripture. Whether I am right in this mode of study I know not.

"'I never felt myself in more need of divine direction than now. When I consider myself so evidently called forth on the Lord's side, my heart is faint; and I am apt to say, "Who is sufficient for these things?" I find I am unable to go through the important studies before me, unless I am led every step. At present it appears to me, that my sole business at the University is contained in one line of St. Paul, "to be enriched with all utterance, and all knowledge;" or in other words, "to be eloquent, and mighty in the Scriptures;" which are said to have been the accomplishments of the preacher Apollos. But I find that I must attend to various branches of human learning, for which at present I have no relish. Alas! Sir, if St. Paul had sent Timothy and Titus to such a college as this, they would have complained to him of such a plan. But he would perhaps have answered, as he does somewhere; 'Till I come, give attendance to reading'—'that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man.'" (Vol. i. p. 44, 45.)

The question as to the degree in which it became him, in his peculiar circumstances, to occupy himself with the ordinary subjects of university pursuit, was one of the first by which his mind was exercised. It is evident, that students, in ordinary circumstances, will generally do right by rigidly adhering to the course of reading prescribed to them by the rules of their college. We have not only theory, but fact for the position, that those who desert this course rarely strike into any other path of study. But Mr. Buchanan's circumstances were peculiar. His time was short. He had much lee way to recover. He had much theological knowledge to acquire; which, if not then acquired, must be forfeited for ever. He was sent to college with the express object of becoming qualified, as soon as possible, for the ministry. Thus circumstanced, we cannot but approve of the determination expressed in the following extract.

"'Your good sense will shew you, when reflecting on my present situation, that I have much need of that wisdom which is profitable to direct. Weak in spirit, weak in body, and beset by hard study, which I know by experience to be a weariness to the flesh, what can I do but commit myself and all my cares to Him who hath hitherto cared for me, and will lead me, though blind, by a way I know not? By such a way is he now leading me: I know not whither his goodness is conducting me; I trust it is to his service: and yet there is such an ocean of mathematics and abstruse study which intervenes between me and usefulness in the ministry, that, like the Israelites, I stand on the sea-shore, thinking it impossible to get over: but I think also that I hear the Lord by his providence, which introduced me to the studies of this place, say, 'Go forward.' This I am resolved to do, till his goodness illuminate my mind, so that I shall be enabled to discover the errors (if

any) of my path. If any, did I say? I know that there are many; but I need grace to abandon them, when I see them; I hope Cambridge University will prove a good school of Christ to me. I knew little of myself till I came here.'" (Vol. i. p. 59, 60.)

These letters are followed by two others, one to Mr. Newton, laying open to him the state of his mind; and another to his dying sister—both of great beauty. But we are afraid to extract more largely. The following brief letter we give as a specimen of the more sportive style of writing not uncommon in his letters.

"'Your aged domestics will wonder why I stay so long at Cambridge, when I have so much work to do in the ministry. I wish they could impart to me somewhat of their experience, self-knowledge, and humility; and in exchange I promise to give them on my return from college, all my mathematics, pure and mixed, geometry, algebra, fluxions containing the nature of pneumatics, hydraulics, hydrostatics, the doctrine of incommensurables, indivisibles, and infinities, parabolic and hyperbolic logarithms, summation of series, solution of quadratics containing impossible roots, together with the properties of parallelopipeds and dodecahedrons, not forgetting Sir Isaac Newton, his celebrated corollaries to the paradoxical lemma respecting *curvilinear straight* lines! together with other particulars, too many to be here enumerated.

"'What a mercy, you will say, that Phœbe has not to learn all this in order to get to heaven.'" (Vol. i. p. 99.)

In 1795 Mr. Buchanan presented himself to the Bishop of London for ordination; and, having received the most respectable testimony from his Lordship, from his college, and from some distinguished individuals as to his general qualifications, he was appointed one of the chaplains of the East India Company in 1796. And this will conduct us to the third period of his life.

We have no leisure to touch upon the circumstances of his voyage. On the 10th of March, 1797, he arrived at Calcutta, and was most kindly received by the Rev. Mr. Brown, the senior chaplain of the Company. He was soon after stationed at Barrackpore; and our first extract gives some account of his employments there.

"'As the friend of my *beginning* studies, you will naturally be desirous to know in what way they have been continued since my arrival in India. I am now proceeding in a work which I began when I last enjoyed retirement, namely, a serious, and, I may say, laborious examination of the Scriptures in the original tongues. My enquiries are not so much philological, as practical. The meaning of the Holy Spirit in Scripture is the "one thing needful" for the student: and I hope it will be the subject of many a joyful εὕρηκα to me. This severity of investigation reminds me of my mathematical vigils. Some have considered that interval at college as the most useful era in the history of

the mind. It shews what powers of application the soul possesses on a subject it loves; even such application as Paul recommends to Timothy, who was enaged in my present studies—ἐν τούτοις ἴσθι· "Exist, or live in them."

"'This, Sir, is a climate which tries the mind like a furnace. Deterioration seems inherent in Indian existence. Were God to grant me a peculiar blessing, it would be the habit of industry whilst I remain in this country. I have observed, in reading the lives of the good, that the most eminent were men famed for their industry. I have observed too, that few of them had to encounter what Boileau calls the dangerous career of wit and genius. The wisdom of God is shewn in choosing for them that disposition of mind which is best suited to a sedulous and humble perusal of his eternal word; for genius hath ever been a foe to industry.

"'I have a Moonshee in the house to instruct me in the Hindostanee and Persian languages. Not knowing what may be the purpose of God concerning me, I have thought it my duty to attend early to the languages of the country; and to the constitution civil and religious of the mixed people in it.'" (Vol. i. p. 147, 148.)

To this succeeds a letter of a less cheerful and animative cast, than was usual with him. The silence and obscurity of his appointed station—the difficulty of obtaining an audience for his sermons—the enervating influence of the climate—all contributed to this feeling of depression. But we are disposed to think this part of his history by no means the least useful; both as it may tend to encourage those under similar trials; and may teach those in England who are expecting much from these expatriated chaplains, to wait with patience and charity for the fulfilment of their hopes. Their day of usefulness may appear to linger—but, then, it may burst without twilight or preparation upon the eye, and amply compensate, by its unshaded splendour, for the tardiness of its course. Mr. Buchanan had not a few difficulties with which to contend. The state of his health—the indisposition of the garrison, in which he was stationed, to attend upon any ministry—the general indolence of an oriental population, all constituted so many checks to his zeal.

The following extract supplies a lively portrait of the British and Indian population.

"'I suppose you have heard of the grandeur of English life in India. To live in the first circle in India is to live at court. There is nearly the same dignity of etiquette, elegance of equipage, and variety of entertainment. Every lady is handed to table according to her rank; and—no grace is said.

"'What chiefly astonishes an Englishman (I should have said a Scotchman) is the profusion of meat on the tables. We sit down to hecatombæan feasts. But you will not wonder at this, when you hear that the price of a sheep is but half a crown. We have no *drinking*

here; no Bacchanalian feasts. Wine is a drug. Wherever we go, we expect to find what we have at home, plenty of Claret and Madeira; and he who would think it a compliment to urge another to drink, would be accounted a vulgar fellow, just imported from a military mess-room, or a literary combination-room.

"'Must I say something of the natives? Their general character is imbecility of body, and imbecility of mind. Their moral powers are and have been for ages in a profound stupor; and there is seldom an instance of their being awakened. A partial attempt, or rather experiment, is now making on them by some Christian teachers. The Hindoo mind seems at present to be bound by a Satanic spell; and it will require the co-operation of a more than human power to break it. But divine co-operation implies human endeavour. Many ages must then elapse before the conversion of India is accomplished.

"'With respect to moral action, the Hindoos pay as little attention to their own religion as a rule of life, as the English do to theirs. Your profession of the Christian religion is a proverbial jest throughout the world.'" (Vol. i. p. 176, 177.)

The circumstances of Mr. Buchanan soon, however, began to brighten. In February, 1800, soon after the appointment of Lord Mornington (Marquis Wellesley) to be Governor-General, he was selected to preach a thanksgiving sermon before the Governor and principal officers of the government. The sermon was highly approved, ordered to be printed, circulated throughout India, and sent home to the Company. Indeed the Marquis of Wellesley seems, from the first, to have felt the importance of aiding the cause of religion in India, and to have discovered the real value of such an agent in this design as Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan was soon after removed to Calcutta, and he gives an interesting account of his labours in that presidency.

One of the most important epochs in his Eastern residence was the establishment, by Lord Wellesley, of a College, for the instruction of the young civil servants of the Company in Eastern literature and general knowledge. The plan of the College was prepared by Mr. Buchanan. It is impossible for us to enter upon the history of this establishment; but it may be thought necessary for us to give some general opinion upon a subject so long and ardently discussed. It does then appear to us that the scale of this Eastern College was too magnificent; that the Company were warranted in adopting some other scheme by which the same object might be accomplished at a less expense; and that the present plan, by which an initiatory education is given at home, and the Oriental education completed in India, is, in many respects, a good substitute for the original scheme. But still we feel it a sort of duty to maintain that the institution of the Eastern College gave the first impulse to the public mind—that it established the ne-

cessity of an education for the servants of the Company—that it raised the standard of their qualifications—and that it served, under the vigorous and devout administration of Messrs. Brown and Buchanan, to promote the interests of religion, both in the minds of the students and of the community. We are far, therefore, from coalescing with those who delight to calumniate or ridicule this institution. It laid the foundation of future establishments. And the day of its erection was the dawn of that morning of science and piety, which may now fairly be said to have arisen upon the benighted plains of India. We are sorry thus summarily to dismiss this subject. It is discussed at large, and the merits of the College are maintained with much ability in the dispatches of Lord Wellesley, and the letters and publications of Mr. Buchanan. A part also of those documents of Lord Wellesley, which maintain the necessity of some such establishment for British India, may be found in No. XVII. of this Review. We cannot, however, resist quoting the eulogium, passed by Lord Wellesley, on Messrs. Brown and Buchanan, as equally honourable to all parties.

"'Fortunately,' observes his Lordship, 'for the objects of the institution, the Governor General has found at Calcutta two clergymen of the Church of England, eminently qualified to discharge the duties of Provost and Vice-Provost. To the former office he has appointed Mr. Brown, the Company's first chaplain, and to the latter Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Brown's character must be well known in England, and particularly so to some members of the Court of Directors; it is in every respect such as to satisfy the Governor General, that his views, in this nomination, will not be disappointed. He has also formed the highest expectations from the abilities, learning, temper, and morals of Mr. Buchanan, whose character is also well known in England, and particularly to Dr. Porteus, Bishop of London, and to Dr. Milner, Master of Queen's College in the University of Cambridge.'" (Vol. i. p. 203.)

It is very interesting to observe, about this time, the work of religion beginning to thrive in Calcutta, under the joint labours of these two gentlemen. 'Our churches (says Mr. Buchanan) are, during the cold season, more crowded than I ever saw them before. Even on Wednesday evening there are a great number. Some of the students attend on that evening. Their presence warms the heart of, &c. &c.

Mrs. Buchanan, to whom he had been united soon after his arrival in India, had, about this time, returned to England in quest of health; and the Memoirs contain some highly interesting letters to her; at the end of one of which we find a paragragh which bears strong testimony to the practical piety and honourable feelings of Mr. Buchanan.

"'By the last ships I sent four hundred pounds to Mr. H. Thornton; being the amount of his expense on my account at college for four years, at one hundred pounds per annum. He never expected that I should repay him: but God has put it in my power, and therefore it is my duty.

"'I told him I only sent it back to the fountain, from whence it would probably soon flow again in some act of benevolence.

"'I also told him, that I meant to devote five hundred pounds for the support of a young man at the University, of religious character and good ability, who might be in poor circumstances; and whom he, or Mr. Newton, or Dr. Milner, President of Queen's college, should select. At the same time I remitted an order on Messrs. Boehm and Co. to Mr. T. for paying the sum of one hundred and twenty-five pounds per annum, by half yearly instalments, for this purpose: and I expressed a wish that the young man might prove an honour to the Gospel, and become an useful labourer in his Master's vineyard.

"'While it is in my power, I wish to do some good thing for the Gospel of my blessed Lord. I may soon be called hence. May I be able to devote my heart to his glory while I stay.

"'May we be grateful stewards of God's blessings, so abundant and unlooked for! And may we continue daily to remember the wonderful way in which we have been led from our early years to this day.'"

(Vol. i. p. 236, 237.)

At this time, be it remembered, that Mr. Buchanan was a poor man, had two children, a sick wife, an uncertain income, and a necessarily expensive establishment. But he was generous in the largest and noblest sense of the word.

We are now arrived at that important period in the life of Mr. Buchanan, the summer of the year 1803, in which he first projected the plan of offering prizes in the Universities of the United Kingdom, on subjects connected with the civilization and moral improvement of India. He accordingly devoted, with his usual munificence, 1,650*l.* to this object. It is with justice added, (p. 307,) that the composition, amongst the performances to which this occasion gave birth, which reflected the highest honour on its author, was an English poem on "The Restoration of Learning in the East," by Charles Grant, Esq. now one of the Lords of the Treasury.

But Mr. Buchanan, whilst awakening and directing the talents and zeal of others, did not design to be idle himself. In November, 1803, he addressed letters, previously submitted to the perusal of Lord Wellesley, to the Archbishop of Canterbury and to the rest of the Episcopal Bench, on the subject of an ecclesiastical establishment for British India. In 1805, after the publication of several prize essays, by various writers, he transmitted to England his own "Memoir" on this subject—a work which, we cannot hesitate to say, laid the first stone of the Establishment

in India; but a work, at the same time, so well known to the public, that we do not think it necessary to give any analysis of it to our readers.

The public mind has long been made up on the necessity of the measure advocated by the author; and we have only to express a hope that the ministers of the crown will give, not merely the semblance of an Establishment to India,—those shadowy rulers and teachers who may wear the honours without doing the work of evangelists; but that they will look out for good men and true, who may bear the torch of the Gospel into the caves of idolatry, and show the value of Christianity in their own lives and tempers. And here, perhaps, we may be permitted to observe that our clergy, in Heathen countries, seem, too often, to have forgotten one express object of their settlement in foreign climes —viz. the conversion of the natives. We believe there are few instances, for example, of our West Indian chaplains labouring among the negroes. The chaplains, at our foreign factories, usually confine their labours to these factories. Most of the chaplains of the East India Company have lived and died without an effort to convert the Hindoos. Even now, if we are not misinformed, the chief officer of the Eastern Establishment has not made any vigorous movement in this direction. It cannot be questioned that the first duty of a clergyman in India, is to take care of the European flock committed to his charge. But he must have very limited views of his high commission, who does not feel himself called to watch over those 'other sheep,' who, though 'not of this flock,' shall be brought eventually into the Christian fold—who does not bend himself to the office of reclaiming those wanderers who are now scattered, without a shepherd, upon the dark mountains of idolatry. There is nothing to us more monstrous than the prejudice which exists against the name and office of a Missionary. The stationary minister is, in a measure, respected; but, give him a wider office,—teach him to embrace all in the plans of his benevolence, who are comprehended in the great charter of the Gospel—suffer him to add to the ordinary labour of the Christian ministry banishment from the soil of his country, from its hearths and altars—to encounter toil, and want, and opposition, and contumely, and danger—to combine the hazards of a warrior with the life of a saint—and, then, his ministry becomes a subject of ridicule, and suspicion, and contempt.

A celebrated Northern publication has signalized itself by this low-minded and truly unphilosophical assault upon the Missionary character; but we trust that English understandings and English hearts will know how to repel it.

The remainder of the first volume of these Memoirs is chiefly

occupied with extracts from some able sermons preached by Mr. Buchanan in the Presidency, and by an interesting account of a severe illness by which he was attacked when preparing for a journey to the Malabar coast. We should have been glad to have dwelt upon both of these topics—but our want of space forbids it.—We consider that the history of this severe sickness must be peculiarly satisfactory to those most deeply interested in the devout sufferer. The religion of many may, as Lord Bacon expresses it, "shew daintily" in the sun-shine of life. But those principles are mainly to be valued whose lustre is not eclipsed amidst the shades of sickness and adversity. Some of the letters written by the patient, in this particular instance, will, we are convinced, be highly valued by our readers.

Early in the year 1806 Dr. Buchanan obtained leave of absence in order to enter upon his expedition to the coast of Malabar. He thus states the object of his journey:

"'In order to obtain a distinct view of the state of Christianity and of superstition in Asia, the superintendants of the college had, before this period, entered into correspondence with intelligent persons in different countries; and from every quarter (even from the confines of China) they received encouragement to proceed. But, as contradictory accounts were given by different writers concerning the real state of the numerous tribes in India, both of Christians and natives, the Author conceived the design of devoting the last year or two of his residence in the East to purposes of local examination and enquiry.

"'The principal objects of this tour were to investigate the state of superstition at the most celebrated temples of the Hindoos; to examine the churches and libraries of the Romish, Syrian, and Protestant Christians: to ascertain the present state and recent history of the eastern Jews; and to discover what persons might be fit itstruments for the promotion of learning in their respective countries, and for maintaining a future correspondence on the subject of disseminating the Scriptures in India.'" (Vol. ii. p. 3.)

Part of the journal kept upon this tour was afterwards published; but considerable extracts from private letters written at the same time are now for the first time given to the public. They do not add materially to the stock of information. But they are, generally speaking, very interesting in themselves; and they serve the important purpose of assisting to correct a prejudice which had taken deep possession of the minds of many individuals in this country. These persons had conceived that the circumstances stated by Dr. Buchanan in his Christian Researches, were not facts noticed or recorded on the spot; but histories fancied and wrought up to establish a particular theory: but, surely, a more decisive reply to these objections can scarcely be conceived than letters written on the spot, and precisely tal-

lying with the published statements. It has been the lot of many distinguished persons to be thus calumniated by those whose wisdom consists in denying every thing of which they are not eye-witnesses. But let them not be discouraged. If they pay this tribute for greater usefulness than that of ordinary men, they will pay it only for a time. The struggle may be sharp, but the triumph is certain.

We much regret our inability to quote at large from these letters written upon a tour among the most interesting that was ever undertaken by a Christian traveller. We shall, however, give a few brief extracts.

" ' Juggernaut, Saturday, 21st June, 1806.

" ' I propose to proceed on my journey this evening, that I may find a place of rest for my Sabbath to-morrow far off from Juggernaut. My best Sabbaths are generally in the wilderness.

" ' The number of pilgrims here is uncertain. Mr. Hunter has no means of probable calculation. From the nature of the place, we perhaps did not see more than two or three hundred thousand persons at the same time. But I cannot judge, any more than I could say how many grains there are in a handful of sand.

" ' Can it be that the true seed of Abraham shall be " as the sand upon the sea shore for multitude ?" Doubless, it is true ; and with this faith I conclude my last line to you from Juggernaut.' "

(Vol. ii. p. 16, 17.)

" ' Visagapatam, 12th July, 1806.

" ' The pagoda at Seemachalum is in many respects more interesting than Juggernaut. No scene of nature I have yet beheld is so romantic as the site and vicinity of this temple, which is built on a rocky mountain. You ascend nearly a quarter of a mile by steps of hewn stone and of live rock. A stream of pure water issues from the mount ; and this is the sacred fountain, and the origin of the temple. Here the idolatry of Juggernaut is exhibited in another form ; but the substance is the same.' " (Vol. ii. p. 19.)

" ' I have just visited the tomb of Ziegenbalg, which is on the side of the altar in the church he built. It was consecrated on the 2d of October 1718, and he died on the 23d of February 1719. I heard divine service performed in the Tamul tongue, and about two hundred natives sung the hundredth Psalm. During the sermon some of them wrote on an olla or palmyra leaf. The missionary told me that the catechists sometimes take down a whole sermon in this manner, and repeat it to the children in the evening.' " (Vol. ii. p. 23.)

" ' Last Sunday (the 30th August) was a great day among the Christians at Tanjore. It being rumoured that a friend of Mr. Swartz was arrived, the Christians flocked together from all quarters. Divine service was performed three times. In the morning we all proceeded to Mr. Swartz's church in the fort. It is a large commodious building, not inferior to your Calcutta church. Mr. Kolhoff read prayers

in English, and I preached. When I came to the mention of the faithful ministers whom God had sent to his people in this place, there was a general commotion, and Mr. Kolhoff's tears flowed fast, which not a little affected his flock. Having understood that the missionaries seldom prayed for the reigning prince of the country, I thought it expedient to say, (in enumerating the themes of gratitude of the church here,) "and it is their bounden duty to pray for the long life, peace, and prosperity of the present most excellent Prince, who hath manifested by many munificent acts his regard for their happiness and welfare.'" (Vol. ii. p. 31.)

"'Having expressed a wish to hear Sattianaden preach, the same was intimated to the people, and they were desired to assemble at the little church next morning (Monday) at nine o'clock. Accordingly a great number came together, and the venerable minister delivered a sermon full of fire. His natural eloquence and various intonation were truly calculated to command attention. Both Mr. Kolhoff and Dr. John were affected by the discourse. It had reference to the former darkness in India, the light of Ziegenbalg and Swartz, the present endeavour to spread the Gospel, and lastly, the light of heaven. He addressed the young generation chiefly, and they responded as usual to many of his sentences. He made great use of the Bible; but in quoting a passage he called upon a lower minister to read it with a distinct voice, to which he himself listened as to a record, and then proceeded to expound. His prayer for the Church of England at the end was full of fervour; and the psalm which concluded the service was sung with an ardent devotion.

"'I went up to Sattianaden in the presence of the people, and addressed him in a few words, hoping he would be faithful unto death, like his old master Swartz. The women and aged men crowded round and shed tears. The whole multitude came after the sermon to Mr. Kolhoff's house and garden. The catechists and aged Christians came into the Verandahs, and while Mr. Kolhoff and myself were engaged up stairs, Dr. John addressed them in an affectionate and impressive manner.

"'Mr. Kolhoff had been praying that there might be an outpouring of the Spirit in these days at Tanjore, and circumstances made him believe that it was coming. His success is indeed great. The congregation is doubled since Mr. Swartz's death.'"

(Vol. ii. p. 33, 34.)

"'Early in November I left the sea-coast, having first supplied myself with plenty of gold and silver. I directed my course towards Mavelicar, the first Syrian church.

"'The *kasheeshas* (priests) received me on my arrival with much civility, perceiving that I was accompanied by the Rajah's servants. Their curiosity to know the object of my visit was very great; still greater when I took up their Syrian books and began to read; and when I shewed them my printed Syriac books, which they could read. They produced the Scriptures, and their Liturgy; also Lexicons and Grammars, Syrian and Malayalim. The Malayalim, or proper Ma-

labar, is a dialect distinct from the Tamul; but the character is nearly the same. It is considered by the learned Brahmins of this coast as the eldest and legitimate daughter of the Shanscrit.

"'In the evening the church was lighted up for prayers, at which a good many of the people attended. Nothing objectionable appeared at this service. The priests pronounced the prayers without book, and chaunted their hymns, having their faces turned towards the altar. They have no images, but on the walls were paintings from subjects of Scripture history.'" (Vol. ii. p. 64, 65.)

"'One of the elders named Thomas, or Didymus, stepped forward and said, "To convince you, Sir, of our earnest desire to have the Bible in the Malayalim tongue, I need only mention that I have lately translated the Gospel of St. Matthew for the benefit of my own children. It is often borrowed by the other families. It is not in fine language; but the people love to read it.

"'But how,' said the old priest, 'shall we know that your standard copy is a true translation of our Bible? We cannot depart from our own Bible. It is the true book of God, without corruption; that book which was first used by the Christians at Antioch. What translations you have got in the West we know not; but the true Bible of Antioch we have had in the mountains of Malabar for fourteen hundred years, or longer. Some of our copies are from ancient times; so old and decayed, that they can scarcely be preserved much longer:' I rejoiced when I heard this.

"'But how,' repeated the aged priest, 'shall we know that your Western Bible is the same as ours?' 'I have here,' said I, 'a Western Syrian Bible, which yourselves can read; and I have an English Bible, which will be interpreted to you. Let some portion of Scripture, selected at a venture, be accurately examined. You can compare the whole at your leisure hereafter.' They turned over the leaves of my Bible with surprise, having never seen a printed Syriac Bible before. After some consultation, they proposed that the 3d chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel should be critically compared word for word, in the Eastern Syrian, Western Syrian, and English. St. Matthew was selected, I believe, at the suggestion of Thomas, who had got his Malayalim translation in his hand.

"'It was an interesting scene to me to behold the ancient English Bible brought before the tribunal of these simple Christians in the hills of Malabar. They sat down to the investigation with great solemnity; and the people around seemed to think that something important depended on the issue.

"'I held a Greek Testament in my hand, and proposed that the sense of the Greek copy should be first explained, as the New Testament was first given to the world in Greek.'" (Vol. ii. p. 67, 68.)

This expedition of Dr. Buchanan added as much to the stock of knowledge, as to the general state of religion in India; supplied the only authentic statement of the condition of the Syrian churches; excited much attention and interest; and may probably lead to the result so much to be desired, of a combination

of the church of Malabar with our own venerable establishment, and of our thus obtaining a sort of advanced post where the depôt may be formed, and the armies may be mustered to join the future triumphs of religion in the eastern hemisphere. It is for our bishops at home to keep this object in view; and not needlessly to multiply or magnify the points of difference; but to avail themselves of the many points of union by which this ancient church may be allied to the church of our country.

In March 1807, Dr. Buchanan returned to Calcutta, and, from this period, till that of his return to England, we find him preaching, toiling, and writing, and encountering in every way a new spirit of opposition and hostility which had sprung up during his absence. After the departure of Lord Wellesley, the shield of government was less consistently extended over religion, and over Messrs. Brown and Buchanan, as the active friends of it. At times, indeed, there is much to applaud in the proceedings of the Indian government; but at times much to deplore.—But we must not stay to expatiate upon these points; and can only hope that the present and every future government may feel the awful responsibility attached to their high station and influence, and may become nursing fathers to the young glories of the eastern church.

We must now, passing over many interesting circumstances, follow Dr. Buchanan into the fourth and last stage of his chequered existence. He arrived in London August 18, 1808. This part of his history opens with an account of the controversy which had been excited by the publication of his Memoirs, and of several of those publications to which his prizes had given birth. His arrival may be considered as of the highest importance at this critical juncture; and as having materially assisted in putting an end to the unnatural struggle of those Anglo Indians who contended for Braminism not merely as if it were the true religion, but as if their own and their country's destiny was interwoven with its success. No battle has been more obstinately fought—and no triumph has been more complete. Upwards of nine hundred petitions were soon afterwards laid on the table of parliament, and the religious privileges of India were proclaimed in the shouts of the nation.

It is impossible for us to follow Dr. Buchanan with precision through the details of domestic or public life after his re-establishment in England. In August 1810 he was again married. He soon after returned to London to resume the charge of a chapel of which he became, for a time, a stated minister. There he assiduously laboured, and there preached the sermons published under the title of the Jubilee Sermons. His time was abundantly filled up by ministerial occupations, by translations,

by correcting the press for a Syriac Testament, by an immense correspondence, by perpetual efforts of all kinds, and in every quarter, to promote the high and heavenly cause which he had so much at heart. It is truly atonishing, and humbling to see this faithful servant of God snatching every interval of strength, every gleam of sun-shine, under the attacks of a debilitating disease, to accomplish some arduous duty—sacrificing time and health, and fortune and peace, to the glory of God, and to the good of man. One of the last public acts in which he was engaged, was an attendance upon the funeral of his revered benefactor and friend, Mr. Henry Thornton. There are those who remember to have stood near him on that solemn occasion, and to have seen the tears which chased one another down his cheek—to have watched the rush of early recollections, and tender feelings, and grateful sympathies in his exhausted countenance—to have felt how honourable to the dead and to the dying were tears such as these—and to have thought how soon the two friends were likely to meet in scenes more congenial to their state, in the regions of unmixed happiness and virtue, in the presence of a God whom they had so ardently loved and served. In a few days after this event his emaciated frame gave way. On the day preceding his death he had advanced in his Syriac Testament to the affecting address of St. Paul to the elders of Ephesus—" and now, beloved, I know that ye all among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more." At this appropriate passage his hand was arrested—and he died in the arms of his servants the next night without a struggle.

Mr. Pearson, having, in the expressive language of Hooker, drawn the curtain upon this distinguished servant of God, proceeds to a brief general sketch of his character as a man, and a writer. And, as we have hitherto given no specimen of the style in which this work is composed, we shall gladly embrace the opportunity of supplying this deficiency from a part of the work in which the author is so much more likely than ourselves to do justice to the subject.

" The sentiments of Dr. Buchanan as a divine have been for the most part fully developed in these Memoirs. They have appeared to be truly scriptural, and in perfect unison with the doctrines of the Church of England. With respect to one point, which, for the very reason that it is now for the first time noticed, evidently formed no prominent part of his creed, he was what, for the sake of distinction, may be called moderately Calvinistic. The avowal of his belief in the doctrine of personal election does not occur in any of his publications, and was in very few instances introduced into his discourses from the pulpit. It appears, however, somewhat remarkably in the preamble to his last will; which is expressed in the following words:

"'I Claudius Buchanan, of Little Ouseburn, make this my last will and testament. I commit my soul and body to Jesus Christ, the Saviour of lost sinners, of which sinners I am one, the chief of sinners; but I trust I have obtained mercy; and I look for eternal salvation through the obedience of Christ unto death, even the death of the cross. I account the origin of my salvation to be the love of God the Father, who loved my soul in Christ its head before the foundation of the world. I renounce all works as a claim of merit. All my works have been mixed and sullied with sin and imperfection. Whatever has been acceptable to God is his own, even the work of his Holy Spirit; it is not mine. Glory be to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for ever and for ever. Amen.'

"Such is the emphatic declaration of his faith, with which the eminently pious subject of these Memoirs bade adieu to every earthly concern, and anticipated an eternal world. While the grand truths of which it consists accord with the sentiments and feelings of every real Christian, it undoubtedly recognizes a position with which many will not agree. Though Dr. Buchanan was thus reserved upon this mysterious subject, it was, however, one on which he had thought and read much. He left behind him an unfinished work, in which it was fully but cautiously discussed.

"It is easy to dispose of this great controverted question in a summary way, and to deny that there is any scriptural foundation for what is termed the Calvinistic view of it: but those who are aware of the difficulties in which the whole subject is involved, whatever may be their own sentiments respecting it, will be neither surprised nor offended at those of Dr. Buchanan. That he was far from being the retailer of other men's opinions, or from blindly and indiscriminately adhering to the tenets of any earthly 'master,' is evident, not only from the general tenor of his character, but from his express declaration in a note to one of his published sermons; in which, referring to the general propensity to render the religion of Christ a human system, and to enlist under the banner of some celebrated leader, he observes, that the enlightened Christian acknowledges no name but that of Christ; and exclaims with indignant surprise, 'Calvin and Arminius! Is it not an insult to men of intelligence and learning, humbly receiving the revelation of God, to suppose, that, instead of drawing pure water from the fountain head, they should drink from such shallow and turbid streams!'" (Vol. ii. p. 378—381.)

Mr. Pearson thus describes the qualifications of Dr. Buchanan as a writer:

"The qualifications of Dr. Buchanan as a writer were peculiarly suited to the task which he had undertaken. Bold, perspicuous, and decisive, he is distinguished in all his works by the accumulation and display of new and striking facts, connected, for the most part, by brief, pointed, and sententious observations. In his writings which are more strictly theological, he adopted a similar plan; seldom pursuing a long train of reasoning, but laying down certain undoubted facts, truths, or principles, and arguing from them directly and practically to the conclusions which he had in view. The style, however, of Dr.

Buchanan, though in general simple and unambitious, was, as we have more than once had occasion to notice, frequently dignified and eloquent." (Vol. ii. p. 376.)

And he then adds, from a periodical work, what we consider as a very exact and happy delineation of his style of composition.

"'Dr. Buchanan is characterized, as a writer, by ease, and by a colouring of the picturesque, with which he contrives to invest his subject. Some great writers have laboured to clothe fiction in the garb of truth: Dr. Buchanan's peculiarity is, that he gives to truth many of the charms and ornaments usually appropriated to fiction. In consequence of this, he has, we think, eminently the power of touching some of the best feelings of the mind, and of winning over those whom dry reasoning might not convince.'" (Vol. ii. p. 377.)

These quotations may sufficiently convince the reader of the general ability, delicacy, and judgment with which this work is executed. Indeed we consider it as one of the most interesting pieces of biography with which we are acquainted; and we feel little doubt that the great end which the author probably proposes to himself, and which would have been chiefly regard by the subject of these Memoirs—a deeper interest in the state of religion in the East—will be largely promoted by their circulation. The cause of Christianity in India is a great and holy cause; and it well becomes a people who lay claim to the titles of benevolence and piety to embark in it with all their powers. Nothing can be more awful than those efforts which selfishness opposes to the safety and happiness of millions. Nothing can be more affecting than a disposition to trifle where so much is to be done. And as our older soldiers fall in the breach, or sink upon the plain, it is for those in whom the tide of life beats full and strong, to buckle on their armour and go forth under the banner of the cross upon the field of benevolence and duty. Shall India come into contact with our country in vain? Or rather, shall she only contract pollution by our touch; and graft upon her heathen stock the European fruits of indifference and infidelity? Shall she discover nothing, when brought within the circle of our influence, but that "nova cohors febrium"—a new progeny of evils—the disastrous produce of commercial monopoly, and of griping exaction? Shall Christianity be presented wrapped round in all the hideous trappings of avarice and worldliness? It is time that we should awake, and shake ourselves from the dust of this dishonourable inactivity, and let India feel that subjection to England is an elevation in the scale of nations; and that whatever mourner lays hold of the hem of our garment, there goes out of it, in the name, and by the power of the Master whom we serve, virtue to heal all their diseases, to staunch their wounds, and to raise them to life, and peace, and glory.

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